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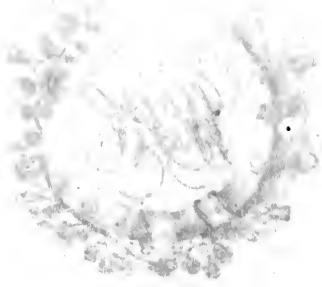
THE PRESS

# MISCELLANY

OF

REVUE AND ENTERTAINING

FACTS



EDINBURGH

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERLAIN

CHAMBERS'S  
MISCELLANY  
OF  
USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING  
TRACTS



*Printed by W. & R. Chambers*

EDINBURGH  
WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS



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**J**OHN HOWARD, whose name as a philanthropist must be familiar to a number of our readers, was born at Clapton, in the parish of Hackney, in the immediate vicinity of London, in or about the year 1727. His father was an upholsterer and carpet warehouseman, who had acquired a considerable fortune in trade, and had retired from business to live at Hackney. Being a dissenter, and a man of strong religious principles, he sent his son at an early age to be educated by a schoolmaster named Worsley, who kept an establishment at some distance from London, where the sons of many opulent dissenters, friends of Mr Howard, were already boarded. The selection appears to have been injudicious ; for in after-life Mr Howard assured an intimate friend, with greater indignation than he used to express on most subjects, " that, after a continuance of seven years at this school, he left it

not fully taught any one thing." From Mr Worsley's school he was removed, probably about the age of fourteen, to one of a superior description in London, the master of which, Mr Eames, was a man of some reputation for learning. His acquisitions at both seminaries seem to have been of the meagre kind then deemed sufficient for a person who was to be engaged in commercial pursuits; and it is the assertion of Mr Howard's biographer, Dr Aikin, founded on personal knowledge, that he "was never able to speak or write his native language with grammatical correctness, and that his acquaintance with other languages—the French perhaps excepted—was slight and superficial." In this, however, he did not differ perhaps from the generality of persons similarly circumstanced in their youth, and destined, like him, for business.

At the age of fifteen or sixteen Mr Howard was bound apprentice by his father to Messrs Newnham and Shipley, extensive wholesale grocers in Watling Street, who received a premium of £700 with him. His father dying, however, shortly afterwards, and the state of his health or his natural tastes indisposing him for the mode of life for which he had been destined, he made arrangements with his masters for the purchase of the remaining term of his apprenticeship, and quitted business. By the will of his father, who is described as a strict methodical man, of somewhat penurious disposition, he was not to come into possession of the property till he had attained his twenty-fourth year. On attaining that age, he was to be entitled to the sum of £7000 in money, together with all his father's landed and moveable property: his only sister receiving, as her share, £8000 in money, with certain additions of jewels, &c. which had belonged to her mother. Although nominally under the charge of guardians, Mr Howard was allowed a considerable share in the management of his own property. He had his house at Clapton, which his father's parsimonious habits had suffered to fall into decay, repaired or rebuilt, intending to make it his general place of residence. Connected with the repairing of this house an anecdote is told of Mr Howard, which will appear characteristic. He used to go every day to superintend the progress of the workmen; and an old man who had been gardener to his father, and who continued about the house until it was let some time afterwards, used to tell, as an instance of Mr Howard's goodness of disposition when young, that every day during the repairs he would be in the street, close by the garden wall, just as the baker's cart was passing, when he would regularly buy a loaf and throw it over the wall, saying to the gardener as he came in, "Harry, go and look among the cabbages; you will find something for yourself and family."

After passing his twentieth year, Mr Howard, being of delicate health, quitted his native country, and made a tour through France and Italy, which lasted a year or two; but of the particulars of which we have no account. On his return to England, probably about the year 1750, he took lodgings in Stoke Newing-

ton, living as a gentleman of independent property and quiet retired habits, and much respected by a small circle of acquaintances, chiefly dissenters. The state of his health, however, was such as to require constant care. His medical attendants, thinking him liable to consumption, recommended to him a very rigorous regimen in diet, which "laid the foundation," says one of his biographers, "of that extraordinary abstemiousness and indifference to the gratifications of the palate which ever after so much distinguished him." This condition of his health obliged him also to have recourse to frequent changes of air and scene. Newington, however, was his usual place of residence. Here, having experienced much kindness and attention during a very severe attack of illness from his landlady, Mrs Sarah Loidoire, an elderly widow of small property, he resolved to marry her; and although she remonstrated with him upon the impropriety of the step, considering their great disparity of ages—he being in his twenty-fifth, and she in her fifty-second year—the marriage was concluded in 1752. Nothing but the supposition that he was actuated by gratitude, can account for this singular step in Mr Howard's life. The lady, it appears, was not only twice as old as himself, but also very sickly; and that no reasons of interest can have influenced him, is evident, as well from the fact that she was poor in comparison with himself, as from the circumstance of his immediately making over the whole of her little property to her sister. Mr Howard seems to have lived very happily with his wife till her death shortly afterwards, in November 1755.

On his wife's death, he resolved to leave England for another tour on the continent. In his former tour he had visited most of the places of usual resort in France and Italy; during the present, therefore, he intended to pursue some less common route. After some deliberation, he determined to sail first to Portugal, in order to visit its capital, Lisbon, then in ruins from the effects of that tremendous earthquake the news of which had appalled Europe. Nothing is more interesting than to observe the effects which great public events of a calamitous nature produce on different minds; indeed one of the most instructive ways of contrasting men's dispositions, is to consider how they are severally affected by some stupendous occurrence. It is to be regretted, therefore, that we are not informed more particularly by Howard's biographers of the reasons which determined him to visit the scene of the awful catastrophe which had recently occurred in Portugal—whether they were motives of mere curiosity, or whether they partook of that desire to place himself in contact with misery, that passion for proximity to wretchedness which formed so large an element in Howard's character, and marked him out from the first as predestined for a career of philanthropy.

Before leaving England to proceed on his tour to the south of Europe, Mr Howard broke up his establishment at Stoke New-

ington, and, with that generosity which was so natural to him, made a distribution among the poorer people of the neighbourhood of those articles of furniture for which he had now no necessity. The old gardener already mentioned used to relate that his *dividend* of the furniture on this occasion consisted of a bedstead and bedding complete, a table, six new chairs, and a scythe. A few weeks after this distribution of his furniture, Mr Howard set sail in the *Hanover*, a Lisbon packet. Unfortunately, the vessel never reached her destination, being captured during her voyage by a French privateer. The crew and passengers were treated with great cruelty by their captors, being kept for forty hours under hatches without bread or water. They were carried into Brest, and confined all together in the castle of that place as prisoners of war. Here their sufferings were increased; and after lying for many hours in their dungeon without the slightest nourishment, they had a joint of mutton thrown in amongst them, which, not having a knife to cut it, they were obliged to tear with their hands, and gnaw like dogs. For nearly a week they lay on straw in their damp and unwholesome dungeon, after which they were separated, and severally disposed of. Mr Howard was removed first to Morlaix, and afterwards to Carpaix, where he was allowed for two months to go about on parole—an indulgence usually accorded to officers only, but which Mr Howard's manners and behaviour procured for him from the authorities. He was even furnished, it is said, with the means of returning to England, that he might negotiate his own exchange for some French naval officer, a prisoner of war in the hands of the English. This exchange was happily accomplished, and Mr Howard was once more at liberty, and in England. His short captivity in France, however, was not without its good effects, by interesting him strongly in the condition of those unfortunate men who, chancing like himself to be captured at sea during war, were languishing in dungeons both in France and England, and atoning by their sufferings for the mutual injuries or discords of the nations to which they belonged. Mr Howard's imprisonment may be said to have first given a specific direction to his philanthropic enthusiasm. In his "Account of the State of Prisons," published a considerable time afterwards, he subjoins the following note to a passage in which he contrasts the favourable treatment which prisoners of war usually receive, with the cruelties which domestic prisoners experience:—"I must not be understood here to mean a compliment to the French. How they then treated English prisoners of war I knew by experience in 1756, when a Lisbon packet in which I went passenger, in order to make the tour of Portugal, was taken by a French privateer. Before we reached Brest, I suffered the extremity of thirst, not having, for above forty hours, one drop of water, nor hardly a morsel of food. In the castle of Brest I lay for six nights upon straw; and observing how cruelly my countrymen were used

there and at Morlaix, whither I was carried next, during the two months I was at Carpaix upon parole I corresponded with the English prisoners at Brest, Morlaix, and Dinnan. At the last of these towns were several of our ship's crew and my servant. I had sufficient evidence of their being treated with such barbarity, that many hundreds had perished, and that thirty-six were buried in a hole at Dinnan in one day. When I came to England, still on parole, I made known to the Commissioners of Sick and Wounded Seamen the sundry particulars, which gained their attention and thanks. Remonstrance was made to the French court; our sailors had redress; and those who were in the three prisons mentioned above were brought home in the first cartel-ships. Perhaps what I suffered on this occasion increased my sympathy with the unhappy people whose case is the subject of this book." In Mr Howard's conduct, as here described by himself, we discern the real characteristic of active philanthropy. How few men are there who, like him, would have turned a personal misfortune to such good account; and who, while enduring sufferings themselves, would have occupied their thoughts with the means of putting an end, for all time coming, to the system which permitted such sufferings! Most men would have occupied the time of their imprisonment with sighs and lamentations; and once at liberty, they would have returned gleefully to the enjoyment of their homes, without troubling themselves about their less fortunate fellow-sufferers whom they had left behind, or at least without conceiving that their exertions could do anything for their benefit. But it is the characteristic of men like Howard, when once their attention is called to a wrong, not to rest until they have seen it rectified.

#### PRIVATE AND DOMESTIC CHARACTER—CONDUCT AS A LANDLORD.

On his return to England, Mr Howard went to reside on the small estate of Cardington, near Bedford, which had been left him by his father, and which he had increased by the purchase of an additional farm. He appears to have resided here for the next two years, leading the life of a quiet country gentleman, superintending his farms, and earning the respect and good-will of all the people in the neighbourhood, by his attention to the comforts of his tenants, and his charities to the poor. It was during this period also, on the 13th of May 1756, that he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society; an honour which did not necessarily imply that he possessed reputation as a scientific man, or even as a man of brilliant abilities, but only that he was a gentleman of respectability, who, like many others of his class, took an interest in scientific pursuits. Howard's attainments in science do not seem to have ever been very great, and the only point of his character which connected him particularly with a scientific body, was his taste for meteorological observations.

On the 25th of April 1758 Mr Howard contracted a second marriage with Miss Henrietta Leeds, eldest daughter of Edward Leeds, Esq. of Croxton, Cambridgeshire. The lady whom he had selected as his partner in life is described as amiable, affectionate, pious, and in everyway worthy of such a husband. Her tastes were the same as his, and she cordially seconded all his charitable plans for the assistance and relief of those who depended upon his benevolence.

For seven years Mr Howard enjoyed uninterrupted happiness in the society of his wife. During this period he resided first at Cardington, next for about three years at Watcombe in Hampshire, and latterly at Cardington again. The even tenor of his existence during these years presents few incidents worth recording. Reading, gardening, and the improvement of his grounds, occupied most of his time. His meteorological observations were likewise diligently continued; and it is mentioned, as a proof of his perseverance in whatever he undertook, that on the setting in of a frost, he used to leave his bed at two o'clock every morning while it lasted, for the purpose of looking at a thermometer which he kept in his garden. His charities, as before, were profuse and systematic. His desire, and that of his wife, was to see all around them industrious and happy. To effect this, they used all the influence which their position as persons of property and wealth gave them over the villagers and cottagers in their neighbourhood. One of their modes of dispensing charity was to employ persons out of work in making articles of furniture or ornament; and in this way, it is said, Mrs Howard soon increased her stock of table-linen to a quantity greater than would ever be required by any household.

On the 31st of March 1765 Mrs Howard died in giving birth to a son, the first and only issue of their marriage. This event was a source of poignant affliction to her husband. On the tablet which he erected to her memory in Cardington church, he caused to be inscribed the following passage from the book of Proverbs:—"She opened her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness." Her miniature was ever after his constant companion by sea or land; and the day of her death was observed by him annually as a day of fasting, meditation, and prayer.

From the death of his wife in 1765 to the end of the year 1769, Mr Howard appears to have remained in England, and at Cardington as before, with the exception of a month or six weeks in the year 1767, which he devoted to a tour through Holland. His principal occupation during these four years was the education of his infant son. From the circumstance that this boy, when he arrived at the years of manhood, conducted himself in a profligate manner, and at last became insane, much attention has been drawn to Mr Howard's mode of educating him in his infancy; some insisting that his conduct as a parent was harsh

and injudicious, others going so far as to assert that this man—whom the world reveres as a philanthropist, and whose benevolent soul yearned for the whole human race—was in his domestic relations a narrow and unfeeling tyrant. This last assertion—although, abstractly considered, there is nothing impossible or absurd in it, inasmuch as we may conceive such a thing as real philanthropy on the large scale conjoined with inattention to one's immediate duties as a husband or a father—appears to have absolutely no foundation whatever in Howard's case; and to have originated either in malice, or in that vulgar love of effect which delights in finding striking incongruities in the characters of great men. Nor does the other assertion—that Howard's mode of educating his infant son was harsh and injudicious—appear more worthy of credit. The truth seems to be, that Howard was a kind and benevolent man, of naturally strict and methodical habits, who entertained, upon principle, high ideas of the authority of the head of a family. A friend of his relates that he often heard him tell in company, as a piece of pleasantry, that before his marriage with his second wife he made an agreement with her, that in order to prevent all those little altercations about family matters which he had observed to be the principal causes of domestic discomfort, *he* should always decide. Mrs Howard, he said, had cheerfully agreed to this arrangement; and it was attended with the best effects. The same principle of the supremacy of the head of a family—a principle much less powerful in society now than it was a generation or two ago—guided him in his behaviour to his son. "Regarding children," says Dr Aikin, "as creatures possessed of strong passions and desires, without reason and experience to control them, he thought that nature seemed, as it were, to mark them out as the subjects of absolute authority, and that the first and fundamental principle to be inculcated upon them was implicit and unlimited obedience." The plan of education here described may to some appear austere and injudicious, while others will cordially approve of it, as that recommended by experience and common sense; but at all events, the charges of harshness and cruelty which some have endeavoured to found upon it are mere calumnies, refuted by the testimony of all who knew Mr Howard, and were witnesses to his affection for his son.

Sensible of the loss which the boy had sustained by the death of his mother, Mr Howard placed him, in his fifth year, under the care of a lady in whom he had confidence, who kept a boarding-school at Cheshunt in Hertfordshire. This and other arrangements having been made, he went abroad on a fourth continental tour towards the end of 1769. Proceeding through the south of France, and spending a few weeks at Geneva, he visited most of the remarkable places in Italy, some of them for the second time; and returned home through Germany in the latter part of 1770, having been absent in all about twelve months.

When Howard had again settled at Cardington, he resumed his benevolent schemes of local improvement. It appears that the vicinity of Bedford, and Cardington especially, was inhabited by a very poor population, liable to frequent visitations of distress from the fluctuations of the only manufacture which yielded them employment—that of lace; as well as generally from the unhealthy and marshy nature of the soil, rendering ague prevalent. Mr Howard's first care with respect to those to whom he was attached as landlord, was to improve their dwellings. "At different times," says his biographer, Mr Brown, "he pulled down all the cottages on his estate, and rebuilt them in a neat but simple style, paying particular attention to their preservation, as much as possible, from the dampness of the soil. Others which were not his property before, he purchased, and re-erected upon the same plan; adding to the number of the whole by building several new ones in different parts of the village. To each of these he allotted a piece of garden-ground, sufficient to supply the family of its occupier with potatoes and other vegetables; and generally ornamented them in front with a small fore-court, fenced off from the road by neat white palings, enclosing a bed or two of simple flowers, with here and there a shrub or an evergreen; thus imparting to these habitations of the poor, with their white fronts and thatched roofs, that air of neatness and comfort so strikingly characteristic of everything in which he engaged." "These comfortable habitations, which he let at a rent of twenty or thirty shillings a-year," says another biographer, Dr Aiken, "he peopled with the most industrious and sober tenants he could find; and over them he exercised the superintendence of master and father combined. He was careful to furnish them with employment, to assist them in sickness and distress, and to educate their children." In consequence of these exertions of Mr Howard, aided and seconded by those of his friend and relative, Samuel Whitbread, Esq., who possessed property in the same neighbourhood, "Cardington, which seemed at one time to contain the abodes of poverty and wretchedness, soon became one of the neatest villages in the kingdom—exhibiting all the pleasing appearances of competence and content, the natural rewards of industry and virtue." Industry and cleanliness were the two virtues which Mr Howard sought by all means to naturalise among the villagers of Cardington. It was his custom to visit the houses of his tenants now and then, conversing with them on the state of their affairs. During such visits he was particular in requesting them to keep their houses clean; and it was one of his standing advices that they should "swill the floors well with water." After talking with the children, he would tell them, at parting, to be "good boys and girls, and keep their faces and hands clean."

Among Mr Howard's other benefactions to the locality of Cardington, he established schools for the education of the boys



and girls of the neighbourhood in the rudiments of knowledge. Of these it was strictly required that they should regularly attend some place of worship on Sundays; whether the Established church, or any other, was indifferent, provided it was a church at all. His anxiety on this point also led him to convert one of his cottages into a preaching station, where the neighbouring clergymen of different persuasions, or occasionally a clergyman from a distance passing through the village, might officiate to such as chose to attend; and very rarely was the little congregation without at least one sermon a-week. Mr Howard, when at Cardington, was invariably present at these meetings. His regular place of worship was the Old Meeting-house at Bedford, of which the Rev. Mr Symonds was pastor from 1766 to 1772. In the latter year, however, when Mr Symonds declared his adherence to the theological tenets of the Baptists, Mr Howard seceded along with a considerable part of the congregation, and established a new meeting-house. The truth is, however, that, with all his piety, and indeed on account of the very strength and sincerity of it, the theological differences of sects occupied very little space in his attention, and did not in the least affect his schemes of philanthropy; and though a dissenter of a particular denomination himself, dissenters of all other denominations, as well as members of the Established church, were equally the objects of his respect and his benevolent solicitude.

The following recollections of Mr Howard's habits at this period, by the Rev. Mr Townsend, who resided with him at Cardington for a short period, in the interval between the secession from the Old Meeting-house and the erection of the new one, may be interesting. "He found him," he said, "not disposed to talk much; he sat but a short time at table, and was in motion during the whole day. He was very abstemious; lived chiefly on vegetables, ate little animal food, and drank no wine or spirits. He hated praise; and when Mr Townsend once mentioned to him his labours of benevolence"—not those general ones for which he is now so celebrated, but his exertions for the improvement of the condition of the people in his neighbourhood—"he spoke of them slightly, as a whim of his, and immediately changed the subject." "He was at all times," adds his biographer, Mr Brown, "remarkably neat in his dress, but affected no singularity in it. Though he never thought it right to indulge in the luxuries of life, he did not despise its comforts. Wine or fermented liquors of any kind he himself never drank; but they were always provided, and that of the best quality, for his friends who chose to take them. He always maintained an intercourse of civility with some of the most considerable persons in the county, and was on visiting terms with the greater part of the country gentlemen around him, and with the most respectable inhabitants of the town of Bedford, churchmen and

dissenters. His aversion to mix much with promiscuous assemblies was the result of his religious principles and habits, which taught him that this was no very profitable method of spending his time; yet however uncomplying he might be with the freedoms and irregularities of polite life, he was by no means negligent of its received forms; and though he might be denominated a man of scruples and singularities, no one would dispute his claim to the title of a *gentleman*."

APPOINTED HIGH-SHERIFF OF BEDFORD—COMMENCES AND COMPLETES HIS SURVEY OF BRITISH PRISONS.

From these details, our readers will be able to fancy Mr Howard as he was in the year 1773—a widower country gentleman, of plain, upright, methodical habits, aged about forty-six; devout and exemplary in his conduct, and a dissenter by profession, but without any strong prejudices for or against any sect; temperate and economical, but the very reverse of parsimonious; fond of travelling, and exceedingly attentive to what fell under his observation; of a disposition overflowing with kindness at the aspect of a miserable object, and prompting him to go out in search of wretchedness, and to distribute over his whole neighbourhood the means of comfort and happiness. Such was Mr Howard in the year 1773; and if he had then died, his name would never have been so celebrated as it is over the world, but would only have been remembered in the particular district where his lot was cast, as the names of many benevolent landlords and good men are locally remembered all over the country. Fortunately, however, a circumstance happened which opened up for this unostentatious benefactor of a village a career of world-wide philanthropy. This was his election, in the year 1773, to the important office of high-sheriff of the county of Bedford. Regarding the special circumstances which led to his election to such a post, we have no information. It may be mentioned, however, that, in accepting the office, he subjected himself to the liability of a fine of £500—the laws which disqualified dissenters from holding such offices not having been yet repealed, although they were practically set at defiance by the increasing liberality of the age. A story was indeed once current that Mr Howard, on his nomination to the office, stated to Earl Bathurst, then lord chancellor, his scruples about accepting it, arising from the fact of his not being a member of the Church of England; and that Lord Bathurst, in reply, gave him an assurance of indemnification, in case any malicious person should endeavour to put the law in force against him. This story, however, does not appear to have been well-founded.

The duties of a high-sheriff in England are important and various. "To him are addressed the writs commencing all actions, and he returns the juries for the trial of men's lives, liberties, lands, and goods. He executes the judgments of the courts.

In his county he is the principal conservator of the peace. He presides in his own court as a judge; and he not only tries all causes of forty shillings in value, but also questions of larger amount. He presides at all elections of members of parliament and coroners. He apprehends all wrongdoers, and for that purpose, in criminal cases, he is entitled to break open outer-doors to seize the offender. He defends the county against riot, or rebellion, or invasion. The sheriff takes precedence of all persons in the county. He is responsible for the execution of criminals. He receives and entertains the judges of assize, on whom he is constantly in attendance whilst they remain in his shire. To assist him in the performance of his duties, the sheriff employs an under-sheriff, and also a bailiff and jailers, from whom he takes securities for their good conduct.\* Such was the office to which, fortunately for society, Mr Howard was appointed at the annual election of sheriffs in the year 1773.

The office of high-sheriff became a different thing in the hands of such a man as Howard from what it had been before. It was no longer a mere honourable office, all the drudgery of which was performed by the under-sheriff; it was no longer the mere right of going in state twice a-year to meet the judges, and of presiding during the gaieties of an assize-week; it was a situation of real power and laborious well-doing. Already alive to the existence of numerous abuses in prison management—as well by his general information respecting the institutions of the country, as by his own experience of prison life in France seventeen years before—he had not been a month in office before all the faculties of his heart and soul were engaged in searching out and dragging into public notice the horrible corruptions and pollutions of the English prison system.

Within Mr Howard's own cognisance as sheriff of Bedfordshire, there were three prisons—the county jail, the county bridewell, and the town jail, all in Bedford; and, as a matter of course, it was with these that his inquiries commenced. Various abuses struck him in their management, particularly in that of the county jail, the accommodations of which, whether for the purposes of work, health, or cleanliness, he found very deficient. But what roused his sense of justice most of all, was to find that the jailer had no salary, and depended for great part of his income on the following clause in the prison regulations:—"All persons that come to this place, either by warrant, commitment, or verbally, must pay, before being discharged, fifteen shillings and fourpence to the jailer, and two shillings to the turnkey." The effect which this and similar exactions from prisoners in the Bedford jail made upon him, will be best learned from his own statement prefixed to his "Account of the State of Prisons." "The distress of prisoners," he says, "of which there are few

\* Art. *Sheriff*. Penny Cyclopædia.

who have not some imperfect idea, came more immediately under my notice when I was sheriff of the county of Bedford; and the circumstance which excited me to activity in their behalf was seeing some who, by the verdict of juries, were declared *not guilty*—some on whom the grand jury did not find such an appearance of guilt as subjected them to trial—and some whose prosecutors did not appear against them—after having been confined for months, dragged back to jail, and locked up again till they should pay sundry fees to the jailer, the clerk of assize, &c. In order to redress this hardship," he continues, "I applied to the justices of the county for a salary to the jailer in lieu of his fees. The bench were properly affected with the grievance, and willing to grant the relief desired; but they wanted a precedent for charging the county with the expense."

With a view to find the precedent required, Mr Howard undertook to visit the jails of some of the neighbouring counties, that he might inquire into the practice adopted there. His first visits were to the jails of Cambridge and Huntingdon; and in the course of the same month—November 1773—he prosecuted his tour through those of the following counties in addition—Northampton, Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Stafford, Warwick, Worcester, Gloucester, Oxford, and Buckingham. In each and all of these jails he found abuses and grievances; different, indeed, in one from what they were in another, and in some fewer and less shocking than in others, but in all disgraceful to a civilised country. In all of them, the income of the jailer was derived, as at Bedford, from fees exacted from the prisoners, and not from a regular salary; nay, in one of them the sheriff himself drew fees from the prisoners; and in another, that of Northampton, the jailer, instead of having a salary, paid the county £40 a-year for his office. To enter into the details of his investigations of the abuses of the various prisons above enumerated, as these are given in the first edition of his "Account of the State of Prisons," would be impossible; suffice it to say, that Mr Howard's reports on the various jails he visited are not mere general assertions that this or that jail was defective in its arrangements, but laborious and minute accounts of the statistics of each—containing, in the briefest possible compass, every circumstance respecting every jail which it could possibly be useful to know. Indeed no parliamentary commission ever presented a more searching, clear, and accurate report than Howard's account of the state of the prisons he visited.

His visits to the jails of the counties adjoining Bedford had only disclosed to him those depths of misery which he was yet to sound. "Looking into the prisons," he says, "I beheld scenes of calamity which I became daily more and more anxious to alleviate. In order, therefore, to gain a more perfect knowledge of the particulars and extent of it, by various and accurate observation, I visited most of the county jails in England." This more

extensive tour was begun in December 1773, and by the 17th of that month he had inspected the jails of the counties of Hertford, Berks, Wilts, Dorset, Hants, and Sussex; occupying, therefore, it will be perceived, a much less space of time in his survey than most official commissions, and yet probably doing the work much better. The next six weeks he appears to have spent at Cardington with his son, then about eight years of age, and at home no doubt on his Christmas vacation; but towards the end of January 1774 his philanthropic tour was resumed. The jails of Rutlandshire were first visited, then those of York: on his journey southward from York he passed through the shires of Lincoln, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, visiting the prisons of each: a fortnight was then devoted to an examination of the monster prisons of London: from London he set out on a journey to the western counties, inspected the jails of Devon, Cornwall, Somerset, Hereford, and Monmouth; and, after a short absence, returned to London, having, in the course of three months of expeditious and extensive, but most thorough scrutiny, acquired more knowledge of the state of English prisons than was possessed by any other man then living. Such is the effect of having a definite object in view, and attending exclusively to it. If we measure ability by mere largeness of intellect, there were undoubtedly hundreds of abler men than Howard then alive in England; but what is the lazy and languid greatness of these intellectual do-nothings compared with the solid greatness of a man like Howard, who, gifted by God with a melting love for his fellow-men, laboriously and steadily pursued one object, made himself master of one department, and dragged into daylight one class of social abuses till then unknown or unheeded?

It happened, by a fortunate conjunction, that at the time Mr Howard was pursuing his prison inquiries, a few members of the legislature were interesting themselves in the same subject. In the previous session of parliament a bill had been introduced into the House of Commons by Mr Popham, member for Taunton, proposing the payment of jailers, not by fees from the prisoners, as heretofore, but out of the county rates. The bill had been dropped in committee on the second reading; but the subject of prison management was resumed next session, the principal movers in the inquiry being Mr Popham, and Mr Howard's intimate friends, Mr St John and Mr Whitbread. It would appear that it had been in consequence of consultations with Mr Howard that these gentlemen broached the subject in parliament at so early a period in the session; at all events, we find Mr Howard, immediately after his return from his western tour, examined before a committee of the whole House regarding his knowledge of the state of English prisons. So full and valuable were the details submitted to the committee by Mr Howard, that on the House being resumed, the chairman of the committee, Sir Thomas Clavering, reported that "he was directed by the com-

mittee to move the House that John Howard, Esq. be called in to the bar, and that Mr Speaker do acquaint him that the House are very sensible of the humanity and zeal which have led him to visit the several jails of this kingdom, and to communicate to the House the interesting observations he has made upon that subject." The motion passed unanimously; and Mr Howard had, accordingly, the honour of receiving the public thanks of the House for his philanthropic exertions. To show, however, how little the spirit which animated these exertions was understood or appreciated, we may mention that it is related that, during his examination before the committee, one member put the question to him, "At whose expense he travelled?"

Mr Howard, however, was still only at the commencement of his labours. In the month of March 1774, only a few days after receiving the thanks of the House of Commons, he set out for the extreme north of England, to visit the jails there. In an incredibly short space of time he had traversed the counties of Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Lancaster, Chester, and Shropshire, visiting the jails in each; then, after revisiting those of Stafford, Derby, Nottingham, Leicester, and Northampton, he returned home to Cardington; from which, after a week's repose, he set out for Kent. With the examination of the jails of Kent, Mr Howard's first survey of the jails of England may be said to have been finished. To give, once for all, an idea of the minute and thorough manner in which he discharged his self-imposed duty, we may quote his remarks on the county jail at Durham. After giving a list of the officials and their salaries, he proceeds thus:—"The high jail is the property of the bishop. By patent from his lordship, Sir Hedworth Williamson, Bart. is perpetual sheriff. The court for master's side debtors is only 24 feet by 10: they are permitted sometimes to walk on the leads. They have beds in the upper hall, and in several other rooms. Their rooms should be ceiled, that they might be lime-whited, to prevent infectious disorders, and that great nuisance of bugs, of which the debtors complain much here and at other places. Common side debtors have no court; their free wards, the *low jail*, are two damp, unhealthy rooms, 10 feet 4 inches square by the gateway; they are never suffered to go out of these except to chapel, which is the master's side debtor's hall; and not always to that: for on a Sunday, when I was there, and missed them at chapel, they told me they were not permitted to go thither. No sewers. At more than one of my visits I learned that the dirt, ashes, &c. had lain there many months. There is a double-barrelled pump, which raises water about 70 feet. Felons have no court; but they have a day-room, and two small rooms for an infirmary. The men are put at night into dungeons: one, 7 feet square, for three prisoners; another, the *great hole*, 16½ feet by 12, has only a little window. In this I saw six prisoners, most of them transports, chained to the floor.

In this situation they had been for many weeks, and were very sickly; their straw on the stone floor almost worn to dust. Long confinement, and not having the king's allowance of two shillings and sixpence a-week, had urged them to attempt an escape; after which the jailer had chained them as already mentioned. There is another dungeon for women felons, 12 feet by 8; and up stairs, a separate room or two. The common side debtors in the *low jail*, whom I saw eating boiled bread and water, told me that this was the only nourishment some had lived upon for near a twelvemonth. They have, from a legacy, one shilling and sixpence a-week in winter, and one shilling a-week in summer, for coals. No memorandum of it in the jail: perhaps this may in time be lost, as the jailer said two others were—namely, one of Bishop Crewe, and another of Bishop Wood, from which prisoners had received no benefit for some years past. But now the bishop has humanely filed bills in Chancery, and recovered these legacies, by which several debtors have been discharged. Half-a-crown a-week is paid to a woman for supplying the debtors with water in the two rooms on the side of the gateway. The act for preserving the health of prisoners is not hung up. The clauses against spirituous liquors are hung up. Jail delivery once a-year. At several of my visits there were boys between thirteen and fifteen years of age confined with the most profligate and abandoned. There was a vacant piece of ground adjacent, of little use but for the jailer's occasional lumber. It extends to the river, and measures about 22 yards by 16. I once and again advised the enclosing this for a court, as it might be done with little expense; and it appears that formerly here was a doorway into the prison. But when I was there afterwards in January 1776, I had the mortification to hear that the surgeon, who was uncle to the jailer, had obtained from the bishop, in October preceding, a lease of it for twenty-one years, at the rent of one shilling per annum. He had built a little stable on it."

Having completed his survey of the English jails, Mr Howard turned his attention next to those of Wales; and by the end of the autumn of 1774, he appears to have visited the principal jails in that principality. During these last months the field of his inquiries had been extended, so as to embrace a new department. "Seeing," he says, "in two or three of the jails some poor creatures whose aspect was singularly deplorable, and asking the cause of it, the answer was, 'They were lately brought from the *bridewells*.' This started a fresh subject of inquiry. I resolved to inspect the bridewells; and for that purpose travelled again into the counties where I had been; and indeed into all the rest, examining *houses of correction*, *city* and *town jails*. I beheld in many of them, as well as in the *county jails*, a complication of distress."

Mr Howard's philanthropic labours for now nearly a twelve-month had of course made him an object of public attention, and

it became obviously desirable to have such a man in parliament. Accordingly, at the election of 1774, he was requested by a number of the electors of Bedford to allow himself to be put in nomination for that town, in the independent interest, along with his friend Mr Whitbread. Mr Howard consented; but when the polling had taken place, the numbers stood thus—Sir William Wake, 527 votes; Mr Sparrow, 517; Mr Whitbread, 429; and Mr Howard, 402. A protest was taken by the supporters of Mr Whitbread and Mr Howard, most of whom were dissenters, against the election of the two former gentlemen, on the ground that the returning officers had acted unfairly in rejecting many legally good votes for Messrs Whitbread and Howard, and receiving many legally bad ones for the other two candidates. Petitions impeaching the return were also presented to the House of Commons by Mr Whitbread and Mr Howard.

Nothing, however, could divert our philanthropist from his own peculiar walk of charity, and the interval between the election and the hearing of the petitions against its validity was diligently employed by him in a tour through Scotland and Ireland, for the purpose of inspecting the prisons there, and comparing them with those of England and Wales. With the Scotch system of prison management he seems to have been, on the whole, much better pleased than with that of England; and he mentions, with particular approbation, that in Scotland “all criminals are tried out of irons; and when acquitted, they are *immediately* discharged in open court;” that “no jailer has any fee from any criminal;” and that “women are not put in irons.” Still he found sufficient grounds for complaint in the state of the prisons themselves. “The prisons,” he says, “that I saw in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Stirling, Jedburgh, Haddington, Ayr, Kelso, Nairn, Banff, Inverness, &c. were old buildings, dirty and offensive, without courtyards, and also generally without water.” “The tolbooth at Inverness,” he afterwards observes, “has no fireplace, and is the most dirty and offensive prison that I have seen in Scotland.” In the Irish prisons he found, as might have been expected, abuses even more shocking than those he had generally met with in England.

In March 1775, Mr Howard having by this time returned to England, his petition and that of Mr Whitbread against the return of Sir William Wake and Mr Sparrow were taken into consideration by a committee of the House of Commons. On a revision of the poll, the numbers, after adding the good votes which had been rejected, and striking off the bad ones which had been accepted, stood thus—Mr Whitbread, 568; Sir William Wake, 541; Mr Howard, 537; Mr Sparrow, 529. Thus, although by a small majority Mr Howard lost the election, his friend, Mr Whitbread, who had formerly been in the same predicament, was now returned at the top of the poll in lieu of Mr Sparrow.

It was perhaps a fortunate circumstance for the world that Mr



Howard did not succeed in being returned to parliament. He might no doubt have been of great service as a member of the legislature; but his true function was that which he had already chosen for himself—a voluntary and unofficial inquirer into the latent miseries of human society. It was not so much as a propounder of schemes of social improvement that Mr Howard appeared; it was rather as an explorer of unvisited scenes of wretchedness, who should drag into the public gaze all manner of grievances, in order that the general wisdom and benevolence of the country might be brought to bear upon them. In a complex state of society, where wealth and poverty, comfort and indigence, are naturally separated from each other as far as possible, so that the eyes and ears of the upper classes may not be offended and nauseated by the sights and sounds of woe, the interference of this class of persons—*inspectors*, as they may be called, whose business it is to see and report—is among the most necessary of all acts for social wellbeing.

#### VISITS TO FOREIGN PRISONS—PUBLICATION OF HIS GREAT WORK ON EUROPEAN PRISONS.

Mr Howard having completed his survey of the prisons of Great Britain, began to prepare his reports for publication. "I designed," says he, "to publish the account of our prisons in the spring of 1775, after I returned from Scotland and Ireland. But conjecturing that something useful to my purpose might be collected abroad, I laid aside my papers, and travelled into France, Flanders, Holland, and Germany." The precise route which he pursued during this, his fifth continental tour, is not known; he appears, however, to have gone to France first. He gives the following account of his attempt to gain admission to the famous Bastille of Paris. "I was desirous of examining it myself, and for that purpose knocked hard at the outer gate, and immediately went forward through the guard to the drawbridge before the entrance of the castle. But while I was contemplating this gloomy mansion, an officer came out much surprised, and I was forced to retreat through the mute guard, and thus regained that freedom which, for one locked up within those walls, it is next to impossible to obtain." On this singular adventure of Mr Howard one of his biographers makes the following remark. "In the space of four centuries, from the foundation to the destruction of the Bastille, perhaps Mr Howard was the only person that was ever compelled to quit it reluctantly." Although denied admission to the Bastille, Mr Howard was able to obtain entrance into the other prisons of Paris. His first application, indeed, for admittance to the *Grand Châtelet* was unsuccessful; but happening to remark that, by the tenth article of the arrêt of 1717, jailers were authorised to admit persons desirous of bestowing charity on the prisoners, he pleaded it before the *Commissaire de la Prison*; and in this way gained admission not only to that prison, but to the

others. Except for the horrible subterranean dungeons, in which he found that certain classes of prisoners were sometimes confined in France, he appears to have considered the prisons in that country better managed than those of England.

Mr Howard's proceedings in France, French Flanders, and the Netherlands, will be best gathered from the following letter to a friend:—"I came late last night to this city; the day I have employed in visiting the jails, and collecting all the criminals laws, as I have got those of France. However rigorous they may be, yet their great care and attention to their prisons is worthy of commendation: all fresh and clean; no jail distemper; no prisoners ironed. The bread allowance far exceeds that of any of our jails; for example, every prisoner here has two pound of bread a-day; once a-day, soup; and on Sunday, one pound of meat. I write to you, my friend, for a relaxation from what so much engrosses my thoughts. And indeed I force myself to the public dinners and suppers for that purpose, though I show so little respect to a set of men who are so highly esteemed (the French cooks), that I have not tasted fish, flesh, or fowl since I have been this side the water. Through a kind Providence I am very well; calm, easy in spirits. The public voitures have not been crowded, and I have met, in general, agreeable company. I hope to be in Holland the beginning of next week."

After visiting the principal prisons in Holland and part of Germany, most of which seem to have particularly pleased him, when contrasted with those at home, Mr Howard returned to England in the end of July 1775. Not to rest, however; for he immediately commenced a second survey of the English prisons. This was interrupted, in the beginning of the year 1776, when he made a trip to Switzerland to visit the Swiss jails, taking some of the French ones in his way. Returning to England, he resumed his second survey of the English and Welsh prisons; and when this was completed to his satisfaction in the beginning of 1777, he took up his residence for the spring at the town of Warrington, in Lancashire, where he had resolved to have his work on prisons printed. His reasons for printing the book there, rather than in London, were various; one of them was, that he wished to be near his friend Dr (then Mr) Aikin, employed as a surgeon in Warrington, whose literary talents were of assistance to him in fitting the work for publication. Dr Aikin gives the following account of the process which Mr Howard's notes underwent, in order to qualify them for being sent to press—his own composition, as our readers are already aware, being none of the most correct in a grammatical point of view. "On his return from his tours," says Dr Aikin, "he took all his memorandum-books to an old, retired friend of his, who assisted him in methodising them, and copied out the whole matter in correct language. They were then put into the hands

of Dr Price, from whom they underwent a revision, and received occasionally considerable alterations. With his papers thus corrected, Mr Howard came to the press at Warrington; and first he read them all over carefully to me, which perusal was repeated sheet by sheet, as they were printed. As new facts and observations were continually suggesting themselves to his mind, he put the matter of them upon paper as they occurred, and then requested me to clothe them in such expressions as I thought proper. On these occasions such was his diffidence, that I found it difficult to make him acquiesce in his own language, when, as frequently happened, it was unexceptionable. Of this additional matter, some was interwoven with the text, but the greater part was necessarily thrown into notes." So intent was he upon the publication of the work, that, "for the purpose," we are told by his biographer, Mr Brown, "of being near the scene of his labours, he took lodgings in a house close to his printer's shop; and during a very severe winter he was always called up by two in the morning, though he did not retire to rest till ten. His reason for this early rising was, that in the morning he was least disturbed in his work of revising the sheets as they came from the press. At seven he regularly dressed for the day, and had his breakfast; when, punctually at eight, he repaired to the printing-office, and remained there till the workmen went to dinner at one, when he returned to his lodgings, and putting some bread and raisins, or other dried fruit in his pocket, generally took a walk in the outskirts of the town, eating, as he walked, his hermit fare, which, with a glass of water on his return, was the only dinner he took. When he had returned to the printing-office, he generally remained there until the men left work, and then repaired to Mr Aikin's house, to go through with him any sheets which might have been composed during the day; or, if there were nothing upon which he wished to consult him, he would either spend an hour with some friend, or return to his own lodgings, where he took his tea or coffee in lieu of supper, and at his usual hour retired to bed."

In April 1777 appeared the work which had cost him so much labour. Its title was, "The State of the Prisons in England and Wales, with Preliminary Observations, and an Account of some Foreign Prisons. By John Howard, F.R.S." Although the work was very bulky, consisting of 520 quarto pages, with four large plates, yet "so zealous was he," says Dr Aikin, "to diffuse information, and so determined to obviate any idea that he meant to repay his expenses by the profitable trade of book-making, that he insisted on fixing the price of the volume so low, that, had every copy been sold, he would still have presented the public with all the plates and great part of the printing." Besides, he distributed copies profusely among all persons who possessed, or might possibly possess, influence in carrying his benevolent views into effect. "As soon as the book appeared,"

continues Dr Aikin, "the world was astonished at the mass of valuable materials accumulated by a private unaided individual, through a course of prodigious labour, and at the constant hazard of life, in consequence of the infectious diseases prevalent in the scenes of his inquiries. The cool good sense and moderation of his narrative, contrasted with that enthusiastic ardour which must have impelled him to the undertaking, were not less admired; and he was immediately regarded as one of the extraordinary characters of the age, and as the leader in all plans of meliorating the condition of that wretched part of the community for whom he interested himself."

To give an idea of the extent of the evils of the prison system in the time of Howard, and of the thorough manner in which these were taken cognisance of by him, we will present our readers with an abridgment of the introductory section of his work, in which, before passing to his special report on the state of the various prisons which he had visited, he gives a summary, or "General View of Distress in Prisons." The extracts will be found not only interesting in their connexion with Howard's life, but also interesting in themselves.

"There are prisons," he begins, "into which whoever looks will, at first sight of the people confined, be convinced that there is some great error in the management of them; their sallow, meagre countenances declare, without words, that they are very miserable. Many who went in healthy, are in a few months changed to emaciated, dejected objects. Some are seen pining under diseases, 'sick and in prison,' expiring on the floors, in loathsome cells, of pestilential fevers and confluent small-pox; victims, I must not say to the cruelty, but I will say to the inattention, of sheriffs and gentlemen in the commission of the peace. The cause of this distress is, that many prisons are scantily supplied, and some almost totally destitute, of the necessities of life.

"*Food*.—There are several *bridewells* in which prisoners have no allowance of food at all. In some, the keeper farms what little is allowed them; and where he engages to supply each prisoner with one or two pennyworths of bread a-day, I have known this shrunk to half, sometimes less than half the quantity—out of, or broken from, his own loaf. It will perhaps be asked—Does not their work maintain them? The answer to that question, though true, will hardly be believed. There are few *bridewells* in which any work is done, or can be done. The prisoners have neither tools nor materials of any kind, but spend their time in sloth, profaneness, and debauchery, to a degree which, in some of those houses that I have seen, is extremely shocking. . . . The same complaint—*want of food*—is to be found in many *county jails*. In above half of these debtors have no bread, although it is granted to the highwayman, the housebreaker, and the murderer; and medical assistance, which is provided for the latter,

is withheld from the former. In many of these jails, debtors who would work are not permitted to have any tools, lest they should furnish felons with them for escape, or other mischief. I have often seen these prisoners eating their water-soup (bread boiled in mere water), and heard them say, 'We are locked up, and almost starved to death.' As to the relief provided for debtors by the benevolent act 32d of George II., I did not find in all England and Wales, except the counties of Middlesex and Surrey, *twelve debtors* who had obtained from their creditors the fourpence a-day to which they had a right by that act. The truth is, some debtors are the most pitiable objects in our jails. To their wanting necessary food, I must add not only the demands of jailers, &c. for fees, but also the extortion of bailiffs. These detain in their houses (properly enough denominated *spunging-houses*), at an enormous expense, prisoners who have money. I know there is a legal provision against this oppression; but the mode of obtaining redress is attended with difficulty, and the abuse continues. The rapine of these extortioners needs some more effectual and easy check: no bailiff should be suffered to keep a public-house. . . . Felons have in some jails two pennyworth of bread a-day; in some, three halfpennyworth; in some, a pennyworth; in some, none. I often weighed the bread in different prisons, and found the penny loaf seven ounces and a half to eight ounces: the other loaves in proportion. It is probable that, when this allowance was fixed by its value, near double the quantity that the money will now purchase might be bought for it; yet the allowance continues unaltered, and it is not uncommon to see the whole purchase, especially of the smaller sums, eaten at breakfast—which is sometimes the case when they receive their pittance but once in two days; and then, on the following day, they must fast. This allowance being so far short of the cravings of nature, and in some prisons lessened by farming to the jailer, many criminals are half-starved; such of them as at their commitment were in health, come out almost famished, scarcely able to move, and for weeks incapable of labour.

"*Water*.—Many prisons have no water. This defect is frequent in bridewells and town jails. In the felons' courts of some county jails there is no water; in some places where there is water, prisoners are always locked up within doors, and have no more than the keeper or his servants think fit to bring them; in one place they were limited to three pints a-day each—a scanty provision for drink and cleanliness.

"*Air*.—And as to air, my reader will judge of the malignity of that breathed in prisons, when I assure him that my clothes were, in my first journeys, so offensive, that in a postchaise I could not bear the windows drawn up, and was therefore obliged to travel commonly on horseback. The leaves of my memorandum-book were often so tainted, that I could not use it till

after spreading it an hour or two before the fire; and even my antidote—a vial of vinegar—has, after using it in a few prisons, become intolerably disagreeable. I did not wonder that in those journeys many jailers made excuses, and did not go with me into the felons' wards. From hence any one may judge of the probability there is against the health and life of prisoners crowded in close rooms, cells, and subterranean dungeons for fourteen or fifteen hours out of the four-and-twenty. In some of these caverns the floor is very damp; in others there is an inch or two of water; and the straw, or bedding, is laid on such floors—seldom on barrack bedsteads. Where prisoners are not kept in underground cells, they are often confined to their rooms, because there is no court belonging to the prison—which is the case in many city and town jails; or because the walls round the yard are ruinous, or too low for safety; or because the jailer has the ground for his own use. Some jails have no sewers or vaults; and in those that have, if they be not properly attended to, they are, even to a visitor, offensive beyond description. How noxious, therefore, to people constantly confined in those prisons! One cause why the rooms in some prisons are so close is the window tax, which the jailers have to pay; this tempts them to stop the windows, and stifle the prisoners.

“*Bedding.*—In many jails, and in most bridewells, there is no allowance of bedding or straw for prisoners to sleep on; and if by any means they get a little, it is not changed for months together, so that it is offensive, and almost worn to dust. Some lie upon rags, others upon the bare floors. When I have complained of this to the keepers, the justification has been, ‘The county allows no straw; the prisoners have none but at my cost.’

“*Morals.*—I have now to complain of what is pernicious to the morals of prisoners; and that is, the confining all sorts of prisoners together—debtors and felons, men and women, the young beginner and the old offender; and with all these, in some counties, such as are guilty of misdemeanours only. In some jails you see—and who can see it without sorrow?—boys of twelve or fourteen eagerly listening to the stories told by practised and experienced criminals of their adventures, successes, stratagems, and escapes.

“*Lunatics.*—In some few jails are confined idiots and lunatics. These serve for sport to idle visitants at assizes, and other times of general resort. Many of the bridewells are crowded and offensive, because the rooms which were designed for prisoners are occupied by the insane. When these are not kept separate, they disturb and terrify other prisoners.

“*Jail Fever.*—I am ready to think that none who have given credit to what is contained in the foregoing pages, will wonder at the havoc made by the jail fever. From my own observations in 1773, 1774, and 1775, I was fully convinced that many more

prisoners were destroyed by it than were put to death by all the public executions in the kingdom.\* This frequent effect of confinement in prison seems generally understood, and shows how full of emphatical meaning is the curse of a severe creditor, who pronounces his debtor's doom to *rot in jail*. I believe I have learnt the full import of this sentence from the vast numbers who, to my certain knowledge, and some of them before my eyes, have perished by the jail fever. But the mischief is not confined to prisons. In Baker's Chronicle, p. 353, that historian, mentioning the assize held in Oxford in 1577 (called, from its fatal consequences, the *Black Assize*), informs us that 'all who were present died within forty hours—the lord chief baron, the sheriff, and about three hundred more'—all being infected by the prisoners who were brought into court. Lord Bacon observes, that 'the most pernicious infection next the plague, is the smell of a jail when the prisoners have been long, and close, and nastily kept; whereof,' he says, 'we have had in our time experience twice or thrice, when both the judges that sat upon the jail, and numbers of those who attended the business, or were present, sickened and died.' At the Lent assize in Taunton, 1730, some prisoners who were brought thither from Ivelchester jail infected the court; and Lord Chief Baron Pengelly, Sir James Sheppard, sergeant, John Pigot, Esq. sheriff, and some hundreds besides, died of the jail distemper. At Axminster, a little town in Devonshire, a prisoner discharged from Exeter jail in 1755 infected his family with that disease, of which two of them died; and many others in that town afterwards. The numbers that were carried off by the same malady in London in 1750—two judges, the lord mayor, one alderman, and many of inferior rank—are well known. It were easy to multiply instances of the mischief; but those which have been mentioned are, I presume, sufficient to show, even if no mercy were due to prisoners, that the *jail distemper* is a national concern of no small importance.†

\* It may be necessary to remind our readers here that the annual number of public executions in Howard's time was fearfully large.

† Of the famous "Black Assize" at Oxford, mentioned in the text as an instance of the malignity of the jail fever, the following is the account given by the chronicler Stowe:—"The 4th, 5th, and 6th days of July 1577 were holden the assizes at Oxford, where was arraigned and condemned one Rowland Jenkes for his seditious tongue; at which time there arose such a damp, that almost all were smothered. Very few escaped that were not taken at that instant. The jurors died presently. Shortly after died Sir Robert Bell, lord chief baron; Sir Robert D'Olie, Sir William Babington, Mr Weneman, Mr D'Olie, high sheriff; Mr Davers, Mr Harcourt, Mr Kirle, Mr Phetplace, &c. &c. There died in Oxford three hundred persons; and sickened there, but died in other places, two hundred and odd, from the 6th of July till the 12th of August, after which day died not one of that sickness, for one of them infected not another, nor any one woman or child died thereof." An occurrence so horrible gave rise of course to much speculation at the time, and various strange explanations were had recourse to, of which the following will serve as a specimen:—"Rowland

*“Vicious Examples.”*—The general prevalence and spread of wickedness in prisons and abroad by discharged prisoners, will now be as easily accounted for as the propagation of disease. It is often said, ‘A prison pays no debts;’ I am sure it may be added, that a prison mends no morals. Sir John Fielding observes, that ‘a criminal discharged, generally by the next sessions after the execution of his comrades, becomes the head of a gang of his own raising.’ And petty offenders who are committed to bridewell for a year or two, and spend that time, not in hard labour, but in idleness and wicked company, or are sent for that time to county jails, generally grow desperate, and come out fitted for the perpetration of any villany. Half the robberies in and about London are planned in the prisons, and by that dreadful assemblage of criminals, and the number of idle people who visit them. Multitudes of young creatures, committed for some trifling offence, are totally ruined there. I make no scruple to affirm, that if it were the wish and aim of magistrates to effect the destruction, present and future, of young delinquents, they could not devise a more effectual method than to confine them so long in our prisons, those seats and seminaries of idleness and every vice.

“Those gentlemen who, when they are told of the misery which our prisoners suffer, content themselves with saying, ‘Let them take care to keep out,’ prefaced perhaps with an angry prayer, seem not duly sensible of the favour of Providence which dis-

Jenkes,” says one anonymous writer, “being imprisoned for treasonable words spoken against the queen, and being a popish recusant, had notwithstanding, during the time of his restraint, liberty sometimes to walk abroad with a keeper; and one day he came to an apothecary and showed him a recipe which he desired him to make up; but the apothecary, upon the view of it, told him that it was a strong and dangerous recipe, and required some time to prepare it, but also asked him to what use he would apply it. He answered, to kill the rats that, since his imprisonment, spoiled his books; so, being satisfied, he promised to make it ready. After a certain time he cometh to know if it were ready; but the apothecary said the ingredients were so hard to procure, that he had not done it, and so gave him the recipe again, of which he had taken a copy, which mine ancestor had there precisely written down, but did seem so horribly poisonous, that I cut it forth, lest it might fall into the hands of wicked persons. But after, it seems, he had got it prepared, and against the day of his trial had made a week or wick of it (for so is the word—that is, so fitted, that, like a candle, it might be fired), which, as soon as ever he was condemned, he lighted, having provided himself a tinder-box and steel to strike fire. And whosoever should know the ingredients of that wick or candle, and the manner of the composition, will easily be persuaded of the virulency and venomous effects of it.” This explanation seems to have been adapted to the public appetite for the wonderful; at all events, being anonymous, it is to be regarded as nothing more than a curiosity. The generally received explanation was, that the disease arose from infection brought into court by the prisoners; and the opinion, sanctioned by Lord Bacon, that this infection was a fever bred by the filth of the jail, was but too surely confirmed by subsequent instances of a precisely similar nature.



tinguishes them from the sufferers. They do not remember that we are required to imitate our gracious Heavenly Parent, who is kind to the unthankful and to the evil; they also forget the vicissitudes of human affairs; the unexpected changes to which all men are liable; and that those whose circumstances are affluent, may in time be reduced to indigence, and become debtors and prisoners. And as to criminality, it is possible that a man who has often shuddered at hearing the account of a murder, may, on a sudden temptation, commit that very crime. Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall, and commiserate those that are fallen."

Such, in an abridged form, is the introductory section of Mr Howard's work, entitled "A General View of Distress in Prisons;" but in order fully to appreciate the enormous extent of his labours, it would be necessary to follow him into the remainder of the work, in which he describes and criticises, one by one, the various prisons, both foreign and British, which he had visited during the preceding four years. It is only in this way that one can gain an adequate conception of the misery and wretchedness of the prison system of Great Britain in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

#### DOMESTIC MISFORTUNES—NEW SCHEME OF PHILANTHROPY —SURVEY OF FOREIGN HOSPITALS.

Mr Howard did not consider that his labours were over when he had published his work on prisons, and laid before the world grievances which had long flourished in society undetected and unknown. In the end of the first edition of his work, he had made a promise that, "if the legislature should seriously engage in the reformation of our prisons, he would take a third journey through the Prussian and Austrian dominions, and the free cities of Germany. This," he says, "I accomplished in 1778, and likewise extended my tour through Italy, and revisited some of the countries I had before seen in pursuit of my object." His observations during this tour he published in a second edition of his work in 1780. Wishing, before the publication of a third edition, to acquire some further knowledge on the subject, he again visited Holland, and some cities in Germany. "I visited also," he says, "the capitals of Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and Poland; and, in 1783, some cities in Portugal and Spain, and returned through France, Flanders, and Holland." The substance of all these travels he threw into a third and final edition of his work on prisons.

Thus, during ten years, had Howard laboured incessantly at a single object, allowing no other to interfere with it; travelling almost without intermission from place to place, and undergoing innumerable risks. From a table drawn up by one of his biographers, it appears that, between 1773 and 1783, he had travelled on his missions of philanthropy, at home and abroad, upwards of

forty thousand miles. Forty thousand miles travelled in ten years!—not from mountain to mountain, or from one object of natural beauty to another, but from jail to jail, and bridewell to bridewell—no wonder that Howard, on the retrospect of such a labour fairly accomplished, wrote in his diary, “I bless God who inclined my mind to such a scheme.”

During his journeys in Great Britain and Ireland, Mr Howard was usually accompanied by a single servant. He travelled generally on horseback, at the rate of forty miles a-day. “He was never,” says his biographer, Dr Aikin, “at a loss for an inn. When in Ireland, or the Highlands of Scotland, he used to stop at one of the poor cabins that stuck up a rag by way of sign, and get a little milk. When he came to the town he was to sleep at, he bespoke a supper, with wine and beer, like another traveller; but made his man attend him, and take it away while he was preparing his bread and milk. He always paid the waiters, postilions, &c. liberally, because he would have no discontent or dispute, nor suffer his spirits to be agitated for such a matter; saying that, in a journey which might cost three or four hundred pounds, fifteen or twenty pounds in addition were not worth thinking about.”

In the spring of 1784 Mr Howard, now about fifty-seven years of age, retired to his estate of Cardington, intending to spend the remainder of his life in peace and quiet, assisting in his private capacity in furthering those schemes of prison improvement which his disclosures had set on foot. He resumed the mode of life which he had led before commencing his prison inquiries; with this difference, that, being now a distinguished public character, his visitors were more frequent and more numerous than formerly. There was one sad circumstance, however, which embittered the peace of this benevolent man. His only son, who had received his early education at several academies in England, and had been sent in his eighteenth year to the university of Edinburgh, and placed under the care of the venerable and well-known Dr Blacklock, had unhappily contracted habits of extravagance and dissipation; which, to any parent, and especially to one of Howard’s principles, must have caused poignant grief. Already the unfortunate young man had shown symptoms of that malady, brought on by his own imprudent and vicious conduct, which ultimately settled into complete insanity. Of the full extent of this domestic misfortune Mr Howard was not yet aware.

After nearly two years of repose, interrupted only by the circumstance to which we have alluded, Mr Howard resolved to quit home on a new mission of philanthropy, fraught with greater danger than the one he had accomplished so successfully. During his inquiries into the state of prisons, his attention had been often directed to the spread of infectious diseases, and the inadequacy of the means provided for checking the progress of fever,

pestilence, &c. whether originating in jails or elsewhere. The subject thus suggested to him occupied much of his thoughts during his leisure at Cardington; and he at length determined to devote the remainder of his life to an inspection of the principal hospitals and lazarettos of Europe, with a view to ascertain their defects, and the possibility of effecting such improvements in them as would in future preserve the populations of Europe from the ravages of that dreadful visitation—the plague.

Towards the end of November 1785 Mr Howard left England on his new expedition of philanthropy. He proceeded first to France, with a view to inspect the lazaretto at Marseilles; but, owing to the jealousy of the French government, it was with the utmost difficulty he could accomplish his object; indeed he narrowly escaped apprehension and committal to the Bastile. After visiting the hospitals of Genoa, Leghorn, Pisa, and Florence, he next proceeded to Rome. Here he was privately introduced to Pope Pius VI., himself a benevolent man. On this occasion the ceremony of kissing the pope's toe was dispensed with; and at parting, his holiness laid his hand on his visitor's head, saying kindly, "I know you Englishmen do not mind these ceremonies, but the blessing of an old man can do you no harm." From Rome our traveller went to Naples, and thence to Malta, pursuing always, as his single object, a knowledge of the state of the hospitals on his route. Writing from Malta to a friend in England, he says, "I have paid two visits to the Grand Master. Every place is flung open to me. I am bound for Zante, Smyrna, and Constantinople. One effect I find during my visits to the lazaretto; namely, a heavy headache—a pain across my forehead; but it has always quite left me in an hour after I have come from these places. As I am quite alone, I have need to summon all my courage and resolution."

After remaining about three weeks at Malta, Mr Howard set out for Zante. "From thence," he says, "in a foreign ship I got a passage to Smyrna. Here I boldly visited the hospitals and prisons; but as some accidents happened, a few dying of the plague, several shrunk at me. I came thence to Constantinople, where I now am, about a fortnight ago. As I was in a miserable Turk's boat, I was lucky in a passage of six days and a half. I am sorry to say some die of the plague about us. One is just carried before my window; yet I visit where none of my conductors will accompany me. In some hospitals, as in the lazarettos, and yesterday among the sick slaves, I have a constant headache; but in about an hour after it always leaves me. I lodge at a physician's house, and I keep some of my visits a secret." From Constantinople he returned to Smyrna, where the plague was also raging; his object being to obtain a passage from that port to Venice, in order that he might undergo the full rigours of the quarantine system, and be able to report, from personal observation, respecting the economy of a lazaretto. On the

voyage from Smyrna to Venice, the ship in which he sailed was attacked by a Tunis privateer, and all on board ran great risks. At length, after a desperate fight, a cannon loaded with spikes, nails, and old iron, and pointed by Mr Howard himself, was discharged with such effect upon the corsair vessel, that it was obliged to sheer off. From Venice he writes thus to his confidential servant Thomasson, at Cardington; the letter being dated Venice Lazaretto, October 12, 1786:—"I am now in an infectious lazaretto, yet my steady spirits never forsook me till yesterday, on the receipt of my letters. Accumulated misfortunes almost sink me. I am sorry, very sorry, on your account. I will hasten home; no time will I lose by night or day. But forty days I have still to be confined here, as our ship had a foul bill of health, the plague being in the place from whence we sailed. Then that very hasty and disagreeable measure that is taken in London wounds me sadly indeed. Never have I returned to my country with such a heavy heart as I now do." The two circumstances which he alludes to in this extract as distressing him so much, and making him so anxious to leave Venice and return home, were the misconduct of his son, of which he had received further accounts, and a proposal which had just been made in London, and of which intelligence had been conveyed to him, to erect a monument to commemorate the nation's sense of his former philanthropic labours.

The term of his quarantine at Venice being finished, he proceeded to Trieste, and thence to Vienna. How the thoughts of his sad domestic affliction mingled and struggled with his daily exertions in connexion with the great object of his tour, we may learn from the following touching postscript to a letter to Mr Smith of Bedford, written from Vienna, and dated 17th December 1786:—"Excuse writing, &c. as wrote early by a poor lamp. What I suffered, I am persuaded I should have disregarded in the lazaretto, as I gained useful information. Venice is the mother of all lazarettos; but oh, my son, my son!" At Vienna Mr Howard had an interview with the Austrian emperor, who entered into conversation with him on the subject of his tour, discussed with him the state of the prisons and hospitals in his Austrian dominions, and expressed his intention to adopt some of his suggestions for their improvement. The attention shown by the emperor to his distinguished visitor procured him the notice of many of the courtiers; and a characteristic anecdote is told of his interview with the governor of Upper Austria and his lady. The Austrian noble asked Howard, in a somewhat haughty manner, what he thought of the prisons in *his* government. "The worst in all Germany," said Howard; "particularly as regards the female prisoners; and I recommend your countess to visit them personally, as the best means of rectifying the abuses in their management." "I!" said the astonished countess—"I go into prisons!" and she rapidly descended the

staircase with her husband, as if shocked beyond measure. The philanthropist indignantly followed, and called after her, "Madam, remember you are but a woman yourself; and must soon, like the most miserable female in a dungeon, inhabit a little piece of that earth from which both of you sprung."

Returning home in February 1787, after an absence of fifteen months, Mr Howard found his unhappy son a confirmed and incurable lunatic. For some time he attempted to keep him in his own house at Cardington, under a mild restraint; at length, however, he yielded to the advice of the medical attendants, and suffered him to be removed to a well-conducted asylum at Leicester.

The proposal to erect a memorial to Mr Howard was so strenuously resisted by him on his return to England, that it was obliged to be given up. Out of £1533 which had been subscribed for the purpose, about £500 were returned to the donors; the remainder was placed in the stocks—£200 of it being employed in obtaining the discharge of fifty-five poor prisoners in London, a similar sum in the striking of a medal in memory of Howard, and the rest being appropriated, after his death, to the object for which it had been originally collected. Howard's opposition to the scheme of erecting to him any species of monument amounted to positive antipathy; indeed nothing was more remarkable in his character than his dislike to be praised for what he had done. When one gentleman happened to speak to him respecting his services to society in a flattering manner, Howard interrupted him by saying, "My dear sir, what you call my merit is just my hobby-horse."

The three years which followed Mr Howard's return from his first tour through the lazarettos of Europe, were spent by him in a new general inspection of the English, Scotch, and Irish prisons, with a view to ascertain whether any improvements had been effected in them since his former survey; and in the preparation of a work giving an account of his recent continental journey. This work was entitled, "An Account of the Principal Lazarettos of Europe, with Papers Relative to the Plague;" and was published in the year 1789. It contained, in the form of an appendix, additional remarks on the state of British prisons.

#### LAST PHILANTHROPIC JOURNEY—ILLNESS AND DEATH.

In the conclusion of his work on lazarettos, Howard announced his intention of again quitting England to visit the hospitals of Russia, Turkey, and the Eastern countries, in order to gain more accurate and extensive views of the plague. "I am not insensible," he says, "of the dangers that must attend such a journey. Trusting, however, in the protection of that kind Providence which has hitherto preserved me, I calmly and cheerfully commit myself to the disposal of unerring Wisdom.

Should it please God to cut off my life in the prosecution of this design, let not my conduct be uncandidly imputed to rashness or enthusiasm, but to a serious, deliberate conviction that I am pursuing the path of duty, and to a sincere desire of being made an instrument of more extensive usefulness to my fellow-creatures than could be expected in the narrower circle of a retired life." With regard to his objects in undertaking this journey, his biographer, Dr Aikin, observes that he had various conversations with him on the subject; and found rather a wish to have objects of inquiry pointed out to him by others, than any specific views present to his own mind.

On the 4th of July 1789 Mr Howard, accompanied by a single servant, quitted England on his last philanthropic journey. He passed through Holland, part of Germany, Prussia, and several cities of Russia, examining the state of the hospitals; and about the end of the year had reached Cherson, a new settlement of the Russian empress at the mouth of the Dnieper. This was destined to be the closing scene of his labours. Visiting, according to one account, the Russian hospital of the place; according to another, a young lady, whose friends were anxious that he should prescribe for her, as he had done successfully in many similar cases, he caught a malignant fever, which, after an illness of twelve days, carried him off on the 20th of January 1790, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. On his deathbed he showed the same calm and Christian spirit which had distinguished him through life. To Admiral Priestman, who resided at Cherson, and who visited him during his illness, and endeavoured to amuse and cheer him by his remarks, thinking to divert his thoughts, he said, "Priestman, you style this a dull conversation, and endeavour to divert my mind from dwelling on death; but I entertain very different sentiments. Death has no terrors for me; it is an event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure; and be assured the subject is more grateful to me than any other. I am well aware that I have but a short time to live: my mode of life has rendered it impossible that I should get rid of this fever. I have no method of lowering my nourishment, and therefore I must die. It is such jolly fellows as you, Priestman, that get over these fevers." Then alluding to the subject of his funeral, he continued—"There is a spot near the village of Dauphigny; this would suit me nicely. You know it well, for I have often said that I should like to be buried there; and let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my funeral; nor any monument, nor monumental inscription whatever, to mark where I am laid; but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten." These directions were in spirit, although not strictly, complied with; and on the 25th of January 1790 the body of Howard was buried in the spot which he had chosen near the village of Dauphigny, at a little distance from Cherson.

The authorities and the inhabitants of the place testified their respect for him by attending his remains to the grave. Instead of the sun-dial, a small brick pyramid was erected on the spot. In Cardington church, according to his directions, a plain slip of marble was erected by his wife's tomb, bearing this inscription: "John Howard; died at Cherson, in Russian Tartary, January 20th, 1790. Aged 64. Christ is my hope." A more stately monument was soon afterwards erected to his memory in St Paul's Cathedral. Howard's son, who never recovered from his malady, died in April 1799, in his thirty-fifth year.

## CONCLUSION.

Howard is described as having been under the middle size, thin and spare in his make, sallow-complexioned, large featured, with nothing striking or commanding, but rather something mean and forbidding, in his general appearance. His eye was keen and penetrating; his gait quick and animated; his demeanour soft, gentle, and sweet, indicated by a voice almost effeminate. Of all the features of his character, the grandest was his unintermitted determination towards a single object; the calm, slow, resolute obstinacy with which he persevered in the particular walk of well-doing which he had chosen as properly his. "It was this singular devotedness to the great work in which he was engaged," says his biographer, Mr Brown, "that induced him not only to decline so generally as he did every invitation to dinner or supper while upon his tours, but also to abstain from visiting every object of curiosity, how attractive soever it might be to his taste and natural thirst for information, and even from looking into a newspaper, lest his attention should be diverted for a moment from the main end of his pursuit. Once, indeed, and it would seem only once, he deviated from the rule he had prescribed for himself, by yielding to the intreaties of some of his friends, who wished him to accompany them to hear some extraordinarily fine music in Italy; but finding his thoughts too much occupied by the melody, he could never be persuaded to repeat the indulgence. The value he set upon his time was most remarkable. Punctual to a minute in every engagement he made, he usually sat, when in conversation, with his watch in his hand, which he rested upon his knee; and though in the midst of an interesting anecdote or argument, so soon as the moment he had fixed for his departure arrived, he rose, took up his hat, and left the house." It was this resolute adherence to one object, conjoined with his noble philanthropic heart, which so distinguished Howard above his fellow-men; and not what we call intellect, genius, or comprehensiveness of mind. "Minuteness of detail," says Dr Aikin, "was what he ever regarded as his peculiar province. As he was of all men the most modest estimator of his own abilities, he was used to say, 'I am the *plodder* who goes

about to collect materials for men of genius to make use of.” With all this absence of those general ideas and large views of human life, the existence of which we usually imply when we use the word genius, Howard was an infinitely greater man than thousands of those whom the world honours with the name. Listen to the following eulogies pronounced on him by two men who possessed, in an extraordinary degree, that very generality of thought which he wanted:—“This man,” says Edmund Burke, “visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art; not to collect medals, or to collate manuscripts; but to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and of pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten; to attend to the neglected; to visit the forsaken; and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan was original; and it was as full of genius as it was of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery—a circumnavigation of charity; and already the benefit of his labour is felt more or less in every country.” And Bentham, speaking of the literary defects of Mr Howard’s productions, says even more eloquently—“My venerable friend was much better employed than in arranging words and sentences. Instead of doing what so many could do if they would, what he did for the service of mankind was what scarce any man *could* have done, and no man *would* do, but himself. In the scale of moral desert, the labours of the legislator and the writer are as far below his as earth is below heaven. His was the truly Christian choice; the lot in which is to be found the least of that which selfish nature covets, and the most of what it shrinks from. His kingdom was of a better world; he died a martyr, after living an apostle.”

The best eulogy on Howard, however, is the reformation which has been effected in the prison system since his time, and in consequence of his labours. Until his time, little or no attention had been paid to the subject of prisons or prison discipline. All doomed to incarceration were treated with uniform indifference; and every jail was an engine of vengeful inhumanity. Howard’s revelations turned attention to the subject, and various regulations were instituted, which in time remedied some of the more obvious evils of the system. Yet it was left for Mrs Fry, and other philanthropists of our own day, to effect a thorough revision of prison management—to cause the separation and classification of individuals, to introduce work of various kinds into the jails, and to aim at the moral reform of offenders. Much still remains to be effected in all these respects; but not the less is society indebted to the early and untiring exertions of the BENEVOLENT HOWARD.



## CURIOSITIES OF ART.

### II.—MECHANICS—MANUFACTURES.



THE interest excited by any product of ingenuity or skill must ever be comparative. The musket of the sailor is a matter of wonder to the savage, the steam-vessel a marvel to the Chinese, and the electric telegraph a curiosity to the British. Five hundred years ago our forefathers would have been as much struck as the South Sea islander with the feats of the musket; thirty years ago steamboats were subjects of wonder to our countrymen; and ten years hence we shall be as familiar with electric telegraphs as we are now with spinning-machines, gas-light, locomotives, and steam-frigates—all of which were marvels and curiosities in their day. Since invention is thus ever-active and progressive, we can regard as permanent curiosities of art only such products as exhibit vastitude or boldness of design, great ingenuity and perseverance in accomplishment, intricacy and complication of parts combined with harmony of execution, minuteness of proportions with delicacy of finish, and simulation of living agency by inanimate mechanism. In this sense we intend to present the reader with descriptions of some of the more remarkable results of human ability, confining ourselves particularly to those of a mechanical character.

The earliest efforts of mechanical ingenuity in Europe were chiefly directed towards the construction of clocks, watches, and automata. In all of these, weights and springs were the prime movers, and the skill of the mechanic was expended in rendering the movements of his work as numerous and complicated as possible. They had no idea of applying their art to the great manufacturing operations so characteristic of the present age; not that they were unskilful workmen, but that they were ignorant of that agency which has developed our steam-engines, spinning-mills, printing-presses, and other machinery. Steam force was to them unknown. Their sole great moving power was falling water—a power attainable only in a limited degree, and, when attainable, not often in a situation to be available. It was thus that ingenious workmen so frequently devoted a lifetime to the construction of some piece of mechanism, which, after all, was only valuable as an amusing curiosity. Among the more remark-

able of these were their clocks and time-keepers, some of which we may shortly advert to.

## REMARKABLE CLOCKS AND WATCHES.

The famous astronomical clock of Strasburg, completed by Isaac Habrecht about the end of the sixteenth century, deserves a prominent place in our catalogue. It has been recently renovated by a M. Schwitgue after four years' labour; but its original movements are thus described in Morrison's *Itinerary*:—"Before the clock stands a globe on the ground, showing the motions of the heavens, stars, and planets. The heavens are carried about by the first mover in twenty-four hours. Saturn, by his proper motion, is carried about in thirty years; Jupiter in twelve; Mars in two; the sun, Mercury, and Venus in one year; and the moon in one month. In the clock itself, there are two tables on the right and left hand, showing the eclipses of the sun and moon from the year 1573 to the year 1624. The third table, in the middle, is divided into three parts. In the first part, the statues of Apollo and Diana show the course of the year, and the day thereof, being carried about in one year; the second part shows the year of our Lord, and the equinoctial days, the hours of each day, the minutes of each hour, Easter day, and all other feasts, and the Dominical letter; and the third part hath the geographical description of all Germany, and particularly of Strasburg, and the names of the inventor and all the workmen. In the middle frame of the clock is an astrolabe, showing the sign in which each planet is every day; and there are the statues of the seven planets upon a circular plate of iron; so that every day the planet that rules the day comes forth, the rest being hid within the frames, till they come out of course at their day—as the sun upon Sunday, and so for all the week. There is also a terrestrial globe, which shows the quarter, the half hour, and the minutes. There is also the figure of a human skull, and the statues of two boys, whereof one turns the hour-glass, when the clock hath struck, and the other puts forth the rod in his hand at each stroke of the clock. Moreover, there are the statues of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, and many observations of the moon. In the upper part of the clock are four old men's statues, which strike the quarters of the hour. The statue of Death comes out at each quarter to strike, but is driven back by the statue of Christ with a spear in his hand for three quarters; but in the fourth quarter that of Christ goes back, and that of Death strikes the hour with a bone in his hand, and then the chimes sound. On the top of the clock is an image of a cock, which twice in the day crows aloud, and claps his wings. Besides, this clock is decked with many rare pictures; and, being on the inside of the church, carries another frame to the outside of the walls, whereon the hours of the sun, the courses of the moon, the length of the day, and such other things, are set out with great art."

Another clock, celebrated for its curious mechanism and motions, is mentioned by Thompson in his continental travels. It is placed in an aisle near the choir of St John's Cathedral, at Lyons. On the top stands a cock, which every three hours claps his wings, and crows thrice. In a gallery underneath, a door opens on one side, out of which comes the Virgin Mary; and from a door on the other side, the angel Gabriel, who meets and salutes her; at the same time a door opens in the alcove part, out of which the form of a dove, representing the Holy Ghost, descends on the Virgin's head. After this these figures retire, and from a door in the middle comes forth a figure of a reverend father, lifting up his hands, and giving his benediction to the spectators. The days of the week are represented by seven figures, each of which takes its place in a niche on the morning of the day it represents, and continues there till midnight. But perhaps the greatest curiosity is an oval plate, marked with the minutes of an hour, which are exactly pointed to by a hand reaching the circumference, which insensibly dilates and contracts itself during its revolution. This curious piece of mechanism cannot be supposed to be so perfect in all its motions as it was formerly; and yet it has suffered as little as can be expected in a long course of years, through the care and skill of those appointed to look after it. It appears, by an inscription on the clock itself, that it was repaired and improved by one Nourison in 1661; but it was contrived, long before that time, by Nicholas Lipp, a native of Basil, who finished it in 1598, when he was about thirty years of age. The oval minute motion was invented by M. Servier, and is of a later date. The tradition goes that Lipp had his eyes put out by order of the magistrates of Lyons, that he might never be able to perform the like again; but so far from this being the case, the magistrates engaged him to fix at Lyons, by allowing him a handsome salary to take charge of his own machine.

There are other celebrated clocks—such, for example, as that of Lunden in Sweden, and of Exeter in our own country—which, from the number and complication of their movements and figures, may well vie with those of Strasburg and Lyons. But these we pass over, to notice two which were made some years since by an English artist, and sent as a present by the East India Company to the Emperor of China. These clocks, says a contemporary account, are in the form of chariots, in which are placed, in a fine attitude, a lady leaning her right hand upon a part of the chariot, under which is a clock of curious workmanship, little larger than a shilling, which strikes, and repeats, and goes eight days. Upon her finger sits a bird, finely modelled, and set with diamonds and rubies, with its wings expanded in a flying posture, and actually flutters for a considerable time on touching a diamond button below it: the body of the bird (which contains part of the wheels that in a manner give life to it) is not more than the sixteenth part of an

inch. The lady holds in her left hand a gold tube, not thicker than a large pin, on the top of which is a small round box, to which a circular ornament, set with diamonds not larger than a sixpence, is fixed, which goes round nearly three hours in a constant regular motion. Over the lady's head, supported by a small fluted pillar no bigger than a quill, are two umbrellas, under the largest of which a bell is fixed, at a considerable distance from the clock, and seeming to have no connexion with it, but from which a communication is secretly conveyed to a hammer that regularly strikes the hour, and repeats the same at pleasure, by touching a diamond button fixed to the clock below. At the feet of the lady is a dog in gold, before which, from the point of the chariot, are two birds fixed on spiral springs, the wings and feathers of which are set with stones of various colours, and appear as if flying away with the chariot, which, from another secret motion, is contrived to run in a straight, circular, or any other direction. A boy, who lays hold of the chariot behind, seems also to push it forward. Above the umbrella are flowers and ornaments of precious stones; the whole terminating with a flying dragon set in the same manner. These gifts were wholly of gold, curiously chased, and embellished with rubies and pearls.

More interesting, perhaps, than any of these, and yet of the simplest construction, and of the most common material, are the electric clocks lately invented by Mr Bain of Edinburgh. The prime mover of these machines is the electric currents of the earth, brought to bear upon the machinery, as thus described by a party for whom one of the earliest was constructed. "On the 28th of August 1844, Mr Bain set up a small clock in my drawing-room, the pendulum of which is in the hall, and both instruments in a voltaic circle as follows:—On the north-east side of my house, two zinc plates, a foot square, are sunk in a hole, and suspended by a wire, which is passed through the house to the pendulum first, and then to the clock. On the south side of the house, at a distance of about forty yards, a hole was dug four feet deep, and two sacks of common coke buried in it; among the coke another wire was secured, and passed in at the drawing-room window, and joined to the former wire at the clock. The ball of the pendulum weighs nine pounds; but it was moved energetically, and has ever since continued to do so with the self-same energy. The time is to perfection; and the cost of the motive powers was only seven shillings and sixpence. There are but three little wheels in the clock, and neither weights nor spring; so there is nothing to be wound up." Many of these ingenious clocks have been since constructed, and an illuminated one, projected from the front of Mr Bain's workshop in Edinburgh, moves, as the inhabitants can testify, with the utmost regularity. One great advantage of this invention is, that, supposing every house in a city provided with the simple apparatus

before referred to, one electric current could keep the whole in motion, and thus preserve the most perfect uniformity of time.

As a sequel to these curious clocks may be mentioned some watches, remarkable either for the minuteness of their proportions or the intricacy of their parts. In the Annual Register for 1764, it is stated that Mr Arnold, a watchmaker in London, had the honour to present his majesty, George III., with a curious repeating watch of his own construction, set in a ring. Its size was something less than a silver twopence; it contained one hundred and twenty-five different parts, and weighed altogether no more than five pennyweights and seven grains.—Another, still more curious, is mentioned by Smith, in his "Wonders," as belonging to the Academy of Sciences at St Petersburg. The whole is about the size of an egg, within which is represented our Saviour's tomb, with the stone at the entrance, and the sentinels upon duty; and while a spectator is admiring this ingenious piece of mechanism, the stone is suddenly removed, the sentinels drop down, the angels appear, the women enter the sepulchre, and the same chant is heard which is performed in the Greek church on Easter eve.

To this list, if our space had permitted, we might have added accounts of some curious clocks constructed by Grollier and others, in which the motions were either hid, or so complicated as to deceive the observer; of some that were made to go by their own weight, or by the hidden power of the magnet; of some that were employed to indicate the force and position of the wind, the vigilance of sentinels, &c.; and of others which were applied to the movement of those intricate and curious instruments known by the name of planetariums and orreries. Had it not been for the same reason, odometers for measuring distances travelled over, and set in motion by the limbs of the traveller, gas-metres, and other self-registering apparatus, might have also come in for a share of description, as not only evincing great skill and ingenuity, but on account of the practically useful purposes to which they are applied.

#### AUTOMATA.

Automata are self-acting, or apparently self-acting, machines, contrived so as to simulate the conduct of living creatures. Many of them evince the utmost ingenuity and skill on the part of the inventors; and though we can scarcely commend, yet we cannot but admire, the enthusiasm that would devote thirty or forty years to the perfecting of such machinery. To notice a tithe of these inventions would greatly exceed our limits; we shall therefore confine our descriptions to a few of the more remarkable.

Automata made to simulate living actions have been constructed in all ages. Archytas of Tarentum, an able astronomer and geometrician, who flourished four hundred years before the Christian era, is said to have made a wooden pigeon that could

fly; and Archimedes seems to have devoted no small portion of his time to similar mechanism. John Muller, commonly known as Regiomontanus, a German astronomer of the fifteenth century, is reported to have constructed a wooden eagle, that flew forth from the city, met the emperor, saluted him, and returned; and also to have made an iron fly, which flew out of his hand at a feast, and returned after sporting about the room. In Muller's automata, the mechanism does not seem to have been of so much importance as the prime mover, which appears to have been nothing more than an ingenious application of the magnet. Albertus Magnus spent thirty years in making a speaking figure; Bacon constructed another; and Dr Hook succeeded in framing a flying chariot, capable of supporting itself for some time in the air. Le Droz, a Swiss watchmaker, also executed very curious pieces of similar mechanism. One was a clock, presented to the king of Spain, which had, among other curiosities, a sheep that imitated the bleating of a natural one; and a dog watching a basket of fruit, which barked and snarled when any one attempted to lift it; besides a number of human figures, exhibiting motions truly surprising. Another automaton of Le Droz's was a figure of a man, about the natural size, which held in the hand a pencil, and by touching a spring that released the internal clockwork from its stop, the figure began to draw on a card; and having finished its drawing on the first card, it rested, and then proceeded to draw different subjects on five or six other cards. The first card exhibited elegant portraits of the king and queen, facing each other; and the figure was observed to lift its pencil with the greatest precision, in the transition from one point to another, without making the slightest slur.

One of the most celebrated automaton makers in recent times was M. Vaucanson, of the Paris Academy of Sciences. In 1738 this gentleman exhibited to the academicians his celebrated flute-player, of which we find the following account in Brewster's *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*. We give it at length, as showing the principles upon which Vaucanson's other androides were constructed:—"The flute-player was a figure about five feet and a half in height, situated on the fragment of a rock, fixed upon a square pedestal. The front of the pedestal being opened, a clock-work movement was seen, by means of which a steel axis was made to revolve, having various protuberances upon it, to which were attached cords thrown over pulleys, and terminating to the upper boards of nine pairs of bellows, which were thus alternately raised and let down by the revolution of the axis. The disagreeable fluttering noise produced by the wind forcing open the valves of the bellows, was prevented by causing the valves to open by means of levers, which were acted upon by the tightening of the ropes which raised the upper boards of the bellows, and which, therefore, kept the valve open till the boards were allowed to descend. The nine pairs of bellows discharged their

air into three different tubes, which, ascending through the body of the figure, terminated in three small reservoirs in its trunk; these they united into one, which, ascending to the throat, formed the cavity of the mouth. To each of the three pipes, three pairs of bellows were attached. The upper boards of one set were pressed down with a weight of four pounds, those of the second set by a weight of two pounds, and those of the third by their own weight only. Such were the expedients for supplying air to the flute-player. Another piece of clockwork, contained within the pedestal, was for the purpose of communicating the proper motions to his fingers, his lips, and his tongue. By this movement a cylinder was made to revolve, two feet and a half long, and sixty-four inches in circumference, which was divided into fifteen equal parts, of an inch and a half each. In these divisions were inserted various pegs and staples of brass, which raised and depressed the ends of fifteen different levers, similar to those which produce the sounds of a common barrel-organ. Seven of these levers regulated the motions of the seven fingers required to stop the holes of a German flute, with which they communicated by means of steel chains ascending through the body of the figure, and directed by means of pulleys into the proper angles at the shoulder, elbow, &c. Three of the levers regulated the ingress of the air, being connected with the valves of the three reservoirs in the body of the figure, which they opened and shut at pleasure, so as to produce a stronger or weaker, a louder or lower tone. By a similar contrivance, four of the levers served to give the proper motions to the lips: one opened them, so as to allow a freer passage to the air; another contracted them, so as to diminish the efflux of air; the third drew them back from the orifice of the flute; and the fourth pushed them forwards. The remaining lever was employed in the direction of the tongue, to which it gave motion in such a manner as to open and shut the mouth of the flute at pleasure. This mechanism, with other ingenious contrivances, enabled M. Vaucanson to produce all the motions requisite for an expert player on the flute, and which he executed in such a manner as to produce music equal in beauty to that derived from the exertions of a well-practised living performer."

Some of Vaucanson's other automata were still more ingenious than his flute-player. His mechanical performer on the pipe and tabor, constructed in 1741, was capable of playing about twenty airs, consisting of minuets, rigadoons, and country dances. His celebrated duck was capable of eating, drinking, and imitating exactly the voice of a natural one; and what is still more surprising, the food it swallowed was evacuated in a digested state, or at least in an altered state, by means of chemical solution. The wings, viscera, and bones were made to resemble those of a living duck, and the actions of eating and drinking showed the strongest resemblance, even to the muddling the water with its bill.

About twenty years after Vaucanson had astonished the world with his mechanical inventions, Kempelen, a Hungarian gentleman, produced his not less wonderful automaton chess-player.



The accompanying wood-cut represents the figure engaged at play, and the chest in which the machinery is placed is thrown open for the purpose of showing the internal movements, and of convincing the spectator that no deception is made use of. The automaton, which is as large as life, and the machinery, are fixed on the same movable frame, and can be

wheeled to any part of a room by the exhibitor. The chest, as may be seen, is divided into two unequal chambers. That to the right is the narrowest, and is filled with wheels, levers, cylinders, and other machinery used in clockwork; that to the left contains a few wheels, some small barrels with springs, and two quarters of a circle placed horizontally. The body and lower parts of the figure contain tubes, which seem to be conductors to the machinery. After a sufficient time, during which any one may satisfy his scruples and his curiosity, the exhibitor recloses the doors of the chest and figure and the drawer at the bottom, makes some arrangements in the body of the figure, winds up the works with a key, places a cushion under the left arm of the figure, which now rests upon it, and invites any individual present to play a game at chess. "In playing a game," says the account from which we abridge our description, "the automaton makes choice of the white pieces, and always has the first move. These are small advantages towards winning, which are cheerfully conceded. It plays with the left hand, the right arm and hand being constantly extended on the chest, behind which it is seated. This slight incongruity proceeded from absence of mind in the inventor, who did not perceive his mistake till the machinery of the automaton was too far completed to admit of the mistake being rectified. At the commencement of a game, the automaton moves its head, as if taking a view of the board; the same motion occurs at the close of a game. In making a move, it slowly raises its left arm from the cushion placed under it, and directs it towards the square of the piece to be moved. Its hands and fingers open on touching the piece, which it takes up, and conveys to any proposed square. The arm then returns, with a natural motion, to



the cushion upon which it usually rests. In taking a piece, the automaton makes the same motions of the arm and hand to lay hold of the piece, which it conveys from the board, and then returning to its own piece, it takes it up and places it on the vacant square. These motions are performed with perfect correctness, and the dexterity with which the arm acts, especially in the difficult operation of castling, seems to be the result of spontaneous feeling—bending of the shoulder-elbow and knuckles, and cautiously avoiding to touch any other piece than that which is to be moved, nor ever making a false move.

After a move made by its antagonist, the automaton remains inactive for a few moments, as if meditating its next move; upon which the motions of the left arm and hand follow. On giving check to the king, it moves its head as a signal. When a false move is made by its antagonist, which frequently occurs through curiosity to see how the automaton will act—as, for instance, if a knight be made to move like a castle—it taps impatiently on the chest with its right hand, replaces the knight on its former square, and, not permitting its antagonist to recover his move, proceeds immediately to move one of its own pieces; thus appearing to punish him for his inattention. The little advantage in play which is hereby gained, makes the automaton more than a match for its antagonist, and seems to have been contemplated by the inventor as an additional resource towards winning the game. It is of importance that the person matched against the automaton should be attentive in moving a piece to place it precisely in the centre of the square, otherwise the figure, in attempting to lay hold of the piece, may miss its hold, or even sustain some injury in the delicate mechanism of the fingers. When the person has made a move, no alteration in it can take place, and if a piece be touched, it must be played somewhere. This rule is strictly observed by the automaton. If its antagonist hesitates to move for a considerable time, it taps smartly on the top of the chest with the right hand, as if testifying impatience at the delay. During the time the automaton is in motion, a low sound of clockwork running down is heard, which ceases soon after its arm returns to the cushion; and then its antagonist may make his move. The works are wound up at intervals, after ten or twelve moves, by the exhibitor, who is usually employed in walking up and down the apartment in which the automaton is shown, approaching, however, the chest from time to time, especially on its right side." This automaton, though evincing great ingenuity and mechanical skill, was nevertheless, as afterwards ascertained, assisted in its movements by a dwarf confederate concealed within the hollow pillars and parts of the apparatus.

Equally ingenious and perfect as the preceding automata, were those constructed by M. Maillardet, a native of Switzerland. "One of these androïdes," we make use of the description in Brewster's Encyclopædia, "represents a female seated at a pianoforte,

on which she performs eighteen tunes. Independent of the expression of the music, which is produced by the actual pressure of her fingers on the keys, all her motions are graceful and elegant, and so nearly imitating life, that even on a near approach the deception can hardly be discovered. Before commencing a tune, she makes a gentle inclination with her head, as if saluting the auditors, and remains seemingly intent on the performance. Her bosom heaves, her eyes move, and appear as naturally to follow her fingers over the keys as if it were real animation. The hands regulate the natural tones only; for the sharps and flats are played by pedals, on which the feet operate. It is likewise to be observed, that although the instrument resembles a pianoforte, it is in fact an organ—the bellows of which are blown by particular parts of the machinery. The movements of this figure are effected by means of six large springs, which, when completely wound up, will preserve their action during an hour. The various parts composing the machinery are extremely nice and complicated, and all admirably adapted to the purposes required. Twenty-five leaders or communications produce the different motions of the body; and others, proceeding from the centre of the motion, are distributed to the different parts of the instrument. A brass fly regulates and equalises the whole. The figure is so contrived for the convenience of a removal, that it divides in the middle. It is enclosed in a large glass-case, and rests above a mahogany box containing the machinery, which the artist throws open for inspection. It was valued by him at £1500 or £2000—which may give some idea of the extent of the labour and ingenuity in framing it.” More recently, a Monsieur Marreppe has exhibited before the Royal Conservatory at Paris an automaton violinist, the performances of which are spoken of in the newspapers of the day as being perfectly enchanting. So perfectly under control is this wonderful machine, and so extensively applicable are its parts, that the inventor engages to perform any piece of music which may be laid before him within a fortnight.

Another of Maillardet’s automata was a singing-bird, of so very minute dimensions that the whole was contained in a box about three inches in length. On the lid being opened, a bird of beautiful plumage started up from its nest; its wings fluttered, and its bill opening with the tremulous vibration peculiar to singing-birds, it began to warble. After continuing a succession of notes, it darted down into its nest, and the lid closed itself. The machinery was here contained in very narrow compass, and could produce four different kinds of warbling; it was put in motion by springs, which preserved their action during four minutes. It has often created great surprise how such a variety of notes could be produced within a space where there was evidently no room for a corresponding number of pipes. The artist, however, has accomplished his purpose by a very simple ex-

pedient. There is only one tube, the vacuity of which is shortened or lengthened by a piston working inside, and thus producing sounds graver or more acute, according as the machinery operates upon it. Maillardet likewise, at great cost, constructed a writing-boy, who executed drawings and wrote French and English sentences in a very superior manner.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century, an automaton opera in miniature was constructed by Father Truchet, for the amusement of Louis XIV. when a child. This piece of mechanism, which was only sixteen inches by thirteen, represented an opera in five acts, and changed the decorations at the commencement of each. The automaton coach and horses, constructed for the same monarch, and described by Mr Camus, is still more curious. This consisted of a small coach, drawn by two horses, in which was the figure of a lady, with a footman and page behind. On being placed at the extremity of a table of determinate size, the coachman smacked his whip, and the horses immediately set out, moving their legs in a very natural manner. When the carriage reached the edge of the table, it turned at a right angle, and proceeded along that edge. When it arrived opposite to the place where the king was seated, it stopped, and the page getting down, opened the door, upon which the lady alighted, having in her hand a petition, which she presented with a curtsy. After waiting some time, she again curtsied, and re-entered the carriage; the page then resumed his place, the coachman whipped his horses, which began to move, and the footman running after, jumped up behind, and the carriage drove on.

A very curious piece of mechanism, entitled the *Picturesque and Mechanical Theatre*, consisting of scenery and appropriate little moving figures, and exhibited in Paris, is thus described by Evans in his "Juvenile Tourist." "The first scene was a view of a wood in early morning; every object looked blue, fresh, and dewy. The gradations of light, until the approach of meridian day, were admirably represented. Serpents were seen crawling in the grass. A little sportsman entered with his fowlingpiece, and imitated all the movements natural to his pursuits; a tiny wild duck rose from a lake, and flew before him. He pointed his gun, and changed his position—pointed again, and fired: the bird dropped; he threw it over his shoulder, fastened his gun, and retired. Wagons, drawn by horses four inches high, passed along; groups of peasantry followed, exquisitely imitating all the indications of life. Amongst several other scenes was a beautiful view of the bay of Naples, and the great bridge—over which little horses, with their riders, passed in the various paces of walking, trotting, and galloping. All the minutiae of nature were attended to. The ear was beguiled by the pattering of the horses' hoofs upon the pavement; and some of the little animals reared, and ran before the others. There were also some charming little sea-pieces, in which the vessels sailed with their heads

towards the spectators, and manœuvred in a surprising manner. The whole concluded with a storm; and shipwrecked sailors were seen floating in the water, and then buried in the surge. One of them rose again, and reached a rock; boats put off to his relief, and perished in the attempt. The little figure was seen displaying the greatest agonies. The storm subsided. Tiny persons appeared upon the top of a projecting cliff, near a watch-tower, and lowered a rope to the little sufferer below, which he caught; and after ascending to some height by it, overwhelmed by fatigue, lost his hold. After recovering from the fall, he renewed his efforts; and at length reached the top in safety, amidst the acclamations of the spectators." The whole of this description reads like a fairy tale; and it is only to be regretted that the reverend gentleman does not inform us whether the movements were the results of clockwork alone, or of clockwork aided by the presence of a confederate.

To this list of automata many others might be added, were it not that in all the principle of motion is so nearly alike that description would become tedious. Springs and clockwork are generally the prime movers, though in some cases a confederate is at hand to regulate stops, accelerate motion, and the like. The more perfect the invention, the less need is there for any confederate; hence the degree of wonder excited by a piece of mechanism which moves and acts as if it had been endowed with independent life and volition.

#### SPEAKING MACHINES.

From the time that the statues of Memnon emitted their mystical tones on the banks of the Nile, and the oracular responses were delivered at Delphi, through the period when a speaking head was exhibited by the pope, towards the end of the tenth century, and others afterwards by Roger Bacon and Albertus Magnus, various surprising efforts have been made to produce a machine capable of articulating human words and sentences. The record left us concerning the Egyptian statues is by far too scanty to afford basis even for a probable conjecture; and with respect to the oracle at Delphi, the cave of Trophonius, and the like, we have every reason to suppose that the sounds emitted were merely those of some confederate, rendered more surprising by calling in the aid of acoustic principles in the construction of the oracular temple. Again, the speaking instruments of the middle ages were simple combinations of pipes and stops, concealed by an external semblance of a human head, and capable of uttering only a few simple syllables.

It is but recently that ingenuity, aided by the numerous mechanical facilities of the present day, has been able to complete a machine capable of simulating the human voice in a tolerable manner. Of the three or four which have been constructed during the present century, we shall only shortly advert to that

of Faber, which created considerable sensation four or five years ago. It is thus described by a German correspondent of the *Athenæum*:—"You are aware that the attempts of Cagniard la Tour, Biot, Muller, and Steinle, to produce articulate sounds, or even to imitate the human voice, have not been very successful; in fact, our knowledge of the physiology of the larynx and its appendices has been so limited, that we have not even an explanation of the mode in which the falsetto is produced. Mr Faber's instrument solves the difficulties. I can only give you a very imperfect idea of the instrument. To understand the mechanism perfectly, it would be necessary to take it to pieces, and the dissection naturally is not shown the visitor, less from a wish to conceal anything, than from the time and labour necessary for such a purpose. The machine consists of a pair of bellows, at present only worked by a pedal similar to that of an organ, of a caoutchouc imitation of the larynx, tongue, nostrils, and of a set of keys by which the springs are brought into action. The rapidity of utterance depends of course upon the rapidity with which the keys are played; and though my own attempts to make the instrument speak sounded rather ludicrous, Mr Faber was most successful. There is no doubt that the machine may be much improved, and more especially that the *timbre* of the voice may be agreeably modified. The weather naturally affects the tension of the India-rubber; and although Mr Faber can raise the voice or depress it, and can lay a stress upon a particular syllable or a word, still, one cannot avoid feeling that there is room for improvement. This is even more evident when the instrument is made to sing; but when we remember what difficulty many people have to regulate their own *choreæ vocales*, it is not surprising that Mr Faber has not yet succeeded in giving us an instrumental Catalani or Lablache. Faber is a native of Freybourg, in the Grand Duchy of Baden; he was formerly attached to the observatory at Vienna, but owing to an affection of the eyes, was obliged to retire upon a small pension: he then devoted himself to the study of anatomy, and now offers the result of his investigations, and their application to mechanics, to the world of science."

#### CALCULATING MACHINES.

Closely allied to automata, but evincing a greater degree of scientific skill, are the various machines which have from time to time been invented to lessen the drudgery of long and continuous calculation. The principles upon which the increase and decrease of numbers depend, are as fixed as nature herself; and these once known, wheel-machinery of determinate proportions may be constructed to perform every operation in arithmetic with the utmost facility and accuracy. It is well known that in calculations involving the powers and roots of numbers, progression, equations, logarithms, and the like, it not only requires

great expertness, but accuracy—an accuracy which is scarcely attainable under the strictest human attention. Such calculations are of indispensable utility in astronomy, navigation, and geography, as well as in general mathematics; and, for application, are usually printed in tabular forms, embracing many hundred pages of thick-set figures. To complete such tables with perfect accuracy would require the life-work of several calculators; and yet, by well-arranged machinery, Mr Babbage has demonstrated that they could be calculated and printed, free from errors, in the course of a few weeks.

The most extensive and ingenious of calculating machines are undoubtedly those invented, and so far perfected, by Mr Babbage. That constructed at the expense of government for the calculation of astronomical and nautical tables, is, we believe, not yet completed, in consequence of some misunderstanding which caused a suspension of its progress in 1833. This employed 120 figures in its calculation. At a later period, Mr Babbage began another on his own account, intended to compute with 4000 figures! Of the former invention, Sir David Brewster, in 1832, speaks in the following terms:—"Of all the machines which have been constructed in modern times, the calculating machine is doubtless the most extraordinary. Pieces of mechanism for performing particular arithmetical operations have been long ago constructed; but these bear no comparison, either in ingenuity or in magnitude, to the grand design conceived and nearly executed by Mr Babbage. Great as the power of mechanism is known to be, yet we venture to say that many of the most intelligent of our readers will scarcely admit it to be possible, that astronomical and navigation tables can be accurately computed by machinery—that the machine can itself correct the errors which it may commit—and that the results of its calculations, when absolutely free from error, can be printed off without the aid of human hands, or the operation of human intelligence. All this, however, Mr Babbage's machine can do; and as I have had the advantage of seeing it actually calculate, and of studying its construction with the inventor himself, I am able to make the above statement on personal observation. The machine consists essentially of two parts—a calculating part, and a printing part, both of which are necessary to the fulfilment of Mr Babbage's views; for the whole advantage would be lost if the computations made by the machine were copied by human hands, and transferred to types by the common process. The greater part of the calculating machinery is already constructed, and exhibits workmanship of such extraordinary skill and beauty, that nothing approaching to it has been witnessed." At a later period, we find Dr Lardner stating that the principle on which this machine was founded was one of a perfectly general nature, and that it was therefore applicable to numerical tables of every kind, and that it was capable not only of computing and printing, with per-

fect accuracy, an unlimited number of copies of every numerical table which has ever hitherto been wanted, but also that it was capable of printing every table that can ever be required. It appears that the front elevation of the calculating machinery presents seven upright columns, each consisting of eighteen cages of wheelwork, the mechanism of each cage being identically the same, and consisting of two parts, one capable of transmitting addition from the left to the right, and the other capable of transmitting the process of carrying upwards; for it seems that all calculations are by this machinery reduced to the process of addition. There will, therefore, be one hundred and thirty-six repetitions of the same train of wheelwork, each acting upon the other, and the process of addition with which the pen would be going on successively from figure to figure, will here be performed simultaneously, and, as the mechanism cannot err, with unfailing accuracy. The results of the calculating section are transferred by mechanical means to the printing machinery, and the types are moved by wheelwork, and brought successively into the proper position to leave their impressions on a plate of copper; this copper serving as a mould from which stereotyped plates without limit may be taken.

It has been hinted at in the above description, that various calculating machines have been invented—all, however, of inferior pretensions to that of Mr Babbage. Thus, Louis Forchi, a Milanese cabinetmaker, constructed a machine capable of performing the simple rules of arithmetic with exactitude. This invention is of recent date: its author was awarded the gold medal of the Milan Institute for his ingenuity. In 1838, an instrument called the Surveyors' Calculator was invented by a Mr Heald, for the purpose of avoiding the necessity of long calculations in surveying estates. This instrument, which is somewhat upon the principle of the sliding scale, can also be used in extracting the roots of numbers, and in ordinary operations of multiplication and division.

#### MINIATURE MACHINERY.

Much skill and perseverance have been displayed by the ingenious in all ages in the construction of miniature objects—the purposes to be gained being minuteness of proportions with delicacy of finish. Veritable watches have been set in finger-rings; a dinner-set, with all its appurtenances, placed in a hazel-nut; and a coach and four enclosed in a cherry-stone. Beyond the mere training of the hand and eye to the accomplishment of delicate work, there can be nothing gained by such exhibitions of ingenuity; and were it not for this acquirement, we might safely pronounce all these tiny inventions as the offspring of ingenious trifling.

Cicero, according to Pliny's report, saw the whole Iliad of Homer written in so fine a character that it could be con-

tained in a nut-shell; and Ælian speaks of one Myrmecides, a Milesian, and of Callicrates, a Lacedæmonian, the first of whom made an ivory chariot, so small and so delicately framed that a fly with its wing could at the same time cover it and a little ivory ship of the same dimensions; the second formed ants and other little animals out of ivory, which were so extremely small that their component parts were scarcely to be distinguished with the naked eye. He states also, in the same place, that one of those artists wrote a distich, in golden letters, which he enclosed in the rind of a grain of corn.

The tomb of Confucius, a miniature model, of Chinese workmanship, is considered as the most elaborate, costly, and beautiful specimen of Oriental ingenuity ever imported into Europe. It is chiefly composed of the precious metals and japan work, and adorned with a profusion of gems; but its chief value consists in the labour expended on its execution. Its landscapes, dragons, angels, animals, and human figures, would require several pages of description, which, after all, would, without a view of the model, prove tedious and unintelligible. The late Mr Cox of London declared it to be one of the most extraordinary productions of art he ever beheld, and that he could not undertake to make one like it for less than £1500.

Among the many curious works of art produced by the monks and nuns of ecclesiastical establishments, none have been so much admired as their fonts, real and in model. On these were often lavished vast sums, and all the ingenuity which the sculptor, carver, or worker in metal could command. The font of Raphael has long been known and admired; that executed by Acavala in 1562, and presented by an emperor of Germany to Philip II. of Spain, may be considered, however, as the most elaborate of these performances. The model is contained in a case of wrought gold, and is itself of boxwood. The general design may be regarded as architectural, embellished with several compartments of sculpture or carving, consisting of various groups of figures in alto and basso relievos. These display different events in the life of Christ, from the Annunciation to his crucifixion on Mount Calvary. The groups are disposed in panels and niches on the outside, and in different recesses within. Some of the figures are less than a quarter of an inch in height; but though thus minute, are all finished with the greatest precision and skill; and what renders this execution still more curious and admirable, is the delicacy and beauty with which the back and distant figures and objects are executed. Though only twelve inches in height, and from half an inch to four inches in diameter, it is adorned with various architectural ornaments, in the richest style of Gothic, and also figures of the Virgin and child, a pelican with its young, six lions in different attitudes, several inscriptions, and thirteen compositions of basso and alto relievo. The work is said to be of unrivalled merit and



beauty, and will bear the most microscopic inspection. It was offered for sale in England about thirty years ago; but we are ignorant of its after-destination.

We have seen that Arnold, the London watchmaker, constructed a watch for George III., which was set in a finger-ring; but this was nothing uncommon, for the Emperor Charles V., as well as James I. of England, had similar ornaments in the jewels of their rings; and this species of mechanism is sometimes witnessed, on a larger scale, in the bracelets of ladies. In Kirby's Museum, notice is taken of an exhibition at the house of one Boverick, a watchmaker in the Strand (1745), at which were shown, among other things, the following curiosities:—1st, The furniture of a dining-room, with two persons seated at dinner, and a footman in waiting—the whole capable of being enclosed in a cherry-stone; 2d, a landau in ivory, with four persons inside, two postilions, a driver, and six horses—the whole fully mounted and habited, and drawn by a flea; and 3d, a four-wheel open chaise, equally perfect, and weighing only one grain. Another London exhibitor, about the same time, constructed of ivory a tea-table, fully equipped, with urn, teapot, cups, saucers, &c.—the whole being contained in a Barcelona filbert shell.

In 1828, a mechanic of Plymouth completed a miniature cannon and carriage, the whole of which only weighed the twenty-ninth part of a grain. The cannon had bore and touch-hole complete: the gun was of steel, the carriage of gold, and the wheels of silver. The workmanship was said to be beautiful, but could only be seen to advantage through a powerful magnifying glass.—In the *Mechanics' Magazine* for 1845, mention is made of a high-pressure steam-engine—the production of a watchmaker who occupies a stand at the Polytechnic Institution—so small that it stands upon a fourpenny piece, with ground to spare! “It is,” says our authority, “the most curious specimen of minute workmanship ever seen, each part being made according to scale, and the whole occupying so small a space that, with the exception of the fly-wheel, it might be covered with a thimble. It is not simply a model outwardly; it *works* with the greatest activity by means of atmospheric pressure (in lieu of steam); and the motion of the little thing, as its parts are seen labouring and heaving under the influence, is indescribably curious and beautiful.”

#### MONSTER BELLS.

A curious department of art, in which some nations, those of the East in particular, have signalised their ingenuity, is that of founding bells of enormous magnitude. Perhaps of all people, the Chinese manifest the strongest predilection for large bells. At Nanking, we are told, some were cast, about three hundred years ago, of such prodigious size, that they brought down the tower in which they hung: the whole building fell to ruin, and

the bells have since lain on the ground. One of them is nearly twelve feet in height, and its diameter seven and a half: in figure it is almost cylindrical, except for a swelling about the middle; and the thickness of the metal about the edges is seven inches. From the dimensions of this bell, its weight is computed at 50,000 pounds. Each of these bells has its respective name, as the *hanger*, the *eater*, the *sleeper*, &c. Father Le Compte adds, that at Pekin there are seven other bells, weighing 120,000 pounds a-piece; but the sounds even of the largest are very dull, as they are struck with a wooden instead of an iron clapper.

The Russians, however, have surpassed all other nations in the size of their bells. With them bells form no inconsiderable part of public worship, as the length or shortness of their peals denotes the greater or less sanctity of the day. They are hung in belfries detached from the churches, and do not swing like ours, but are fixed immovably to the beams, and are rung by a rope tied to the clapper. Some of these bells are of truly stupendous dimensions: one in the tower of St John's church, Moscow, weighs not less than 127,836 pounds, being 40 feet 9 inches in circumference, and 16½ inches thick. It is used on important occasions only; and when it is struck, a deep and hollow murmur vibrates all over the city, like the fullest and lowest tones of a vast organ, or the rolling of distant thunder. In Russia, it has always been esteemed a meritorious act of religion to present a church with bells, the piety of the donor being measured by the magnitude of his gift. According to this standard, Boris Godunoff, who gave a bell of 280,000 pounds to the cathedral of Moscow, was the most pious sovereign of Russia, until he was surpassed by Alexis, at whose expense a bell was cast, weighing upwards of 443,000 pounds, and which exceeds in size everything of the kind in the known world. It has long been a theme of wonder, and is mentioned by almost all travellers. "The Great Bell," says Dr Clarke, "known to be the largest ever founded, is in a deep pit in the midst of the Kremlin. The history of its fall is a fable; and as writers are accustomed to copy each other, the story continues to be propagated. The fact is, the bell remains in the same place where it was originally cast. It never was suspended; the Russians might as well attempt to suspend a first-rate line of battle-ship, with all her guns and stores. A fire took place in the Kremlin; the flames caught the building erected over the pit where the bell yet remained; in consequence of this, the metal became hot, and water thrown to extinguish the fire, fell upon the bell, causing the fracture that has taken place. The entrance to the pit or excavation is by a trap-door, placed even with the surface of the earth. We found the steps very dangerous; some were wanting, and others broken. In consequence of this, I had a severe fall down the whole extent of the first flight, and a narrow escape for my life, in not having my skull fractured

upon the bell. The bell is truly a mountain of metal. It is said to contain a very large proportion of gold and silver. While it was in fusion, the nobles and people cast in, as votive offerings, their plate and money. I endeavoured in vain to assay a small portion of it. The natives regard it with superstitious veneration, and they would not allow even a grain to be filed off. At the same time, it may be said the compound has a white, shining appearance, unlike bell-metal in general; and perhaps its silvery aspect has strengthened, if not excited, a conjecture respecting the costliness of its constituents. On festival days, peasants visit the bell as they would resort to a church, considering it an act of devotion, and crossing themselves as they descend the steps. The bottom of the pit is covered with water, mud, and large pieces of timber; these, added to the darkness, render it always an unpleasant and unwholesome place, in addition to the danger arising from the ricketty ladders leading to the bottom. I went frequently there, to ascertain the dimensions of the bell with exactness. No one, I believe, has yet ascertained the size of the base: this would afford still greater dimensions than those we obtained; but it is entirely buried. From the piece of the bell broken off, it was ascertained, however, that we had measured within two feet of its lower extremity. The circumference obtained was 67 feet 4 inches; the perpendicular height 21 feet 4½ inches; and its thickness, at the part in which it would have received the blows of the hammer, 23 inches. The weight of this enormous mass of metal has been computed to be 443,772 pounds; which, if valued at three shillings a-pound, amounts to £66,565, 16s.—lying unemployed, and of use to no one."

Besides the above-mentioned bells, there are others which have been long regarded as curiosities, chiefly on account of their gigantic proportions. Thus the great bell of Rouen cathedral weighs 36,000 pounds; the brass bell of Strasburg, 22,400 pounds; "Old Tom" of Christ-church, Oxford, 17,000 pounds; "Peter" of Exeter cathedral, 12,500 pounds; the great bell of St Paul's, London, 11,470 pounds; and the celebrated "Tom" of Lincoln, which is more than 22 feet in circumference, 9894 pounds. To these has been recently added another, now the largest in Britain; namely, "Peter" of York Minster, founded in 1845. This bell is five tons heavier than "Old Tom" of Oxford, and seven tons heavier than "Tom" of Lincoln. The cost of it was above £2000: its height is 7 feet 4 inches, and its greatest diameter 8 feet 4 inches. It is placed (at a height of nearly two hundred feet) diagonally in the tower, for the greater security to the building; and above three hundred cubic feet of timber have been used for its support. It may be rung with two wheels, and will revolve entirely, if necessary. The weight of the bell and its appendages, together with the frame, is calculated to be twenty-nine tons; but the strength of the tower is equal to triple that weight.

## GIGANTIC AND CURIOUS CANNONS.

As an appropriate sequel to bells, we notice a few of the remarkable field-pieces which have been cast and constructed in various countries since the invention of gunpowder. Such instruments are often regarded with interest, either on account of their stupendous size, or the ingenuity displayed in their construction and mode of appliance. The largest known guns are, we believe, to be found in India, where they were cast during the meridian of the Mohammedan power. One of these brass pieces, known as "The Lord of the Field," now lies on the bastions of the walls of Bejapoor, and is not less than 14 feet 9 inches long, with a bore of 2 feet 5 inches in diameter—thus requiring a ball of 2646 pounds! This stupendous gun was cast at Ahmednuggur, one hundred and fifty miles distant from its present situation, and must have cost no ordinary amount of labour to transport it, seeing that the thickness of its metal is fully 14 inches.

On the ramparts of Brunswick there is a curious brass mortar, said to have been cast so early as 1411. It measures 10 feet in length, and 9 in extreme diameter; requires for an ordinary charge fifty-two pounds of gunpowder, and is capable of throwing bombs of 1000 pounds weight! Another continental curiosity of this kind was the "Monster Mortar" of Antwerp, constructed some fourteen or fifteen years ago, but since destroyed by an overcharge of powder during an experimental exhibition. This huge instrument of destruction was cast at the royal foundry at Liege, under the superintendence of Baron Evain, the Belgian minister of war. It was 5 feet long, and 3 feet 4 inches in diameter, having a bore of  $24\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and weighing 14,700 pounds. The weight of the empty shell fitted for it was 916 pounds; of the powder contained in the shell, 95 pounds; and of the shell, when fully charged, 1015 pounds. The powder chamber was made to hold thirty pounds; but a considerable less quantity than this sufficed to discharge the shell when the range did not exceed 800 or 900 yards. The weight of the wooden bed which contained the mortar was 16,000 pounds. "The name of 'Monster Mortar,'" says the United Service Journal, "was well selected, for it is scarcely possible to conceive a more ugly or unwieldy implement. With the exception of the mortar at Moscow, the bore of which is 36 inches in diameter, and which, if ever used, must have been employed for projecting masses of granite, the Antwerp mortar exceeded in magnitude any other engine of the kind hitherto known. The immense pieces called *Karthauns*, which were common on the continent in the early part of the eighteenth century, rarely exceeded between seventy and eighty hundredweight, and projected a ball of not more than 60 pounds weight."

The largest gun ever made in Britain was one cast a few years ago for the pacha of Egypt. It weighs nearly 18 tons, is made on the howitzer principle, and is about 12 feet long, with an immense quantity of metal at the breech. The diameter of the bore is about 16 inches, and the weight of the ball with which it will be shotted 455 pounds. Immense field-pieces have sometimes been constructed of malleable iron, by fashioning the body of bars, as a cooper forms a pail, and then hooping them closely round by other bars of great strength. The old piece known as "Mons Meg," and exhibited as a curiosity on the upper parapet of Edinburgh Castle, is made on this principle. It is now a wreck, and was for long the only piece of the kind; but some years ago the United States government gave orders for several of the same kind, of much larger dimensions. The largest of these was placed on board the "Princeton" steamer, measuring 16 feet in length, and capable of carrying a ball weighing 230 pounds. During one of the experimental trips with the new vessel, this monster gun was shotted, and fired, when unluckily the breech exploded, causing the death of several of the States' functionaries on board, besides killing and wounding a number of the crew.

Among the curiosities under this head, we may justly notice the *steam-gun* of Mr Perkins, invented some thirteen or fourteen years ago, and which many of our readers may have seen exhibited both in London and Edinburgh. It consists of an ordinary metal tube, of any calibre, connected with a compact steam apparatus of proportionate power, and movable at pleasure, in any direction, by means of a universal joint. With one-fourth additional force to that of gunpowder, it will propel a stream of bullets, whether musket or cannon balls, at the rate of eighteen or twenty a second, for any length of time during which the steam-power may be kept up. One gun is in itself a battery in perpetual and incessant motion, moving horizontally or vertically, sweeping in a semicircular range, and pouring all the while a continued volley of balls with unerring precision when directed point-blank. Two of these guns in a ship would sink any vessel instantly; and what force could pass by such a battery on land? In the models generally exhibited, the noise made in firing is little more than that caused by the rush of a column of steam from a narrow aperture. It is curious to see a small tube of polished steel spitting (for that term is most expressive of its action) forth a shower of bullets and steam without the least apparent effort.

#### OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS.

To the uninitiated, a common convex or concave lens is a curiosity. Why a bit of transparent glass so fashioned should magnify or diminish the objects seen through it, is a marvel until the optical principle is explained. The same remark may,

with greater justice, be applied to convex and concave mirrors; to the telescope and microscope—instruments with which every schoolboy is now less or more familiar. Common as optical instruments of every description may have become, there are still a few, the ingenuity, beauty, or magnitude of which must strike every reflecting mind with curious interest.

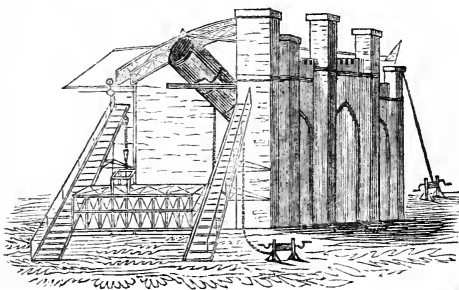
Among these, we may mention the curious metallic mirrors of the Chinese, in which the figures stamped on the back are clearly reflected from the polished surface, as if the metal had been a transparent, and not a dense and opaque substance! These mirrors are generally from five to ten inches in diameter, have a knob in the centre of the back by which they can be held, and on the rest of the back are stamped certain figures and lines in relief. It is these figures which are reflected by the polished face—a fact, the explanation of which at one time greatly amused and perplexed the *savans* of Europe. One individual ingeniously conjectures that the phenomena may have their origin in a difference of density in different parts of the metal, occasioned by the stamping of the figures on the back, the light being reflected more or less strongly from parts that have been more or less compressed. Sir David Brewster, however, is of opinion that the spectrum in the luminous area is not an image of the figures on the back; but that the figures are a copy of the picture which the artist has drawn on the face of the mirror, and so concealed by polishing, that it is invisible in ordinary lights, and can be brought only in the sun's rays. "Let it be required, for example," says he, "to produce the dragon which is often exhibited by these curious mirrors. When the surface of the mirror is ready for polishing, the figure of the dragon may be delineated upon it in extremely shallow lines, or it may be eaten out by an acid much diluted, so as to remove the smallest possible portion of the metal. The surface must then be highly polished, not upon pitch, like glass and specula, because this would polish away the figure, but upon cloth, in the way that lenses are sometimes polished. In this way the sunk part of the shallow lines will be as highly polished as the rest, and the figure will only be visible in very strong lights, by reflecting the sun's rays from the metallic surface. When the space occupied by the figure is covered by lines or by etching, the figure will appear in shade on the wall; but if this space is left untouched, and the parts round it be covered by lines or etching, the figure will appear most luminous." Which of these surmises is the true explanation of the phenomenon, we cannot determine; but either way, the construction of these curious mirrors is confined alone to the Chinese, no other people having as yet hit upon the secret of producing the deception.

Of late years, wonderful improvements have been effected on the microscope, both in the common compound achromatic and in the oxy-hydrogen. Of the former, we have now the

most beautiful and perfect instruments, magnifying objects in nature many thousand times their real size, and enabling the observer to view them not only void of all false tints, but to measure and ascertain at the same time the comparative sizes of their several parts. Of the latter, some have been constructed of six and eight powers, ranging from 130 to 74,000,000 times; as, for example, the one made by Carey for the Polytechnic Institution in London. Thus, the second power of this instrument magnifies the wings of a locust to twenty-seven feet in length; the fourth power magnifies the sting of a bee to twenty-seven feet; and by the sixth power, the human hair is magnified to eighteen inches in diameter.

As we have gigantic microscopes, so also have we gigantic telescopes; that of Earl Rosse, completed about two years ago, being as yet by far the largest ever constructed either in this or in any other country. Its completion in 1844 was thus described by Dr Robinson the astronomer:—"The speculum, which weighs three tons, and has a diameter of six feet, with a reflecting surface of 4071 square inches, has been ground to figure, and can be polished in a day. The tube, partly a cubic chamber, where the mirror is fixed, and partly a cylinder of inch deal, strongly hooped, and eight feet in diameter at its centre, is complete. The massive centres on which the telescope is to turn are in their

place, and the iron apparatus which supports the speculum is also complete. The telescope is not to be turned to any part of the sky, but limited to a range of half an hour on each side of the meridian, through which



its motion will be given by powerful clockwork, independent of the observer. For this purpose it stands between two pieces of masonry of Gothic architecture, which harmonise well with the castle. One of these pillars will sustain the galleries for the observer, and the other the clockwork and other machinery. An extremely elegant arrangement of counterpoises is intended to balance the enormous mass, so that a comparatively slight force only will be required to elevate or depress it. The arrangement will not permit the examination of an object at any time, but only when near the meridian, when it is best seen. So large a telescope will always require the most favourable circumstances of air, &c. and there will always be enough of objects at any

given time to employ it fully. The aperture is 6 feet, the focal length 58, and the reflecting surface 4071 square inches." Herschel's celebrated telescope had only a focal length of 40 feet, and a reflecting surface of 1811 inches: dimensions, the bare mention of which will enable the reader to form some conception of this new and wonderful instrument. Herschel's telescope worked wonders in the starry field; what, therefore, may we not expect from that of Earl Rosse's, of more ample dimension, and of much more perfect finish? Indeed its wonderful revelations have already commenced, and nebulae which baffled the instrument of our greatest astronomer are now resolved into clusters of stars.

#### TELEGRAPHS.

Telegraphs are machines constructed so as to enable two persons to converse with each other at a distance by means of signs, sentences, words, or letters, according to a convention previously agreed upon by the parties. This art of signalling is of great antiquity; but till within the last few years, it remained in a very simple and imperfect condition. Most of the signals employed, for example, were addressed to the eye, such as beacon-fires, lanterns, skyrockets, flags, wooden frameworks with movable pieces, &c. and were therefore totally useless at great distances, or during close and foggy weather. In some instances, sounds were the signals agreed upon, and these were produced by the firing of canons, sounding of bugles, beating of drums, and the like; means extremely simple, but very liable to be mistaken or rendered confused by similar sounds, or even by their own echoes. However primitive these methods, many of them are combined and arranged in highly ingenious manners, and are still in every-day use in the direction of our armies and navies, as well as in the rapid transmission of important intelligence. The time has arrived, however, when human ingenuity has triumphed over every difficulty connected with light or darkness; nay, we might almost say, over time and distance themselves. We allude to the electric telegraph, which, so far as the transmission of intelligence on land is concerned, may be regarded as the greatest marvel of the present day. Be the distance sixty miles or six hundred, be it by night or by day, be it foul or fair, it is of no moment; the most minute and particular information can be safely communicated, and that almost as quickly as it could be delivered *vivâ voce*; at all events as rapidly as it can be done by an ordinary penman.

The origin of the electric telegraph dates so recently as 1836 or 1837; and though several continental philosophers claim participation in the invention, it only became a useful practical application in the hands of our countrymen Professor Wheatstone and Messrs Cooke and Bain. By the latter, the whole arrangements have been considerably simplified; all that is now required being



a single connecting wire, with the necessary battery, index, and alarm. It is impossible, in our limited space, and without the aid of diagrams, to give a minute description of this surprising invention; all that we can do is to endeavour to convey a general idea of its mode of operation, for which purpose we shall avail ourselves of an account of a visit to the electric telegraph communicating between Gosport and the London terminus of the South-Western Railway—a distance of eighty miles.\* Premising that the electricity is generated in the usual mode by a Smee's or Daniel's battery, and carried along the suspended wires from one terminus to the other, there is at each end a room, fitted up with proper apparatus, to indicate the motion which has been communicated by the individuals in attendance. "In this room," says the account alluded to, "the most striking object was a kind of cabinet, having all the appearance of a handsome table-clock. On a glass-covered metal plate in front are two disks, each furnished with a needle moving on an extremely sensitive pivot, so as to point upwards and downwards. At the base of this clock-like machine are two handles, by which the motion communicated to these needles by the electric current is directed. Exactly the same sort of machine stands at the Gosport terminus of the railway, and its needles move precisely in accordance with the motions of those we saw at work; so that the attendant at Gosport can read from the motion of the needles what the attendant at the London end intends to convey by the motion he gives to the Gosport needles by means of the London handles. The electricity, therefore, gives mere unmeaning motion to the needles at either end—the gentleman in charge of the instrument *directs* that motion, and by the different positions in which he puts the two needles, communicates such meaning to the motion as is perfectly intelligible to his companion at the other terminus. The code of signals thus established was partly explained to us:—The left hand needle when moved to the left gives E, to the right I; the other needle gives O and U; both pointing parallel, W or Y. The consonants most in use are given by two movements of the needle; and those very rarely required, such as J, Q, X, Z, by three movements. The word 'you,' for example, is expressed by both needles pointing parallel for Y; the right hand needle moving once to the left for O, and once to the right for U. A different set of oscillations are used for numerals. The gentlemen who direct this novel mode of communication do it so quickly, that all you see is the two needles shaking about and oscillating on their pivots with great rapidity. How the correspondent at the other end can follow such rapid signalling puzzles the uninitiated extremely; but Mr Cooke assured us that a young man, whom he pointed out, had been under instruction only three weeks, when, on going to the

\* See No. 75 of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, new series.

telegraph, he signalled so rapidly that the gentleman at the other end complained that his movements were far too electric, and that he could not follow him. Hoping to put the novice in a similar difficulty, he began signalling in return as fast as he—an experienced signaller—was able; but the tyro read off every word as fluently as from a book—so simple is the code when properly understood.”

With such an extraordinary instrument as this at our command, it is impossible to conjecture what may yet be accomplished in the way of rapid communication between the most distant and remote places. “By means of a set of electric wires, extending between London and Pekin,” says the authority before quoted, “the privy council of St James’s and the *Loo-poo* board of the Celestial emperor might, without any imaginable difficulty, effect an hourly exchange of official sentiments, and settle the whole details of an important treaty in the course of a forenoon!” But, taking a more sober view of the matter, there can be no doubt that wires will now be laid along all principal lines of railway, and by these, not only the government, but private individuals, will be enabled, in cases of emergency, to communicate and receive almost instantaneous intelligence, let the station be ever so distant. Nay, for a small charge, parties will be enabled to transact urgent business, let it be, for example, between Edinburgh and London, and thus save not only time, but outlay of travelling expenses. There is, indeed, no necessary limit to the application of this novel power; and we rejoice to perceive that means are in adoption for carrying a line across the straits of Dover—the wire, under certain precautions, being equally fitted to convey the electric current through water as well as through the medium of the atmosphere. When this is completed, say the newspaper accounts, an electric telegraph will be established from the coast to Paris, and thence to Marseilles. Upon the successful issue of the submarine telegraph across the English channel, it is stated that a similar one, on a most gigantic scale, will be attempted to be formed, under the immediate sanction and patronage of the French administration. This is no less than that of connecting the shores of Africa with those of Europe by the same instrumentality, thus opening up a direct and lightning-like communication between Marseilles and Algeria.

#### MISCELLANEOUS ECONOMIC MACHINERY.

Under this head we mean to allude to some of the more wonderful inventions which occur among the vast assemblage of machinery that is now everywhere employed to lessen the amount of human labour. A century ago, such apparatus was of a simple and scanty description: agriculture could boast of nothing like machinery; spinning and weaving were done by hand; our ships were waited by the breeze, or lay at rest when there was no breeze to waft them; printing, paper-making, and in fact almost

every art, was done with primitive hand-machines; the joiner, blacksmith, and mason, toiled on with patient ingenuity, little dreaming that the time was approaching when a machine, guided by a single hand, would accomplish with ease the work of fifty. Those things which we now regard as rude and primitive, were looked upon as marvels: a common damask loom, or a thrashing machine, was a curiosity worth a fifty miles' journey. Now all this is changed, and there is scarcely a single manual operation which is not less or more facilitated by mechanical aids.

In agriculture, the flail is superseded by machinery driven by steam; and this machine not only thrashes and winnows, but bags and weighs the grain for market. Sowing, drilling, and dibbling machines, of innumerable variety, are now on every well-regulated farm, doing their work with such nicety, that we might almost ascertain the number of grains necessary to the planting of a field. Ploughing has, in some instances, been executed by steam apparatus; and draining and drain-tile making have also come under the same omnipotent sway. Even reaping, one of the nicest and most careful of all agricultural operations, has been successfully accomplished by machinery, which does all but fasten the sheaf and arrange the corn in shocks. Thus one of the homeliest of all pursuits has its curiosities of art in the steam-thrashing mill, in the recently-attempted ploughing apparatus, and in the more delicate and complicated reaping machine.

In operations little removed from agriculture as regards nicety of manipulation or delicacy of finish, the potent arm of invention has also been exercising its control. An excavating machine has been perfected in the United States, capable of performing the work of twenty-five ordinary labourers, and that in all sorts of soils unincumbered with rock. Machinery now presses peat into fuel, and fashions tiles and bricks by myriads; it breaks stones for macadamising roads, and dresses their surface for pavement; it sweeps our streets with a precision and rapidity which the scavenger cannot equal; it saws and polishes the marble of the sculptor, and converts the most refractory granite into the most beautiful ornaments. The joiner calls in its aid to saw and plane his timber; the cartwright to finish his wheels; the cooper to build his barrels; the carpenter to fashion and finish his blocks, as in Brunel's wonderful blockmaking machine; and the worker in metals makes the same power roll his material into sheets, square it into bars, fashion it into nails—makes it pierce holes, fasten rivets; directs it, in fine, to cut, file, polish, or stamp, with a rapidity and precision which is all but miraculous.

Again, if we turn to more delicate arts, we find its aptitude still more marvellous and universal. The sculptor and engraver perform their most delicate touches and finest tints by its aid—a few hours producing a delicacy, complexity, and regularity of lines, which the human hand can never possibly accomplish. The jeweller and goldsmith makes it perform his most delicate

operations in chasing and embossing; the watchmaker calls in its power and precision to fashion the nicest parts of his machinery; and the philosophical instrument-maker forms by its aid a screw, or divides a scale in proportions, which the microscope alone can decipher. In printing, we see its triumphs in the steam-press and the composing machine; and also in the kindred apparatus for stamping, embossing, and colouring of paper, cloth, and other ornamental fabrics. The paper-mill, in which rags are cleaned, converted into pulp, reduced to paper, and that paper sized, smoothed, and cut into perfect sheets, is indeed a curiosity; and yet it is only one of a thousand such inventions. Is it in spinning?—then, that we have the numberless improvements and complications of Arkwright's invention as applied to cotton, silk, linen, or wool—these machines not only cleaning and carding the material, but drawing it out in delicacy fine as the slenderest gossamer. Allied to these are the thread, cord, and cable-making machinery scattered over our island; as well as the curious inventions for braiding and plaiting straw, working network, lace, braid, caoutchouc fabric, and the like. As in spinning, so in weaving we have a vast number of machines, which, though in every-day operation around us, must ever be regarded with curious interest. The Jacquard, damask, and carpet looms, either worked by steam or by manual labour, are, in reality, greater marvels than the automata with which our forefathers puzzled themselves, and would be so esteemed, did not frequency and familiarity banish our wonder. To these we may add such recent inventions as the machine for the fabrication of card-web. This ingenious piece of mechanism unwinds the wire from the reel, bends it, cuts it, pierces the holes, inserts the tooth, drives it home, and lastly, gives it, when inserted, the requisite angle, with the same, or rather with greater precision and accuracy than the most skilled set of human fingers could; and with such astonishing expedition, that one machine performs a task which would require the labour of at least ten men. An engine of five hundred horsepower would drive, it is calculated, one hundred such machines.

Though wind, falling water, and animal power may be, and are in many instances applied to the movement of such machinery as we have above alluded to, yet there can be little doubt that, without the aid of the steam-engine, many of them would have never been thought of, or at all events never brought to their present perfection. It is to this, the most powerful and most uniform of all known motive forces, that the modern world owes its astonishing advances in the arts of civilised life; to this that we still look for further and still greater advances. It is in our mines and beside our furnaces; in our factories and workshops; in our mills, bakehouses, and breweries: it is on our roads and our rivers; and on the great ocean itself, bringing, as it were, the most distant and inaccessible places into close communion and

reciprocation of produce. Exerting the strength of one man, or the power of one thousand horses, with equal indifference, the steam-engine, in all its variety of form, is the most powerful auxiliary which man ever called to his aid. In all its forms, whether atmospheric, double-condensing, high-pressure or low-pressure, rotary or otherwise, it is a curiosity of art, as is most of the apparatus with which it is connected. Perhaps the most wonderful forms in which its power now manifests itself, are the railway locomotive, shooting along at the rate of sixty or eighty miles an hour, and in the giant iron steamer of 322 feet long and 51 broad—a floating mass of between three and four thousand tons weight. Such are the dimensions of the recently-constructed steam-ship—the “Great Britain”—which is undoubtedly the greatest novelty in naval architecture the world ever witnessed. She is one-third larger than a first-rate man-of-war, carries six masts, is entirely built and rigged with iron, is fitted up with saloons, dining-room, boudoir, and other apartments, as elegantly as the most aristocratic hotel; and has, moreover, comfortable beds and berths for not fewer than three hundred and sixty passengers.

Had our limits permitted, we would have gladly particularised several of the curious machines to which we have merely alluded; for whether in the making of a pin, or the forging of an anchor—in the spinning of a cotton thread, or in the twisting of a cable—in the framing of a button, or in the weaving of the most costly fabric—in the fashioning of a cart-wheel, or the construction of a locomotive, the most ingenious machinery is now in requisition. Time, however, will blunt the edge of our curiosity. Locomotive engines, atmospheric railways, electric telegraphs, “Great Britain” steam-ships, and other present wonders, will become as familiar as spinning-wheels were to our grandmothers, or as steam-engines are to ourselves.

#### MANUFACTURES.

The weaving of damasks and other figured fabrics, whether in silk, worsted, or linen, is undoubtedly one of the most ingenious departments of art, though familiarity with the process has long ago abated our wonder. There are still, however, some rare achievements in tapestry, weaving, and the like, which will ever be regarded as curiosities. Thus the weaving of certain garments without seam, even to the working of the button-holes and the stitching, is no mean feat, requiring not only considerable dexterity and skill, but a greater amount of patient labour than the generality of people would be inclined to devote. Portrait-weaving, but recently attempted in Britain, is also a curious and delicate process. The first attempt, we believe, was a portrait of the Duchess of Kent, by a Mr Kettle of Spitalfields. “The portrait,” we borrow a contemporary account, “is copied

from the well-known print of her royal highness, by Cochran, and its details have been followed with astonishing minuteness. The effect of the hat and plume is admirable; the ermine and folds of the mantilla which envelope the figure, are shadowed with a softness true to nature; while the minor points of the picture are worked out with extreme care and fidelity. In short, this product of the loom presents a fac-simile, even to the lettering and the autograph, of the original engraving. It is about fourteen inches by ten, exclusive of the lettering, &c. It was woven with the Jacquard machine, on an extensive scale, and took nearly 4000 cards. The pattern drawing, card-cutting machinery, and material for weaving, have cost upwards of £100." It is but right to mention, that French manufacturers have preceded us in portrait weaving—one of the earliest attempts being a portrait of Jacquard, by Didier, Petit, and Co. This portrait, which is woven in imitation of a fine line-engraving, has not less than 1000 threads in the square inch; 24,000 bands of card were used in the manufacture, each band large enough to receive 1050 holes.

It has been long known that glass can be drawn into threads of extreme fineness, but it is not many years ago since it has been successfully woven with silk; a fact especially curious, as its brittle nature would appear to render such a method of manufacturing it impossible. "The fact, however," says the *Times* of 1840, "is indisputable, the new material being substituted for gold and silver thread, than either of which it is more durable, possessing, besides, the advantage of never tarnishing. What is technically called the warp, that is, the long way of any loom-manufactured article, is composed of silk, which forms the body and ground on which the pattern in glass appears as the weft or cross-work. The requisite flexibility of glass thread for manufacturing purposes is to be ascribed to its extreme fineness, as not less than fifty or sixty of the original threads (produced by steam-power) are required to form one thread for the loom. The process is slow, as not more than a yard can be manufactured in twelve hours. The work, however, is extremely beautiful, and comparatively cheap, inasmuch as no similar stuff, where bullion is really introduced, can be purchased at anything like the price at which this is sold; added to this, it is, as far as the glass is concerned, imperishable."

Besides glass, many other materials—at one time regarded the most refractory and unlikely—have been adopted in the manufacture of textile fabrics, as well as in the fabrication of articles of economy and ornament. Thus, caoutchouc dissolved in naphtha, and spread between two layers of cloth, constitutes the waterproof fabric of Macintosh; cut into threads and ribbons, it is woven into elastic ligatures and bandages; peculiarly prepared, it is employed in the formation of life-boats, as well as in the flooring of apartments; it is used in the manufacture of boots

and shoes; and compounded with starch, it constitutes the new substance *gutta percha*, which is already applied to some dozen ingenious purposes. The same may be said of *papier maché*, of which many articles of domestic use and ornament are now fabricated, and which is daily being adopted by the carver and cabinetmaker as a substitute for their most difficult panelling and fretwork. Leather also has recently been pressed into the same service; and so tough and durable is this material, when properly prepared and moulded, that it is likely to be very extensively adopted as a substitute for carvings in wood, castings, compositions, metal, or even *papier maché* itself. There seems, in fact, to be no limit to the economic application of every substance which comes within the reach of man. We have now before us a fair specimen of writing-paper made from the straw of the oat and barley.

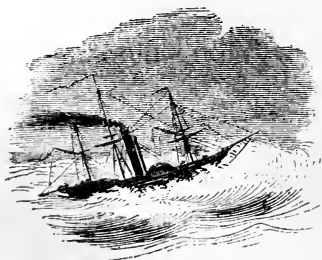
Several years ago there was patented, by an American gentleman, a mode of making cloth by a pneumatic process, without spinning, weaving, or any analogous machinery. The mode is as follows:—Into an air-tight chamber is put a quantity of flocculent particles of wool, which, by a kind of winnowing-wheel, are kept floating equally; on one side of the chamber is a network, or gauze of metal, communicating with another chamber, from which the air can be abstracted by an exhausting syringe or air-pump; and on the communications between the chambers being opened, the air rushes with great force to supply the partial vacuum in the exhausted chamber, carrying the flocculent particles against the netting, and so interlacing the fibres that a cloth of beautiful fabric and close texture is instantaneously made. The only objection to cloth of this kind was its rawness, or liability to shrink after being wetted; and for this reason, we believe, it has never come into anything like use for clothing.

As an appropriate sequel to this, we notice another American machine, which has been recently constructed for facilitating the process of sewing and stitching. Its capabilities are thus described by a correspondent of the *Worcester Spy*, United States newspaper:—"The machine is very compact, not occupying a space of more than about six inches each way. It runs with so much ease, that I should suppose one person might easily operate twenty or thirty of them; and the work is done in a most thorough and perfect manner. Both sides of a seam look alike, appearing to be beautifully stitched, and the seam is closer and more uniform than when sewed by hand. It will sew straight or curved seams with equal facility, and so rapidly, that it takes but two minutes to sew the whole length of the outside seam of a pair of men's pantaloons. It sets four hundred stitches a minute with perfect ease, and the proprietor thinks there is no difficulty in setting seven hundred in a minute. The thread is less worn by this process than by hand-sewing, and consequently retains more of its strength. The simplicity of the construction of this

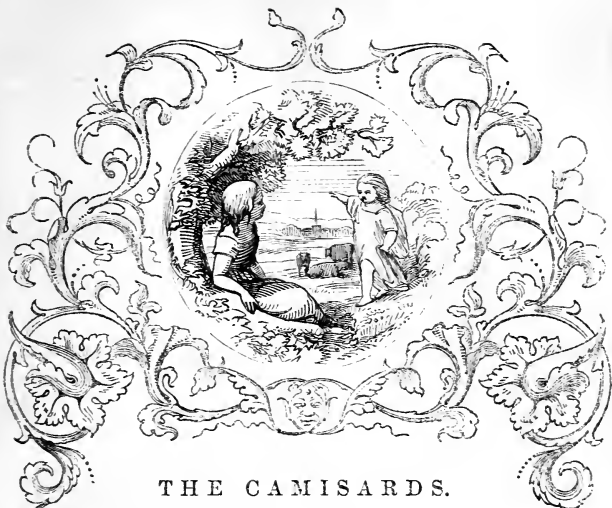
machine, and the accuracy, rapidity, and perfection of its operation, will place it in the same rank with the card-machine, the straw-braider, the pin-machine, and the coach lace-loom—machines which never fail to command the admiration of every intelligent beholder.”

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We have here endeavoured, according to our limits, to notice some of the more surprising accomplishments of human ingenuity and industry in the mechanical arts. Many of the inventions alluded to might well be regarded as the results of ingenious trifling, were it not that every exercise of mechanical skill and clever manipulation, though not of itself applicable to any practical purpose, is yet furthering the progress of art, by training the hand to perfection, and leading the mind to new, and, it may be, more useful conceptions. The first efforts in electricity were toys and trifles; now we owe to it the beautiful and economical applications of the electrotype, and the wonderful achievements of the electric telegraph. The miniature models and complexities of the young mechanic, though useless in themselves, furnish the certain preliminary training to the perfection of our delicate philosophical apparatus, and of those accurate, and, as it were, self-acting machines, which are now to be found in every economical department, from the fashioning of a block and pulley to the drawing of a thread as fine as gossamer, or the weaving of a tissue adorned with the rarest and most intricate designs of the draughtsman. Let us beware, therefore, of discouraging any effort of ingenuity; but rather let us prompt to trial and experiment, under the conviction that the mechanical arts are yet destined to an advancement which will render our present curiosities but things of ordinary note, and produce results tending to the diminution of human labour, and the production of human comforts and luxuries, of which at present we are unable to form the shadow of a conception.







## THE CAMISARDS.

WHILE Scotland was suffering for the cause of religion under the persecutions of the later

Stuarts, a similar and not less remarkable course

of persecution was enacting in France under Louis XIV. In the one case, it was an attempt to put down Presbyterianism; in the other, to extinguish Protestantism generally; and the same species of compulsion was employed in both. As the troubles in Scotland have generally been associated with the name of the *Covenanters*, from the insurgents having engaged in a national covenant to defend their rights, so the war in France has been usually distinguished as the war of the *Camisards*, in consequence, it is said, of the leaders of the persecuted party having often appeared in a *camise*, or frock-shirt, over their other garments.

To understand the nature of the war of the Camisards, a few preliminary explanations seem desirable.

The readers of a previous tract\* will be aware that, after a long period of civil war, arising from the spread of Calvinism in France, tranquillity was restored to that country by the accession of Henry IV. to the throne. Originally a Calvinist, Henry—although he found it necessary, for political reasons, to embrace the Catholic faith—was naturally disposed to be tolerant towards his old friends and fellow-religionists; and accordingly, under his auspices, was passed the famous Edict of Nantes, dated the 30th of April 1598, by which ample liberty of conscience, the privilege,

\* No. 78.—“Life of Henry IV., King of France.”

with certain restrictions, of worship after their own forms, and perfect freedom from civil disabilities, were secured to the French Protestants. This Edict of Nantes was regarded by the Protestants as the great charter of their liberties, never to be repealed or infringed. During Henry's life it was punctually respected; and under its protection the Calvinists enjoyed a peace which had long been strange to them. Restrained from open attacks on the established church, bound also to contribute to its support, they were yet permitted to worship God in their own way, to print books for their own use, to educate their children in the Protestant faith, and even to hold synods for arranging the affairs of their church—privileges which, though at the present day they may seem limited enough, were then accepted with thankfulness. At Henry's death, however, in the year 1610, the condition of the Protestants was altered for the worse. War commenced between his son and successor, Louis XIII., and the Protestants of France. At this moment the master-spirit of Richelieu took the direction of affairs. The Protestants could not cope with so powerful a genius. In November 1628, the town of Rochelle, long the principal fastness of Protestantism in France, surrendered to his hands. Richelieu, however, was a generous enemy; and, in depriving the Calvinists of their political influence, he suffered them to retain most of their religious rights, as secured by the Edict of Nantes. To use his own expression, all that he wished in making war upon the Protestants was, "to reduce them to the condition in which all subjects ought to be—to disable them from forming a separate body in the state." When this was once effected, he was content; and under Richelieu every national career of activity—agriculture, commerce, the army, and the navy—was open to the Calvinists.

REIGN OF LOUIS XIV.—PERSECUTION OF THE PROTESTANTS—  
THE DRAGONNADES—REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES.

Richelieu died in December 1642, and his master, Louis XIII., survived him but a few months. He was succeeded by his son, Louis XIV., then a child of five years of age. An immense change had been brought about in France during the last reign by the efforts of Richelieu. Factions had been suppressed; the nobility humbled; the monarchy exalted; and, instead of a kingdom torn by political and civil discord, as it had been for a century previously, the young king received from his dying father a kingdom compact, peaceful, powerful, and submissive to the slightest declaration of the sovereign's will. The reign of Louis XIV. was the culminating era of the French monarchy. "Louis," says a French author, "was born with an ideal of royalty altogether Asiatic. It consisted not in conducting his armies, for he was not a hero; not in directing diplomatic arrangements, for he was not a politician; not in organising his government, for he

was not a statesman ; but in reigning, in sitting upon his throne, in receiving the laurels of his generals, the submissions of vanquished nations, the homages of allied kings, the embassies of distant monarchs, the praises of the universe."

During the first eighteen years of Louis XIV.'s long reign, nothing of consequence happened affecting the condition of the French Protestants, as it had been fixed by Richelieu. There were various reasons for this forbearance. The Cardinal Mazarin, who succeeded Richelieu as prime minister, desired to follow up the policy of that great statesman, which, as we have seen, was tolerant towards the Protestants. The international relations of France were likewise such as to render persecution of the Calvinists impolitic. It was the era of the civil war and Protectorate in England ; and the terror of Cromwell's name was sufficient, while he lived, to check the persecuting spirit of foreign governments. The restoration of Charles II. to the throne of England in 1660, the marriage, in the same year, of Louis XIV. with Marie-Therese, daughter of Philip IV. of Spain, and the death of Mazarin in 1661, were fatal events for French Protestantism. From this period we date the commencement of the persecutions of Louis XIV. One of the articles in the marriage-contract of Louis and Marie-Therese, was the extirpation of heresy in France. The zeal of the Catholic clergy, long suppressed, now burst forth with fresh fury. France, divided into two religions, was universally compared by them to the household of Abraham, in which Hagar shared the honours due alone to Sarah ; and the monarch was solicited to imitate the conduct of the patriarch, and drive out the bondwoman and her son.

On Mazarin's death in 1661, Louis XIV., now about twenty-three years of age, avowed his intention of thenceforth governing alone. His ideas of his own power were of the most absolute character, as may be judged from his celebrated saying, "*L'état, c'est moi !*"—"The state, that is *me !*" On Mazarin's death, the young monarch assumed the entire administration of affairs into his own hands. One of his first acts was to dismiss Fouquet, who had acted as superintendent of finance under Mazarin, and appoint in his room the celebrated Colbert, whose strict economy soon restored order and prosperity to the revenue. Colbert was a Protestant ; but his appointment did not proceed from favour to his religious opinions. On the contrary, Louis began to manifest the most rooted dislike to the Protestants. The first distinct exhibition of this dislike in practice, was the appointment of a commission to ascertain the number of churches, schools, and burying-grounds possessed by the Protestants, in order to reduce it strictly within the legal limits fixed by the Edict of Nantes. This proved a great hardship to the Calvinists. Many chapels, which had been erected in consequence of the increase of the Protestant population, were suppressed, as having no legal right ; elementary schools for the young were likewise

prohibited, because, though evidently implied by the Edict of Nantes, they were not expressly stipulated for in its provisions. By a strict application of the letter of the Edict, its whole spirit was violated, and the Protestants subjected to the most galling superintendence. The slightest irreverence on the part of a Protestant to the ceremonies of the Catholic religion was punished with rigour; and all liberty of speech was virtually denied to the Calvinistic preachers. A multitude of vexatious edicts were passed, which reminded the Protestants of their inferior position in the state. Their clergy were forbidden to walk with their gowns on, to pray or address the people in the open air at funerals, or to mention the Church of Rome in their discourses with any other qualification than that of *Catholic*. Protestant notaries were forbidden to mention the Reformed Church without prefixing the word "*pretended*" to the name, under a penalty for every omission of the word. It was forbidden to Calvinists to bury their dead after six o'clock in the morning, and before six in the evening, in spring and summer; after eight in the morning, and before four in the evening, in autumn and winter. It was forbidden to Protestant congregations to sing in their churches during the passage of the holy sacrament. These, and many other such-like enactments, were passed between the years 1662 and 1668. A still more direct blow at Protestantism was the abolition, in 1669, of the *Chamber of the Edict*—a board invested with the charge of seeing the Edict of Nantes faithfully observed. The Protestants, foreseeing the impending persecution, began to leave France, and seek a refuge in other countries. The monarch tried to check the stream of emigration by a law punishing emigrants with death. The effort, however, was vain; family after family took leave of their native coasts, and went into exile.

Those who remained in France, especially such as occupied stations of trust or importance, were under great temptations to abjure the Protestant faith. The king had declared his intention to "employ only good Christians in public situations," by which he meant Roman Catholics. Accordingly, many Protestants were ejected from their places in the public service, and the royal patronage was carefully withheld from all who were not Catholics. On the other hand, the most tempting encouragements were held out to such as should set a public example by abjuring their Protestant tenets. In this work of conversion Louis was assisted by the grand genius of Bossuet, whose sermons and publications, the production of a powerful intellect and a fervid soul, really shook the attachment of many minds to Protestantism, and dragged them over to the Church of Rome. Influenced partly by courtly motives, and partly by the arguments and controversies of Bossuet and his associates with their Protestant opponents, many of the first houses of France, as those of Bouillon, Coligny, Rohan, and Sully, abandoned Protestantism. It

was not uncommon for an intending convert of rank to invite some leading Protestant clergyman to meet some leading Catholic in his house, there to debate respecting their differences, as if to satisfy the mind of their host which religion was the preferable—the host having long ago determined the matter for himself.

These theological controversies, and the persecution of the Protestants which accompanied them, were interrupted by the breaking out of a war with Holland in the year 1672. All the energies of Louis, and his ministers Louvois and Colbert, were devoted to this attempt to subjugate Holland. "Scarcely," says a French historian, "since the invasion of Greece by Xerxes, had the world seen an exhibition of force more imposing than that of Louis XIV. invading Holland in 1672 at the head of his armies and fleets, commanded by Condé, Turenne, Luxembourg, and Duquesne. But scarcely," adds he, "since Marathon and Salamis, has the world seen a more glorious display of heroism than that of the Dutch people defending their liberties." At their head appeared a young, weak-bodied, pale-faced prince, as yet unknown to fame, but soon to be recognised as the champion of European Protestantism—William of Orange, afterwards William III. of England. Austere, simple, and taciturn, this young pale-faced stadtholder possessed a brain such as had been denied to his antagonist, the haughty and high-born king of France. Whoever would understand the history of Europe in the end of the seventeenth century, must have a picture in his mind of these two men—Louis XIV., the despot of France, and the patron of Catholicism; and William of Orange, the republican stadtholder, and the protector of Protestantism.

The war with Holland was brought to a conclusion by the peace of Nimeguen in 1678. Louis now turned his attention to his own kingdom, and again his bigoted dislike to the Calvinists began to display itself in persecution. A monarch with Oriental ideas of his own power, totally ignorant of any except palace-life, and accustomed to see his Protestant courtiers become Catholics to please him, had no conception of the difficulty of forcing a nation's conscience, no belief that the common people had a conscience at all. His resolution to abolish Protestantism in his kingdom was encouraged by Letellier, his chancellor, and Louvois, his secretary-of-war, as well as by his mistress, Madame de Maintenon—a name conspicuous in the history of those times.

The persecution was recommenced with new vigour. Decree after decree was issued against the Protestants. One of these decrees excluded Protestants from all the royal farms; another fixed the age for the voluntary conversion of the children of Protestant parents at seven years. Excited by the priests, mobs rose in the towns, attacked the Protestant places of worship, and made bonfires of the desks, seats, and Bibles; corpses were disinterred

from the Protestant burying-grounds, and thrown into the rivers; and Protestant clergymen were imprisoned or banished on the slightest pretext. The death of Colbert, in 1683, removed the last obstacle to the progress of these severities. Two millions of people were virtually put beyond the pale of the laws—denied liberty of conscience at home, and yet prohibited, on pain of death, from going into exile. The crowning act of persecution was the employment of the famous *dragonnades*, or invasions of the Protestant provinces by troops of dragoons, charged with the task of forcing the conversion of the inhabitants to the Catholic faith. The following is the account of these *dragonnades*, given by a French historian; and our readers will doubtless be struck by the similarity of many of the scenes described, to those which were enacted in Scotland by the dragoons of Charles II. at the time of the persecution:—"Louvois did not venture at once upon a general *dragonnade*. He commenced by isolated and progressive attempts, as if to habituate himself, the king, and the country to such measures. Encouraged by the success which he obtained over the peasants of Navarre, he caused the frontiers of the kingdom to be closed, and, putting his troops in motion, commenced a general *dragonnade*. From Bearn, the cradle of French Calvinism, the *dragonnade* advanced roaring towards the valley of the Garonne, and ascended its tributaries the Dordogne, the Lot, the Tarn, the canal of Languedoc, towards the Cevennes. All kinds of troops were employed in this service; but the dragoons—whether from their more brutal zeal, or their more glaring uniform—obtained the honour of giving it its name. The day before their arrival, the civil and ecclesiastical authorities of the town or village assembled the Protestant inhabitants, and in a harangue, the usual peroration of which was a threatening announcement of the armed force which was at hand, signified to them the irrevocable resolution of the king. The terrified people were sometimes converted by unanimous acclamations. Educated persons signed a confession of faith; the mob simply said, 'I conform,' or cried out 'Ave Maria,' or made the sign of the cross. In some towns *conversion offices* were established, where, after the names of the converts were inscribed, there was delivered to them, on the back of a playing-card, a certificate which was to protect them from the soldiery. The people of Nismes called this card the mark of the beast—the expression of a profound truth; for what else is a man who, to preserve his animal and mortal being, abdicates his thought, his soul, his celestial and immortal nature?

"The soldiers then entered the village with drawn sabres and muskets erect. Their first attempt was to stagger the fidelity of the clergyman; if he resisted, he was driven from the town, that his example might not restrain the flock. After him, they tried to seduce the notables of the place. At Montauban, the Bishop Nesmond called before the intendant, De Boufflers, the

Barons Mauzac, Vicoze, Montbeton, &c. The lacqueys, concealed behind the door, suddenly fell upon the noblemen, and threw them down, so as to make them kneel; and while they were struggling with the valets, the prelate made the sign of the cross upon them, and the business was over. Meanwhile the citizens and common people were the prey of a licentious soldiery, whose excesses would have put to the blush a horde of Tartars. After locking up their victims in closets, the dragoons threw out the magnificent furniture into the street, stalled their horses in splendid halls, offered them buckets of milk and wine to drink, and for litter gave them wool, cotton, silk, and the finest Holland lace. If their host, or rather their victim, still held out, they dragged him from his confinement, and sometimes suspended him in a well; sometimes tying his hands and feet crosswise at his back, hoisted him up by a pulley, with his face down, like a chandelier, let him fall on his face, and then hauled him up to let him fall again; sometimes stripping him entirely naked, they forced him to turn the spit, and, while he was cooking their repast, amused themselves with pinching his skin and scorching his hair; sometimes they compelled him to hold in his clenched hand a burning coal during the repetition of a whole paternoster. But the most intolerable punishment was the deprivation of sleep. Sometimes they sold sleep to their victim at ten, twenty, or thirty crowns an hour. By the time that the poor wretch began to slumber, the fatal hour struck, and they awoke him with their drums. Many women, seized in their flight by the pains of childbirth, were delivered in the woods. Their sex, in general, had more to suffer than ours; because to a nature more delicate and modest, they joined a more lively faith and greater constancy. Young mothers, tied to the posts of their beds, were offered the cruel alternative of abjuring, or seeing their infants die of hunger before their eyes. Some yielded, that they might give their babes suck—touching feebleness of a mother, sacrificing, as she conceived, her own eternal salvation to the daily wants of her child, trusting in the infinite mercy of God, alone capable of understanding and rewarding the act.

“From Versailles, Louvois watched, directed, stimulated the dragonnade, and scolded the less active intendants as the proprietor of a farm scolds his lazy reapers. ‘His majesty,’ he wrote to them, ‘wishes you to push to the last extremity those who will have the stupid glory of being the last to give up their religion.’”\*

These severities had in some degree the effect intended. Whole towns and districts professed their conversion to the Catholic faith. The prisons and dungeons were full of recusants, who

\* *Histoire des Pasteurs du Désert.* By M. Peyrat. An able work, to which we are indebted for much of the information contained in the present tract.

were treated with the most barbarous cruelty. Seven hundred Protestant churches were suppressed throughout France, and the clergymen separated from their flocks and driven into exile. Louis had no doubt but that the last remains of Huguenotism would soon be destroyed in his kingdom—that he would soon reign over a population united in one faith. Already he was receiving the flatteries and praises of his courtiers for the success of his schemes; already he was hailed by the Jesuits as the destroyer of heresy. One measure alone remained to be adopted to make his triumph complete; namely, the *Revocation of the Edict of Nantes*. The previous persecutions, the edicts against the Protestants during the last twenty years, and the dragonnades, had been merely preliminary to this final stroke, which descended, in the shape of a royal *ordonnance*, in the month of October 1685. By this *ordonnance* all assemblies of any kind for the exercise of Protestant worship were prohibited; and all the Protestant clergy who should continue obstinate in their opinions were ordered to quit France within fifteen days, under the penalty of being sent to the galleys. The only part of France to which these regulations did not apply was Alsace, which was under the protection of a special treaty.

Fifteen hundred clergymen left the country. Most of them took refuge in Holland and Germany. The people, unable to bear separation from their pastors, followed them into exile; and immediately after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the emigration, which had been going on for twenty years, increased to such a degree as to attract the attention of government. The emigrants were forced to adopt innumerable precautions, and to run innumerable risks, in order to effect their escape. Travelling in all manner of disguises, and by the most unfrequented routes, they endeavoured to reach the frontier, or some seaport where they might embark for a foreign land. "Great ladies, whose satin slippers had never before touched the grass, now travelled thirty, forty, or fifty leagues in clogs behind the mule of their guide, whose wife or daughter they passed for. Gentlemen tried to pass rolling wheelbarrows, carrying bales, or driving an ass or pigs; others adopted the costume of a sportsman, with a gun and dog; others that of a pilgrim, with long beard, staff, and rosary in hand, and their breast ornamented with shells." Within a quarter of a century, about 500,000 Protestants had quitted France, and dispersed themselves over the whole world. As far as India and America French refugees might be found. In the backwoods of America the savage Indians received, with kindness and respect, the white strangers, "who were without a home, because they had worshipped the Great Spirit." The northern states of Europe, however, were the principal resort of the emigrants. Everywhere they were welcomed; subscriptions were made for their relief, lands appropriated to them, and residences provided for them.



Thus were many little French colonies planted in various of the northern countries of Europe in the end of the seventeenth century. In London, Berlin, and Amsterdam, whole streets were occupied by emigrant French Protestants. Nor was the hospitality with which they were treated without a recompense. Wherever they went, they carried with them new branches of manufacture which France had hitherto monopolised; and many establishments for stocking-making, silk-dyeing, glass-blowing, &c.—now flourishing in the towns of northern Europe, were founded by the refugees whom the revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove from their homes. Among the expelled clergymen, too, were many men of ability and learning, who founded academies, or pursued a literary career in the countries where they took refuge.

#### PERSECUTIONS IN LANGUEDOC AND DAUPHINY—THE FIRST PASTORS OF THE DESERT.

France was by no means cleared of Protestantism by the severities of Louis and his ministers. The half million who had gone into exile were but a fraction of the Protestant population, and the heaven still remained, fermenting throughout all the provinces of France. True, whole towns and districts had abjured their faith, and professed themselves Catholics—driven to this extremity by the terrors of the dragonnade. It might indeed have appeared at first sight that Louis, in thundering his royal decree over the kingdom, had performed a miracle—had put down Protestantism at once and for ever. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes was followed by a stifling calm; and if any Protestants continued in France, they scarcely dared to breathe. But a tremendous reaction ensued. The pretended converts to Catholicism were seized with the horrors of remorse. Many of them, when partaking of the sacrament for the first time according to the Romish form, spat out the wafer, or went into fits. Others continued Catholics for a time; but when attacked by illness, or when death approached, they returned to their former faith, testifying all the agonies of a restless conscience. In a short time it became evident that Protestantism was far from being extinct in France. As in Scotland after the passing of the act of conformity, meetings for worship began to be held, at first in private houses and secretly, afterwards in the fields and more openly. Protestant clergymen, both Frenchmen and foreigners—either such as had never gone into exile, or such as had been induced to return by a noble and chivalrous sense of duty—went about through the country preaching and administering the ordinances of religion according to the Protestant form. All the exertions of the authorities, military and civil, to put down these conventicles were of no avail.

The stronghold of French Protestantism was the Cevennes—the name given to an irregular tract of very mountainous

country, extending from the Pyrenees to the Alps, a distance of about three hundred miles. Of this extensive district, however, the part which is principally famed as having been the scene of the war of the Camisards, is that which constituted formerly the eastern half of the province of Languedoc, and which, according to the present system of geographical division, would include the four departments of Ardèche, Lozère, Gard, and Hérault. The population of this part of France may have amounted, at the date of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, to about 300,000, of whom nearly one-half were Protestants. In the natives of Lower Languedoc might be discerned traces of Oriental blood, derived from the Jews and Arabs who haunted the shores of the Gulf of Lyons during the middle ages. The Cévenols of the north, again, were a brave, simple, and hardy mountain race, and almost to a man Protestant. Their occupations were partly agricultural and pastoral, partly manufacturing. Rye, and chestnuts boiled in milk, were their principal fare. In the summer they fed cattle; in the winter, when the snow lay on the hills, they remained in their houses, weaving coarse serges, for which they found a market at the town of Mende.

The fastnesses of the Cévennes afforded a refuge for the persecuted Protestants of the neighbouring provinces. During the dragonnade in Languedoc, many of the Huguenots fled to these mountains to escape the fury of the soldiery; in fact all the enthusiastic Protestantism of Languedoc was here cooped up and concentrated. The nature of the country—a maze of mountains, rocks, and forests, in many places savage and rugged in the extreme—defied all the attempts which were made to submit it to the process of purgation which the rest of France, and especially Languedoc, had experienced.

About the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, a new intendant or governor was appointed to the province of Languedoc. This was Nicolas de Lamoignon de Bâville, Count de Launai-Courson. Bâville was born at Paris in 1648, and belonged to a family of jurists, whose spirit of antipathy to the church and the nobility he inherited. Able, active, and indefatigable, ambitious and imperious, he was a devoted disciple of Richelieu, in as far as anxiety to strengthen the royal power at the expense of the other interests in the state was concerned. Desirous of being absolute in his province, he procured the appointment of his brother-in-law, the Count de Broglie, to the office of military commandant of the province under him—Broglie being a savage soldier, and a man of too little ability to become his rival.

Like the *curates* so famous in the history of the Scottish persecution under Charles II., the new clergy appointed to succeed the exiled Protestant pastors of France were men little calculated to recommend the religion of which they were the representatives. This had the effect of increasing the fondness of the Cévenols

for the illegal conventicles which they had begun to hold for Protestant worship in their houses, or in *the desert*, as, in their Scriptural phraseology, they termed the solitary places among the hills. Nor were preachers wanting. The parting prediction of their exiled pastors, that God would not leave them without shepherds, but that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings he would teach them his truth, seemed to be instantaneously fulfilled. A new race of preachers rose up, illiterate and rude, but powerful in their native force and their new-born enthusiasm. Leaving their ploughs or their looms, men with hard hands and sunburnt faces stood up before the crowds who gathered to hear them, and acted the part of preachers and expounders of the Scriptures. The most celebrated of these rustic preachers was Vivens, a woolcarder of Valleraugue. Some students of theology likewise joined them. Round these preachers congregations of men, women, and children gathered; and from morning till night, nothing was heard in the desert but the groans and sobbings of excited spirits, mingled with prayer and psalm-singing.

When intelligence of these proceedings in the Cévennes reached court, it was believed that some of the Protestant pastors must have returned from their exile. Louvois instantly issued a declaration, condemning every such pastor to death; all those who held communication with him to punishment—the men to the galleys, and the women to perpetual imprisonment; and the houses in which pastors lodged to destruction. Rewards were likewise offered for the apprehension of the preachers. New bodies of dragoons were quartered in the district, by whom several field-meetings were surprised and dispersed—the fugitives being slashed down with sabres, some of them hanged from trees, and others reserved for public trial. The first preacher who fell a victim was Falcrand Rey, executed at Beaucaire in the beginning of 1686. These efforts failing, Bâville even condescended to negotiate with the Cévenols, and to make an agreement with Vivens, in the name of his brother preachers, promising to allow them to go into exile, and carry their property with them. Divided into three bodies, the preachers left the Cévennes. Having thus purged the population of what he considered the insurrectionary leaven, Bâville prepared to prevent any further outbreaks in the Cévennes. An army of about 40,000 men was distributed, in a judicious manner, through Languedoc; the officers appointed to command the regiments posted in the Cévennes were chosen from the recent converts to Catholicism, whose zeal was naturally most savage and unhesitating; roads were begun through the mountains, to render them accessible to horse and artillery; and three forts were erected, one at Nismes, one at Alais, and one at St Hippolyte.

The years 1687 and 1688 passed in tolerable quiet. The Cévenols and the other French Protestants seemed overawed, and

were careful to hold their illegal meetings secretly. The great majority of their clergy had sought refuge in Holland, where they officiated as pastors to their fellow-exiles, engaged in theological and literary pursuits, and corresponded, as occasion offered, with their friends in France.

The year 1688 is remarkable in the history of Europe as the date of the English revolution. This event—the accession of William of Orange, the protector of European Protestantism, to the throne of Great Britain—was hailed at the time with universal enthusiasm by the Protestants of the continent. Among the exiled pastors in Holland especially it produced the utmost excitement; it seemed to them the harbinger of better days for France. The fervid soul of one of them, Peter Jurieu, seized upon the event as the prelude to the downfall of Antichrist foretold in the book of Revelation. By a calculation applied to the eleventh chapter of that book, he had some time before concluded that the death of the *two witnesses* there mentioned was a prophetic allusion to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The three days and a half, during which the bodies of the witnesses were to lie unburied, being interpreted, as usual, to mean three years and a half, it appeared to him that as the death of the witnesses, or the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, took place in October 1685, their resurrection, or the triumph of French Protestantism, must happen in April 1689. So confident was he in the truth of his views, that he published them in 1686, under the title of “The Accomplishment of the Prophecies, or the Approaching Deliverance of the Church.” The book caused an immediate sensation. The Catholic leaders replied both by ridicule and serious refutations. On the general spirit of the time the book fell like a spark among inflammable gas. Its notions spread like wildfire among the persecuted Protestants of France, stimulating all the excitable minds to a pitch of fervour which had something in it of the grand and supernatural. The Spirit of God, it was believed, had again descended on the earth, and the times of prophecy had revived previous to the final triumph of the Protestant faith. “Since the time of Voltaire,” says M. Peyrat, by way of preface to his narrative of those strange excitements and flights of the mind which form so remarkable a feature in the history of the Camisard persecutions, “it is difficult for one to speak of prophécies and prodigies without provoking sarcasm and derision. Nevertheless,” he adds, “*ecstasy* is incontestably a real state of the human mind. Abnormal and unusual as it is at the present day, it was quite common in the infancy of the human species in the first ages of the world. Now the Reformation by Luther produced in the modern world a violent irruption of the old Hebrew or Asiatic spirit. The laws, customs, language, and images of the infant world were revived; and it would seem as if the susceptibility to ecstasy had revived also.” Be

this as it may, there can be no doubt that extraordinary danger or suffering has the effect of changing and enlarging human nature; of stimulating the human emotion, spirit, imagination, or whatever we choose to call it, to a pitch of which, in the calm routine of civilised life, we have no experience. Without bearing this in mind, it is impossible for any one to understand the history of such religious persecutions as those of the Scottish Covenanters, or the French Camisards, or indeed to understand any important period of history whatever.

Nowhere did Jurieu's book produce such effects as in Dauphiny—the province contiguous to Languedoc. Kindled by it into a state of ecstasy, an old man named Du Serre not only began to prophesy himself, but founded a school of prophets. The contagion spread, as if carried by the atmosphere, and in a short time the whole province was filled with rumours of prophecies, apparitions, angelic visits, &c. “The first instance of these imagined celestial appearances,” says M. Peyrat, “was in 1688, in the neighbourhood of Castres in Languedoc. A little girl of Capelle, about ten years of age, saw one day, when keeping cows, an angel resembling a child in figure, and clothed in white. It came out of a bush, and, advancing to the young shepherdess, said, ‘My sister, I descend from heaven to forbid you, in the name of the Lord Jesus, from going to the mass.’ It then withdrew, and disappeared among the bushes. The little damsel returned home, and related the miraculous vision. The news spread from village to village. From Viane, from Lacaune, and all round about, the people ran to Capelle to see the shepherdess, and to ask her about the apparition. The child told the story with simplicity. The people believed in the reality of the miracle, and, according to the orders of the angel, deserted the churches. The priests, raising a cry of alarm, made the sub-deputy, Barbeyrac, arrest the young prophetess. She was sent to a convent of Sommieres, at the foot of the Cevennes. But after her departure, the miraculous appearances continued in the district of Castres.”

This was in Languedoc: in Dauphiny the ecstasy reached to still greater heights. “Of the disciples of Du Serre, three young shepherds, of eight, fifteen, and twenty years of age respectively, named Bompert, Mazet, and Pascalin, became distinguished above the rest. They presided over assemblies, called apostates to account, preached, baptised, married, advised the people, and exercised all the functions of the fathers of the church. They were put in prison; but were immediately replaced by a multitude of other ecstasies, of whom the chief were Isabella Vincent and Gabriel Astier. The former, commonly called the *Beautiful Isabella*, was the daughter of a woolcarder of Saou. Forced by poverty to leave her father's house, she went, at about ten years of age, to reside with a relation, a labourer, who made her keep his cattle. A stranger came one day into the sheepfold,

preached, and left her, at parting, the spirit of prophecy. She began to preach, and with such success, that her name became known over all Dauphiny, as far as Geneva, and even in Holland. Towards the end of May 1689, the desire to see the young shepherdess, of whom such marvels were reported, induced an advocate of Grenoble, by name Gerlan, to visit her abode. He entered, and asked something to drink, as if wearied by his long journey. While she served him with a cup of water, he observed her attentively. Her figure was small and slender; her face irregular, thin, and browned by the weather; her forehead large, with great black eyes of a sweet expression, and level with the head. 'My sister,' said he, 'blessed be God, who has permitted me to see and hear you, that I may be strengthened in the faith, and receive the consolations of his persecuted children.' 'Be welcome,' she replied: 'this evening I shall preach to some of our brethren assembled in the mountain.' She went out about dusk, accompanied by two young girls and twenty peasants, who followed with the advocate of Grenoble. She walked very fast, although the road was rough, and the night dark. A numerous assembly waited her. 'Of myself,' she said, 'I am unable to speak; but,' continued she, falling on her knees, 'do thou, oh God, loosen my tongue, if it be thy good pleasure, that I may be able to proclaim thy word, and console thine afflicted people.' Forthwith," says the narrator, "the spirit seized her. She offered up a long prayer. I thought I heard some angel speaking. After the prayer, she made them sing a psalm, and raised it herself melodiously; then she preached from the text—'If any man shall say unto you, Lo! here is Christ, or there, believe it not.' She delivered a discourse so excellent, so pathetic, with such holy boldness and such zeal, that one was almost compelled to believe that she had something in her above human. She uttered great lamentations for the wretched condition of the Protestants of France, who were in the dungeons, in the galleys, in the convents, and in exile. She promised, in the name of God, forgiveness, peace, blessing, and eternal joy to those who did not reject the fatherly solicitations of his goodness; she promised also, with precision and earnestness, the re-establishment of true religion in the kingdom." "Isabella," adds M. Peyrat, "could not read, and therefore quoted Scripture from memory. She preached in French. Her language was wonderfully pure, well connected, pathetic, and adorned with biblical images. Her inspiration came with such abundance and fury, that the words, like a stream long dammed up, escaped impetuously from her lips, flowed for some time with astonishing volubility, then slackened, and even towards the conclusion became embarrassed.

"At last the intendant Bouchu, who tracked out everywhere the prophets of Dauphiny, caused the young prophetess of Saou to be arrested. 'Here I am, sir,' said she to him; 'you can put me to death. God will raise up others, who will say finer things

than I.' She was confined in the prisons of the general hospital of Grenoble."\*

The other prophet of Dauphiny before-mentioned was Gabriel Astier, a labourer, about twenty-two years of age. Altogether of a more sombre and melancholic genius than the prophetess Isabella, his preaching was attended with greater excitement and disturbance of the peace. Various bloody engagements took place between his followers and the troops sent into the Vivarais by Bâville and Broglie. Many of the insurgents were taken alive, and hanged. Gabriel, however, contrived for a whole year to elude pursuit. At last, in the spring of 1690, he was recognised in the town of Montpellier taken, and broken on the wheel.

Scarcely was the insurrection in the Vivarais suppressed, when the Cévennes caught the blaze. It will be remembered that, in the year 1686, Bâville entered into an agreement with a number of itinerant preachers, at the head of whom was François Vivens, promising them free exit from France. Owing to Bâville's treachery, Vivens and a body of his companions were conducted into Spain, from which they escaped with difficulty to Holland. Suddenly, in the beginning of 1689, Vivens reappeared in the Cévennes. He was about twenty-six years of age, of small stature, and lame, but robust and energetic. The Cévenols gathered round him, and the field-meetings, which, since 1686, had been almost discontinued, again became common.

Vivens was soon joined by a coadjutor illustrious in the history of the Camisards. This was Claude Brousson, a man of good family, who had practised as an advocate at Nismes, had gone into exile in Lausanne in 1683, and had since that time been actively engaged in the communications which the persecuted Protestants of his native country were holding with William of Orange; but who now, moved by a sudden impulse of self-devotion and enthusiasm, returned to France to lead the life of a prophet of the desert, leaving his wife and child in Switzerland. After being ordained by Vivens and Gabriel, he commenced his labours. Already forty-three years of age, he abandoned a life of ease and security for one of toil, danger, and suffering. "To be almost always alone; to travel in the night through wind, rain, and snow; to pass through the midst of soldiers or robbers; to sleep in woods on the bare ground, on a couch of grass, or of dried leaves; to dwell in caves, in barns, in shepherds' huts; to glide furtively into a town or village, and when received into a pious house, not even to be able to caress at the fireside the little ones of his generous host, lest their innocent prattle should betray him to the neighbours; to be discovered in his retreat, and surrounded by soldiers; to hide in lofts, in wells, or to cheat the troops by going boldly up to them, and sending

\* *Histoire des Pasteurs du Désert*, by M. Peyrat.

them after some officious friend, who exposed himself to afford his pastor time to escape; to walk about in disguise; to pass sentinels, imitating the extravagances of a madman or the tricks of a mountebank; to endure fatigue, cold, heat, hunger, pain, abandonment, solitude, and finally the scaffold—such was the ordinary life of a pastor of the desert. Brousson," continues M. Peyrat, "preached regularly three or four times a-week, sometimes every day, and even several times in one day; besides which there were baptisms, marriages, and funerals to be celebrated; models of prayer and rules of piety to be dictated to the little churches, that, after his departure, they might be able to continue their religious services without a pastor. This man, sweet and affectionate by disposition, never addressed his rustic auditories except by the appellation of sheep and doves. He afterwards published, under the title of 'Mystic Manna of the Desert,' some of his 'sermons preached in France, in deserts and caves, during the years 1690, 1691, 1692, and 1693.' They are homilies, adapted to the wandering flocks to whom they were addressed: their style, simple, negligent, plain, but impregnated with sentiments of infinite sweetness and gentleness, is like a vessel of common clay-ware filled with milk and honey."

Bâville's utmost activity was exerted to suppress this new outbreak of Protestantism in the Cévennes, and especially to secure the apprehension of the prophets Vivens and Brousson. The movement was indeed becoming formidable. The energetic Vivens had entered into a correspondence with the Duke of Schomberg, inviting him to make a descent upon Languedoc with ten thousand men. The plan was discovered by means of a billet which Vivens had written to Schomberg, and which fell into Bâville's hands. This redoubled the exertions of the intendant to get possession of the person of the insurrectionary prophet. He was at length tracked to a cavern situated in a valley between Anduze and Alais. At the mouth of this cavern Vivens himself was shot; and two companions who were with him, Carrière and Capieu, died on the scaffold. Brousson now remained almost the last prophet of the Cévennes. At length, hunted from place to place, weakened in body, and requiring rest, Brousson left the Cévennes for a time, to revisit his family at Lausanne. Again, in the year 1695, he returned to France, and employed himself in preaching secretly to the Protestants of different provinces; and again he was obliged to quit it.

Meanwhile France was in the most wretched condition imaginable. Persecution, war, and exorbitant taxation were producing their effects. In Languedoc especially were these calamities felt. Forty thousand natives had emigrated, and large tracts of country were left desert and uncultivated. The hopes, too, which the French Protestants had entertained of a melioration of their condition, through the instrumentality of William III. of England, were extinguished by the peace of Ryswick, concluded



in 1697. The prophecies of Jurieu were falsified ; and Louis XIV. still sat on his throne, the enemy of Protestantism.

Moved by the accounts which reached him of the sufferings of his Protestant countrymen, Brousson returned to France for the third time in 1697. He spent some time in Dauphiny and Languedoc. In the spring of 1698, he wrote to his wife—"The persecution is renewed. It is as violent as at first. The soldiers are ravaging the houses, carrying off the furniture, the corn, and the cattle. They tell the masters of the houses they are ruining them to make them go to mass." Bâville, hearing of Brousson's return, increased the reward for his apprehension to 600 louis-d'ors. Escaping from Languedoc, the preacher made his way to Pau in Bearn. Here a letter of introduction, which he had to a faithful Protestant, was delivered by mistake to a Catholic of the same name. The authorities were informed ; Brousson was seized, and sent back to Montpellier. "At his trial, on the 4th of November," says M. Peyrat, "the hall was crowded with churchmen, military officers, and lawyers, anxious to see the once celebrated jurisconsult, now a poor pastor of the desert, about to die. Brousson disdained to employ in his defence the least oratorical artifice. He spoke for about a quarter of an hour with calmness and simplicity, confining himself to saying that he was an honest man, fearing God—a minister of the gospel, who had entered France to comfort his unfortunate brethren." He denied having been concerned in the conspiracy with the Duke of Schomberg. He was broken on the wheel that same day, having been previously strangled by a merciful order of Bâville. His name was long cherished by the Protestants of Languedoc ; and an account of his death was published under the title of "The Martyrdom of M. de Brousson."

#### THE ECSTATICS OF THE CEVENNES—OUTBREAK OF THE GREAT INSURRECTION.

The century was now drawing to a close. Fifteen years had elapsed since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the condition of France during that period had been as we have described it. Hundreds of thousands of its Protestant citizens had abandoned it, to seek the liberty which it denied them in foreign lands ; and those who remained were subjected to the most galling persecution, forced outwardly to conform to the Catholic worship, and enjoying only secretly, at great risks, and at rare intervals, the privilege of hearing the gospel preached by a Protestant minister. A few local insurrections, as we have seen, had broken out, but had been suppressed by the activity of the governors of the provinces. In the year 1700 all seemed over ; and, turning his attention from France, Louis was engaged in making preparations for the new European war in which he was involved, for the purpose of establishing the right of his grandson, the Duke of Anjou, to succeed to the crown of Spain. This

war continued till 1713; but scarcely had it begun, when the spirit of insurrection broke out in the Cevennes more fiercely than ever. Of this new struggle, to which more particularly the name of the War of the Camisards is applied, we now proceed to give an account.

We have already mentioned the appearance of the spirit or disease (whichever we choose to call it) of *ecstasy* which broke out in Dauphiny and Languedoc about the year 1689. After disappearing for a while, this spirit or disease broke out again in the year 1701. We will extract our account of these singular phenomena from M. Peyrat. "The spirit," he says, "descended rarely on old persons, and never on those who were rich and well educated. It visited youth and indigence, misfortune, simple hearts, shepherds, labourers, grown-up girls, and even children. 'The youngest child I ever saw speak in a state of ecstasy,' says Durand Fage of Aubais, 'was a little girl of five years of age, at the village of Saint Maurice, near Euzet; but it is known in the country that the spirit has often been poured out on little children, of whom some were even yet at the breast, and who could not speak at an age so tender, except when it pleased God to announce his marvels by the mouth of such innocents.' 'I have seen,' adds Jacques Dubois of Montpellier — 'I have seen, among others, a child of five months, in its mother's arms at Quissac, that spoke, with agitation and sobbings, distinctly, and with a loud voice, but yet with interruptions, which made it necessary to listen attentively to hear certain words.'\*

"The Cévenols reckoned four degrees of ecstasy. The first was called *l'avertissement* (warning); the second, *le souffle* (breath); the third, *la prophétie* (prophecy); and the fourth and highest, *le don* (the gift). They remarked, however, in general, of an inspired person, 'He has received excellent gifts.' One of the most extraordinary gifts was assuredly that of preaching. M. de Caladon of Aulas, a man of cultivated mind, speaks thus of one of the preachers, a female servant named Jeanne. 'She was,' he says, 'a poor, silly peasant, aged about forty years, assuredly the most simple and ignorant creature known in our mountains. When I heard that she was preaching, and preaching wonderfully, I could not believe a word of it; it never entered into my conception that she could join four words of French together, or that she could have the boldness to speak in a company. Yet I have several times witnessed her acquit herself miraculously. When the Heavenly intelligence made her speak, this she ass of Balaam had truly a mouth of gold. Never did orator make himself

\* In receiving these statements, and some which follow, our readers must exercise their own discretion. It is absolutely necessary to make such quotations as those in the text, in order to give a true idea of the strange state of feeling among the Cévenols during the insurrection, when the belief in the miraculous nature of the occurrences was universal.

heard as she did; and never was auditor more attentive or more affected than those who listened to her. It was a torrent of eloquence; it was a prodigy; and—what I say is no exaggeration—she became all at once a totally new creature, and was transformed into a great preacher.’

“The number of prophets increased so rapidly, that eight thousand were counted in Languedoc the first year. Not a town, hamlet, village, or house, but had its inspired orator. All of them assembled their congregations, and that every day; so that every day eight thousand assemblies, large or small, were held between the Lozère and the sea. But the number will appear infinite when one thinks that every prophet preached twice or thrice successively. When the first sermon was over, it often happened that people who had been delayed on the road, or who came from distant cantons, reached the spot; and these, too, must be satisfied. In going to nocturnal assemblies, the worshippers directed themselves to the spot by singing psalms. The prophet, at one of these nocturnal meetings, would all at once stop, and changing his tone, inform his hearers that there were some of the faithful wandering near at hand, in the fields or the woods, in search of the congregation, and that, to bring them in, some must go out and raise a psalm. A party would quit the assembly and begin singing, and in a short time after they would return with a considerable addition of worshippers, whom the singing had attracted to the spot. Nay, sometimes, it was said, the wanderers were guided by meteors in the sky, flaming forth in the direction in which the conventicle was assembled.”\*

This state of things continued for about a year, before any positive insurrection broke out. Most of the troops which had been stationed in Languedoc were now withdrawn to serve in Spain and Italy; and Bâville had not means at his command to put down the nuisance, as he considered the fresh outburst of fanaticism among the Cévenols to be. The priests, however, complained bitterly of the evil effects produced by the ecstasies; and Bâville did everything in his power to extirpate them. He made fathers and mothers responsible for the ecstasies of their children; and threatened the preachers with the punishment of death. As the ecstasy of the young persons was contagious, affecting even the children of good Catholics, Bâville caused them to be confined—the boys in the prisons, and the girls in convents. As many as three hundred were confined at once in the prisons of Uzes. Of the adults, many were apprehended, and subjected to severe punishments. Daniel Raoul, Floutier, and others of the most conspicuous preachers, perished on the wheel or the gibbet; and scores of others were sent to the galleys. Even women were hanged by Bâville’s orders for the crime of preaching. In one

\* *Histoire des Pasteurs du Désert*, by M. Peyrat.

instance, it is said, a woman was put to death because, in her ecstatic state, she shed tears of blood. One can hardly imagine a more horrible state of things than this—a whole province roused to a condition of frantic emotion, in which rational piety was strangely mingled with diseased nervous excitement; and a governor trying to restore calm and order by hanging the poor people in scores. These Cévenols were not naturally more given to extravagance than the rest of their countrymen; and had their own pastors been left among them, they would have continued, as they were before, a quiet, peaceable, hard-working, and pious peasant population.

A tragical occurrence hurried on the general insurrection. One of the most zealous instruments of the persecution in Languedoc was François de Langlade du Chayla, archpriest of the Cévennes. The cruelties of this man had roused a general and bitter feeling against him among the Cévenols, and he had more than once been threatened with death. In the month of July 1702, a party of Protestants, male and female, trying to make their escape from the Cévennes, with the intention of going into exile at Geneva, were seized by the soldiery, and by the archpriest's orders committed to prison. On the following Sunday there was a field-meeting on the mountain of Bougès, at which a prophet of the name of Peter Séguier preached. Alluding in his sermon to the unfortunate Protestants who had been made prisoners, he declared that "the Lord had commanded him to take up arms to deliver the captive brethren, and to exterminate that archpriest of Moloch." Other preachers present followed in the same strain, one of them, Abraham Mazel, adding, "Brethren, I have had a vision. I saw large black oxen, very fat, which were browsing on the plants of a garden; and a voice said unto me, 'Abraham, drive out these oxen;' and when I did not obey, the voice again said unto me, 'Abraham, drive out these oxen.' Then I drove them out. Now, as the Spirit has revealed to me, that garden that I saw is the church of God, the black oxen which wasted it are the priests, and the voice which spoke to me is the Eternal, ordering me to drive these priests out of the Cévennes." This parable produced its effect; and next day fifty peasants met, twenty of them armed, and resolved to march to the archpriest's residence at Pont de Montvert, to inflict vengeance upon him, and release such of their brethren as were confined there. They were commanded by the preacher Séguier: Mazel was also there, and another prophet called Solomon; and not the least enthusiastic among them was a mere stripling named Jean Cavalier—afterwards well known over all France.

At ten o'clock on the evening of the 24th of July, the archpriest was sitting with some ecclesiastics in his house at Pont de Montvert, when they heard the sound of psalmody approaching. They soon became aware that the house was surrounded by Protestant peasants. "Withdraw, you Huguenot canaille!" cried

the archpriest from the window. On their refusing, the guards fired, and killed one of the assailants. Procuring the trunk of a large tree, the peasants broke open the gate, and entering the house, ran to the dungeons in which the prisoners were confined, and set them free. They then set fire to the house. Some of the ecclesiastics escaped, others were killed in the attempt. Du Chayla, in trying to descend from a window, fell and broke his thigh. The peasants seized him, and despatched him with fifty-two wounds. All night they remained kneeling round the burning ruins, and returning thanks to God; in the morning they departed to their mountains, singing as they had come.

For a week Séguier and his companions wandered through the country in the neighbourhood of Pont de Montvert, executing what, in their wild and bloody enthusiasm, they called the judgment of God; putting priests to death, setting their imprisoned friends at liberty, and burning the houses in which they had been confined. The whole province was alarmed. Bâville despatched Broglie to the spot. After a short pursuit, the peasants were overtaken and dispersed by twenty men under one of Broglie's officers named Poul; the prophet himself, with two others named Nouvel and Bonnet, were taken, and conducted in chains to Florac, where they were condemned and executed.

The other peasants who had been concerned in the archpriest's death remained concealed in caves and woods, so that few of them were taken. It was concluded at last that they had escaped from the country; and Broglie, believing the disturbances over, retired to Alais, leaving Poul, with some companies of fusiliers, among the mountains. Scarcely was he gone, when the peasants left their hiding-places, reassembled, and seeing the impossibility of flight, resolved to continue the insurrection, and chose for their commander Laporte of Massoubeyran, a man of about forty-five years of age, who had served in the army. Laporte forthwith assumed the title of "Colonel of the Children of God;" and named his camp the "Camp of the Eternal." Fresh recruits now came in from the country round, among the rest Laporte's nephew, Roland, and a peasant named Catinat, who had been concerned in an assassination perpetrated a few days before—that of the Baron de Saint Cômes, a military commander noted for his cruelty to the Huguenots. The young stripling Cavalier, too, showed his zeal by descending to his native village of Ribaute, and returning to the "Camp of the Eternal" with eighteen armed youths, whom he had enlisted in the cause. In all, the insurgents did not exceed a hundred and fifty. Under Laporte, they chose for their commanders Roland and a man named Castanet.

From the middle of August to the end of October, the "Children of God"—sometimes in one body under the command of Laporte, sometimes divided into several under the command of Roland, Castanet, Catinat, and Cavalier—ranged through the

Cevennes, inflicting vengeance on such persons as had made themselves conspicuous in the work of persecution, expelling the priests from their parishes, and holding field-meetings for prayer and worship among the mountains. Poul and his soldiers exerted their utmost activity to put an end to the insurrection; but for a while the insurgents contrived to elude their search. At length, on the 22d of October, a party of them, among whom was Laporte, were surprised and attacked in the valley of Sainte Croix. Laporte was killed, and his head, along with a number of others, sent in a hamper to Montpellier.

ORGANISATION OF THE CAMISARDS—THEIR CHIEFS—WAR OF 1703—ROMANTIC CAMISARD STORY.

Again Bâville believed that the insurrection was at an end; and again he was mistaken. Roland, Castanet, Catinat, and Cavalier, collected the dispersed troop of peasants, and recommenced the insurrection with fresh vigour. Roland was chosen to succeed his uncle Laporte as commander-in-chief. Of the various arrangements which they made for their own government, and the conduct of the war, M. Peyrat gives the following account:—"The Children of God," he says, "proceeded to organise themselves. Their army had increased considerably; the harvest being over, the young Cévenols took their muskets and hatchets, and flocked to join their friends, so that all at once Roland found himself at the head of a thousand men. The army divided itself into five cantons, as follows—the men of Faus des Armes, those of Upper Cevennes, those of Aigoal, those of Lower Cevennes, and those of Lower Languedoc. Each canton chose its own chiefs, their principle of election being to choose not those who were most conspicuous on account of their birth, their fortune, or even their intelligence, but those who were most largely gifted with what they called *the spirit*. Thus, Roland was elected commander-in-chief, not as the nephew of the last leader, not for his services in the insurrection, not for his courage or military skill; but solely because he was their greatest prophet. The other chiefs ranked under him according to their degrees of inspiration. The whole hierarchy, for such it was, consisted of a general-in-chief, generals of brigade, chiefs of brigade, captains, lieutenants, sergeants, corporals, and privates. The army was divided into five legions; every legion into brigades of a hundred men each; and every brigade into two companies of fifty." Roland, who, as commander-in-chief, assumed the title of "General of the Protestant troops of France assembled in the Cevennes," was also special commander or brigadier-general of his own legion, that of the canton of Lower Cevennes. The legion of the Upper Cevennes chose Abraham and Solomon as joint commanders; that of Aigoal, Andrew Castanet; that of Lower Languedoc, Jean Cavalier; and that of Faus des Armes, Nicolas Soani. Of the five legions, those of

Roland and Cavalier were the largest; a circumstance which made their power preponderate. The principle of equality and fraternity, however, was recognised among them; and all, whether officers or men, addressed each other by the name of *brother*. This, however, did not interfere with the exercise of due authority. Roland had a supreme council, composed of the brigadier-generals and the chiefs of brigade; and each brigadier-general had a council, composed in like manner of his inferior officers. "As prophet-king, Roland, and, under him, his lieutenants, exercised religious and military power in all its functions and rights—the rights of life and death, of taxation, of worship, of celebrating the Lord's Supper, baptism, marriage, and funerals." Such was the singular republican organisation set up by a few persecuted peasants in the year 1702, in a corner of the kingdom of the absolute monarch, Louis Quatorze.

Of the personal appearance and character of the two principal Camisard chiefs, the following is M. Peyrat's description. Roland was about twenty-seven years of age, and had served in the army down to the peace of Ryswick. He was of middle stature, of robust constitution; his face was round, and marked with small-pox, but with a fine complexion; his eyes large, and full of fire; his hair long, and of a light brown; he was naturally grave, silent, imperious, and ardent under an impassive aspect. Cavalier was scarcely seventeen, having been born in the famous year of the revocation at Ribaute, near Anduze. A poor peasant's son, and the eldest of three children, he had been first a shepherd boy, and afterwards a baker's apprentice at Anduze. To escape the persecutions of the curé of Ribaute, on account of his Protestantism, he fled in March 1701 to Geneva, where he lived for some time in the employment of a master baker; but, moved by the promptings of the Spirit, he returned to Languedoc, and plunged, as we have seen, into the insurrection. The Camisards delighted to trace in this youth a resemblance to the Hebrew David, while he was yet a shepherd feeding the flocks of his father Jesse. He was fair, well made, of small stature, but robust; his neck was short, his face wore the colour of health, his eyes were blue and quick, his head was large, and from it an abundance of flowing locks descended on his shoulders.

After having completed their arrangements, the army of the Children of God separated, each of the five legions going to its own canton, and there continuing its violent work—putting obnoxious persons to death, expelling priests, and occasionally coming into conflict with parties of Broglie's troops. In these engagements the Camisards were almost always victorious. It is impossible to follow the movements of all the various bands as they roamed through eastern Languedoc, during the months of November and December 1702, fighting and singing psalms; the traditions of the adventures of the Camisards during these two months would fill a volume.

Before Christmas 1702, Languedoc was almost at the disposal of the Camisards; the noblesse had deserted their châteaux, the priests their parishes, the rich Catholic bourgeoisie their villages—all going to seek safety in the fortified towns, and leaving the general Catholic population to protect themselves, as they best could, against the Camisards; who, however, did not, except in rare cases, seek to do them any injury. Had the Camisards at this time received assistance from any foreign Protestant state, it is probable that Louis XIV. would have been obliged to make concessions; unfortunately, however, for them, William III. of England, from whom alone they could have expected efficient assistance, was now no more, having died in April 1702. They were left, therefore, to fight out their own cause as they best could—a few thousands of enthusiastic, and, in consequence of their persecutions, almost insane peasants, bidding defiance to the power of the most despotic monarch in Christendom. If, indeed, the politically-discontented Catholics of France had combined with the Camisards, and demanded civil, while they demanded religious liberty, the coalition might have proved formidable. But, in the circumstances, such a coalition was impossible; the Camisards being animated by a spirit too peculiar either to co-operate with any other party, or to invite co-operation.

Louis XIV. was not aware of the whole extent of the insurrection in Languedoc; and if he had been, he would not have understood it. Information, however, reached the court sufficient to injure Bâville in the monarch's eyes; and in the middle of January 1703, M. de Julien—a distinguished officer, a native of Orange, who had served first under King William, then under Schomberg, and had at last entered the French army, turned Catholic, and received high promotion—was sent ostensibly to co-operate with Broglie, but really to supervise Bâville. Julien's advice for suppressing the insurrection was as follows:—"It is not sufficient," he said, "to kill only those who carry arms; the masses are infected; it is necessary to put to the sword all the Protestants of the country, and to burn up their villages. By these means the insurrection will not be able to recruit itself, and its extirpation will not cost the life of a single Catholic." This horrid proposal revolted Bâville; and, by his influence, a more humane plan of procedure was reluctantly adopted. Ordinary military operations were recommenced against the Camisards, particularly against the legion commanded by Cavalier; and the month of January was passed pretty much in the same way as the months of November and December. Still, the Camisards had the advantage. In two or three engagements, Broglie's troops sustained severe defeats; and the insurrection seemed to be approaching no nearer to its termination. The secret despatches of Julien to Versailles informed the court of the real state of matters in Languedoc; and the whole blame of the bad success



falling on Broglie, he was recalled in the beginning of February, and Maréchal de Montrevel was sent to fill his place. He was about fifty-seven years of age, a brave enough soldier, but deficient in all the higher qualities necessary for the post to which he was appointed—that of military chief of a revolted province. Montrevel brought large reinforcements with him into Languedoc; and the royal army quartered in the province amounted now to an effective force of 60,000 men.

It was a common belief at the period, that there existed in France a secret consistory or organisation, whose object was the re-establishment of Protestantism. This belief was adopted by Montrevel; and consequently he was inclined to favour the project of devastation which had been proposed by Julien, as the only means of suppressing the Camisard insurrection—a mere symptom, as he conceived, of the deeper disease which existed throughout the commonwealth. His plan was to make the whole Protestant population of Languedoc responsible for the crimes of the Camisards; and held them punishable for these crimes in their persons, or at all events in their property. Bâville still opposed such an indiscriminate mode of retaliation; but Montrevel, enjoying the confidence of the court, was able to some extent to put it into execution. Accordingly, during the spring of 1703, the war changed its character. It was no longer a war against the culpable individuals; it was a course of military executions upon whole towns and districts, whose only fault was secret attachment to Protestantism. Massacres and butcheries, the ruin by exorbitant fines of whole families, not one member of which was among the Camisards, the devastation of villages, the transportation of their inhabitants to another part of the country—these, and such-like, were the measures adopted by Montrevel during the months of March, April, and May 1703. In this last month, too, a stimulus was given to the persecution in the Cevennes by a bull from the Vatican, couched in these words:—“Clement XI., the servant of servants; salvation and apostolic blessing: We cannot express with what grief we have been penetrated on learning, through the ambassador of the most Christian king, that the heretics of the Cevennes, sprung from the execrable race of the ancient Albigenses, have taken up arms against the church and their sovereign. With the design of arresting, as far as lies in our power, the progress and constant re-appearance of heresy, to which it seemed that the piety of Louis the Great had given a finishing blow in his dominions, we have thought it our duty to conform to the conduct of our predecessors in like cases. Wherefore, and in order to engage the faithful in the work of exterminating the accursed race of those heretics and those evil-doers, in all ages enemies both of God and Cæsar, we, in virtue of the power to bind and to loose accorded by the Saviour of men to the chief of the apostles and to his successors, declare and award, of our full power and authority, the absolute

and general remission of their sins to all those who shall engage in the holy crusade which ought to be formed and conducted for the extirpation of those heretics and those rebels to God and the king, and who shall have the misfortune to be killed in battle; and that our intentions on this subject may be known and made public, we command that our bull, given under the signet of the Fisher, be printed and affixed to the doors of all the churches in your diocese. Given at Rome the 1st of May, in the year of our Lord 1703, and the first of our pontificate." This bull, which was sent to the bishops of Languedoc, had the effect of exciting a number of fanatics—among others, a hermit of the name of La Fayette, who obtained from Montrevel two hundred men, with whom he ranged through the Cevennes, wreaking vengeance on the Huguenots.

All the severities of Montrevel had only the effect of swelling the numbers of the Camisards, by driving the persecuted villagers to join them, and of rendering them more desperate. It would be hopeless to attempt to give an account of all the engagements which took place between the troops of Montrevel and the Camisards under Roland, Cavalier, and the other leaders; or of all the enormities perpetrated by the Camisards upon the Catholics by way of retaliation. Detached scenes of blood may be depicted; but to convey by words an idea of three months of merciless warfare, is impossible. We turn rather to the following strange and romantic picture of Camisard life during the period. The picture is painted by the Camisards themselves:—"Brother Cavalier, our chief," says the narrator, "called an assembly near the tile-kilns of Cannes, between Quissac and Sommières. Our troop, if I mistake not, amounted to five or six hundred men; and there were at the least as many others, of both sexes, who had come from the neighbouring towns and villages to assist in our pious exercises that Sunday afternoon. After the exhortation, the reading, and the singing of psalms, brother Claris of Quissac—a man of about thirty years of age, who had received excellent gifts, and whose revelations were frequent—was seized with the Spirit in the midst of the assembly. His agitation was so great, that all present were moved in an extraordinary manner. At the commencement, he said many things touching the dangers to which the congregations of the faithful were ordinarily exposed, adding, that God was their guard and protector. His agitation augmenting, the Spirit made him utter words to this effect—'I assure you, my child, there are in this assembly two men who have come to betray you; they are sent by your enemies to spy all that passes among you, and carry the intelligence to those who employ them; but I say unto you, that unless they repent, I will permit them to be discovered by your laying your hand upon them.' On this brother Cavalier ordered those who carried arms to form a circle, so that no one might escape. All present were much impressed; and

Clarís, continuing in his ecstasy, rose and walked through them sobbing, his eyes closed, his head shaking violently, and his hands joined and elevated. He went straight up to one traitor, who was in the middle of the assembly, and laid his hand on him. The other, who was at some distance, cut his way through the press, and came to throw himself at the feet of Cavalier, asking mercy and pardon from God and the congregation. His companion did the same thing; and both said that their extreme poverty had been the cause of their yielding. Cavalier made them be bound, and ordered them to be guarded."

Meanwhile, it seems, on the supposition of some connivance between the prophet and the traitors, a murmur of disapprobation rose among the multitude. Clarís understood its meaning; and judging that the subordination of the troops, and the strength of the insurrection depended on the belief in the divine inspiration of the chiefs, he had recourse all at once to a prodigious device. "Oh ye of little faith!" cried the Spirit by the voice of the prophet; "do you yet doubt my power, after so many marvels which I have done in your sight? I will make you know my power and my truth. I desire that a fire be kindled presently; and I say to thee, my child, that I will permit thee to place thyself in the middle of the flames, without their having power over thee. Fear not; obey my commandment. I will be with thee, and preserve thee." On this the people cried out (particularly those who had murmured, and who, not carrying arms, had the less degree of faith), shedding tears, confessing their fault, and asking forgiveness. But Clarís insisted with redoubled agitation; and Cavalier, who did not hurry himself in an affair of so much consequence, at length ordered people to go and search for dry sticks with which to make a fire. "I," says Fage, one of the narrators, "was of the number of those who gathered the wood. As there were tile-kilns quite near, we found in a moment a quantity of dry branches of pine, and of the prickly shrub which in Languedoc is called *arjalas*. This last wood, mingled with large branches, was piled up in the middle of the assembly, in a spot of ground somewhat lower than the rest, so that all stood elevated round it. The fire was kindled; and I am not sure but it was Clarís himself who kindled it. Then, as the flames were beginning to rise, Clarís, who had on that day a white waistcoat (*camisole*), which his wife had brought him in the morning, placed himself in the middle of the heap of branches, standing erect, his hands joined, and raised over his head, always in ecstasy, and speaking under inspiration. Clarís did not come out from the midst of the burning until the wood was so far consumed as no longer to emit flame. The Spirit had not quitted him for the whole time, which was about a quarter of an hour; and when he came out, he still spoke with heavings of the chest and sobs. Our wonder may be judged of. All those who could embrace him did so. I was one of the first to speak to Clarís, and to look at

his clothes and hair; and his white waistcoat was not singed the least, nor a single hair of his head. His wife and his relations were in raptures of joy; and every one blessed God."\*

As for the two spies, who were the occasion of this strange scene, Cavalier took pity on their poverty, and, with the advice of the prophets, pardoned them, after a severe rebuke. The next traitor, however, discovered in a similar manner, was put to death.

#### DEVASTATION OF THE CEVENNES—VICTORIES OF THE CAMISARDS—THEIR DEFEAT AND RUIN.

Our narrative must now be less detailed. During the summer of 1703, the war was not carried on with such vigour as during the spring months—principally owing to the somewhat effeminate character of Montrevel. In the month of September, however, he summoned a meeting of generals, bishops, governors of towns, &c. to meet him at Alais, to deliberate on measures for the suppression of the insurrection. After considerable discussion, the devastating policy of Julien triumphed, modified a little by the influence of Bâville. A proclamation was immediately issued by Montrevel to the following effect:—"Nicolas de Labaume-Montrevel, Maréchal of France, &c. It having pleased the king to command us to place the parishes and places after-named out of a condition to furnish provisions or succours to the rebel troops, and not to leave in them any inhabitant, his majesty, nevertheless, desiring to provide for the subsistence of their inhabitants, by giving them instructions as to what they are to do, we hereby order the inhabitants of the said parishes to repair immediately to the places hereafter specified, with their goods, their cattle, and generally with as much of their property as they can make out to carry." After which follows a list of the places of refuge, ten in all, to which the inhabitants of the various parishes were to repair; as, for instance, the inhabitants of the parishes of Castagnols, Saint Maurice, and Genouillac, were all to repair to the town of the last-named parish, there to remain during the king's pleasure. Three days were to be allowed, after the publication of the proclamation in each parish, for the inhabitants to obey it; after which those who remained were to be treated as rebels, their houses razed, &c. Never was there such consternation as these inhuman orders caused. Men, women, and children might be seen leaving their homes, which they were never more to see—carrying their furniture, and driving their cattle to the city of refuge. Many, however, took their guns, and joined the Camisards.

On the 29th of September the work of devastation began under

\* Our readers must again exercise their discretion as to how much they will believe. Our object being to present a picture of Camisard life, we give such stories as related by the Camisards themselves.

Julien. It lasted nearly three months, being terminated on the 14th of December—the last parish wasted being that of Saint Etienne de Valfrancesque. In these three months four hundred villages and hamlets were reduced to ashes, and twenty leagues of territory converted into a desert, with here and there a town rising like an oasis, and crowded to overflowing with people and cattle. “At last, thanks be to God,” wrote Julien to the minister Chamillard, when the horrid work was over, “I have the honour and pleasure to announce to you that I have entirely accomplished the long and laborious task intrusted to me.”

The devastation of the Cevennes did not produce the desired effect. Instead of remaining among the hills, the Camisards rushed down in detachments into the plain, committing terrible reprisals upon the Catholic population, and carrying back provisions and ammunition, which they stored up in caverns and other places of concealment for their future use. While Julien was carrying on the devastation, Montrevel had sufficient occupation in protecting the Catholics of Lower Languedoc against the irruptions of Cavalier. Various bloody engagements took place between the royal troops and the Camisards under their young chief, and the victory was almost always on the side of the latter. The year 1704 commenced with good auspices for the Camisards, so far as hope and victory were concerned. The devastation had turned out a blunder; it had not accomplished its object of starving out the insurrection; it had drawn down dreadful sufferings upon the unoffending Catholic population of the plain; and it had encumbered the authorities with the care of supporting the crowds of Protestants, who were cooped up in the cities of refuge without the means of providing for their own subsistence. Two great victories over the troops of Montrevel, gained by the Camisards in February and March—the one by Cavalier at Martinargues, the other by Roland at Salindres—completed the triumph of the insurgents. Their cause seemed more hopeful than ever; they had received some slight intimations that foreign Protestant states, especially England, were disposed to render them assistance in their struggle; and they did not doubt but that, with a few thousands of foreign troops to fight by their side, they would be able to compel Louis XIV. to repeal his edicts against Protestants, and permit the Cévenols, and all his other subjects, to enjoy liberty of conscience. It was an additional cause of triumph that, by their victories, they had forced Louis to recall Montrevel, and appoint Maréchal Villars his successor.

The hopes of the poor Camisards were soon to be overthrown. Montrevel determined to signalise his departure from Languedoc by a last blow at the Camisards. He caused rumours to be spread that he was to leave Nismes on a certain day, accompanied by half the garrison, on his way to Montpellier. By these rumours the Camisards were deceived. Cavalier resolved

to attack Montrevel either before or during his march; and leaving the hills with a force of nine hundred foot and three hundred horse—the largest and best-equipped of all the Camisard armies that had yet been seen—he arrived, on the 15th of April, at Caveirac, about a league from Nismes. Meanwhile Montrevel took his own precautions; posted large forces in the most advantageous positions, to enable him to cut off his enemy; and, after some preliminary fighting, drew him into a great and disastrous battle at Nages. In this battle, fought on the 16th of April 1704, the Camisards were to their enemies in the proportion of one to six; nevertheless they fought with the most resolute obstinacy from two in the afternoon till night. They escaped at length, after having lost about five hundred men. The military skill displayed by Cavalier in the battle and the retreat, excited still greater admiration than the courage of the insurgents. When, on his arrival in Languedoc, the Marquis de Villars visited the field of battle, “Truly,” he said, referring to the conduct of Cavalier, “it was worthy of Cæsar.”

The defeat of Nages was followed, in two days, by three others—one at Euzet, one at St Sébastien, and one at Pont de Montvert. In short, the Camisards were ruined. “In two days and four battles,” says M. Peyrat, “they had lost half of their brigades and of their horses, many of their secret stores for provisions, considerable quantities of ammunition and goods, and, what was worse than all, their energy and hope.” The most striking symptom of their dissolution—probably, indeed, the principal cause of it—was the growth of a sceptical spirit, which would no longer believe in the inspiration of their prophets. With the increase of this spirit their enthusiasm vanished, ecstasy became less common, the troops became mutinous and disaffected, and the whole hierarchy crumbled to pieces. It was a striking spectacle. A population which, for more than a year, had been at the boiling-point of enthusiasm—united, bold, daring, pervaded, as one man, by a spirit of fervid zeal—now cooled, demoralised, disintegrated, mistrusting one another, deceiving one another. The change was so rapid, as only to be fully expressed by their own phrase—“The Spirit had withdrawn from them.” They had awakened from their ecstasy, and were now common men.

#### PACIFICATION OF LANGUEDOC BY MARÉCHAL VILLARS— END OF THE INSURRECTION.

Louis-Hector, Marquis de Villars, and Maréchal of France, arrived in Languedoc in April 1704. He was about fifty years of age, and a man of brilliant abilities, who had distinguished himself in the service of France in the Low Countries. He was accompanied into Languedoc by the Baron d'Aigalliers, a Protestant at heart, who had conceived the project of crushing the Camisards by opposing to them the rest of the Protestant popu-

lation. This singular but sagacious idea pleased Villars, who had himself resolved on a mild and pacific policy. By the representations of Villars and D'Aigalliers, Bâville and General Lalande, whom Montrevel had left in the province, were brought to co-operate in the attempt to put an end to the insurrection by pacific measures. The king himself had likewise been induced to permit the experiment. As we have seen, the time was exceedingly favourable for making it, the Camisards being disheartened and disorganised. It was thought advisable to begin with Cavalier, for whom the Catholics had conceived a general admiration, and who was believed much more likely to yield to fair offers than Roland. Accordingly, a conference was procured between the young Camisard chief and General Lalande, in which the former was sounded as to the conditions on which he would consent to lay down arms. This led to a meeting between Cavalier and Villars himself at Nismes. Villars received the young Camisard with great respect, and a long conversation ensued. Cavalier drew up his demands in the form of a petition to the king; the articles of which, with the answers of Villars, in the name of the king, were as follows:—

“The very humble request of the reformed population of Languedoc to the king:

“Article 1. That it please the king to grant us liberty of conscience in the whole province, and to hold religious assemblies in all situations which shall be judged suitable, out of fortified places and walled towns. (Granted, on condition that they build no churches.)

“Art. 2. That all Protestants detained in the prisons or the galleys for the cause of religion, having been placed there since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, shall be set at liberty within the space of six weeks from this date. (Granted.)

“Art. 3. That it be permitted to all those who have quitted the kingdom for the cause of religion, to return freely and in safety; and that they be re-established in their property and privileges. (Granted, on condition that they take the oath of fidelity to the king.)

“Art. 4. That the parliament of Languedoc be re-established on its ancient footing, and with all its privileges. (The king will consider the matter.)

“Art. 5. That the province be exempted from capitation during ten years. (Refused.)

“Art. 6. That the towns of Montpellier, Perpignan, Cette, and Aiguemortes, be given us as towns of security. (Refused.)

“Art. 7. That the inhabitants of the Cevennes, whose houses have been burned or destroyed in the course of the war, be exempt from taxes during seven years. (Granted.)

“Art. 8. That it please his majesty to permit Cavalier to choose two thousand men, as well from his present troop, as from those who shall be liberated from the prisons or galleys, to form a

regiment of dragoons for the service of his majesty; which shall proceed to Portugal, and receive his majesty's immediate orders. (Granted. If all the Camisards lay down their arms, the king will permit them to live quietly in the free exercise of their religion.)"

This treaty was signed at Nismes on the 17th of May 1704; by Villars on the part of the king, and by Cavalier on the part of the Camisards. Both perhaps exceeded their commissions in signing the treaty. Cavalier, in doing so, was compromising Roland and the other Camisard chiefs; and although Villars acted "in virtue of full powers committed to him by the king," he did not communicate the precise nature of his intercourse with the Camisards to the court at Versailles.

Roland and most of the Camisards treated Cavalier as a traitor. Powerful as he had been when leading his countrymen to battle, his influence was not sufficient to prevent them from refusing their submission, and persevering in their resistance. But, faithful to the promise he had made to Villars, he held to his engagement—abandoned his native mountains with those of his companions who still adhered to him, and proceeding to Paris, presented himself at the court of Louis. The king, on his being presented, judging from his slight and youthful appearance (he was still only in his twentieth year), shrugged his shoulders; and Cavalier met with so doubtful a reception, that he took the first opportunity to withdraw, and save himself in Piedmont—the monarch thus showing himself an indifferent judge of men, as he had previously done when rejecting with contempt the offered services of Prince Eugene of Savoy. Cavalier had a spirit of no ordinary stamp. From Piedmont he retired into Holland, and from thence to England, where he was received into the British service. He became a general officer and governor of Jersey; which post he filled with a well-earned reputation for bravery and talent, as well as prudence and discretion. He died at Chelsea in 1740.

Subsequent to the retirement of Cavalier, the war in the Cevennes was carried on by the Camisards under the direction of Roland, of Ravenet, and others of his former associates. Roland fell in the cause on the 13th of August 1704, and Ravenet was obliged, with many others of his company, to save himself in Switzerland. By the time that Villars quitted Languedoc in December 1704, his measures—partly severe, partly pacific—had succeeded so far, that the Camisard insurrection was considered at an end.

It was not, however, till the death of Louis in 1715 that the persecution of Protestantism in Languedoc closed. Indeed, properly considered, a history of the persecutions of the Protestants in France should reach to the year 1787—within a year of the French Revolution. The narrative of these persecutions, however, would form a distinct story.





## ANECDOTES OF SHOEMAKERS.

**S**HOEMAKERS have in all ages been a somewhat remarkable class of men. Meditative and energetic, as it would appear, from the nature of their profession, they have at various times distinguished themselves as patriots, men of letters, and generally useful members of society. Numerous anecdotes are related of individuals who have thus imparted a glory to the "gentle craft," as shoemaking has been called since the days of the illustrious Crispin. In a small and interesting work entitled "Crispin Anecdotes," we find the following case in illustration.

TIMOTHY BENNETT, a shoemaker, resided in the village of Hampton-Wick, near Richmond, in Surrey. The first passage from this village to Kingston-upon-Thames, through Bushy Park (a royal demesne), had been for many years shut up from the public. This honest Englishman, "unwilling," as he said, "to leave the world worse than he found it," consulted a lawyer upon the practicability of recovering this road, and the probable expense of a legal process. "I have seven hundred pounds," said this honest patriot, "which I should be willing to bestow upon this attempt. It is all I have, and has been saved through a long course of honest industry." The lawyer informed him that no such sum would be necessary to produce this result; and Timothy determined accordingly to proceed with vigour in the prosecution of this public claim. In the meantime Lord Halifax, ranger of Bushy Park, was made acquainted with his intentions, and sent for him. "Who are you, sir," inquired his lordship, "that have the assurance to meddle in this affair?"

"My name, my lord, is Timothy Bennett, shoemaker, of Hampton-Wick. I remember, an't please your lordship, when I was a young man, of seeing, while sitting at my work, the people cheerfully pass by to Kingston market; but now, my lord, they are forced to go round about, through a hot sandy road, ready to faint beneath their burdens, and I am 'unwilling (it was his favourite expression) to leave the world worse than I found it.' This, my lord, I humbly represent, is the reason of my conduct."

"Begone; you are an impertinent fellow!" replied his lordship. However, upon more mature reflection, being convinced of the equity of the claim, and anticipating the ignominy of defeat—"LORD HALIFAX, the NOBLEMAN, nonsuited by TIMOTHY BENNETT, the SHOEMAKER"—he desisted from his opposition, and opened the road, which is enjoyed, without molestation, to this day. Timothy died when an old man, in 1756.

Such a disinterested instance of public virtue is highly worthy of being recorded; and though it may not be in the power of every one to suggest valuable improvements, or to confer lasting benefits on posterity, yet each may, like the patriotic Bennett, endeavour at least not to leave the world worse than he found it.

Few men belonging to the "gentle craft" attained a higher position by their abilities than those whose lives we now have to mention. The first on the list is James Lackington, who flourished towards the end of the last century, and has left an amusing autobiography, which we take the liberty to abridge as follows:—

#### JAMES LACKINGTON.

I WAS born at Wellington, in Somersetshire, on the 31st of August 1746. My father, George Lackington, was a journeyman shoemaker, who had married a maiden in humble life, named Joan Trott, the daughter of a weaver in Wellington. My grandfather, George Lackington, had been a gentleman-farmer at Langford, a village two miles from Wellington, and acquired a pretty considerable property. But my father's mother dying when my father was but about thirteen years of age, my grandfather, who had two daughters, bound my father apprentice to a Mr Hordly, a master shoemaker in Wellington, with the intention of setting him up in business at the expiry of his time. My father worked a year or two as a journeyman, and then having given displeasure by marrying, he was left to shift for himself. I was born in my grandmother Trott's poor cottage; and that good old woman carried me to church, and had me baptised. My grandfather's resentment at the marriage having worn off, he set my father up in a shop, which soon proved a failure. My father had contracted a fatal habit of tippling, and of course his business was neglected; so that, after several fruitless attempts to keep him in trade, he was, partly by a large family, but more

particularly from his habitual drunkenness, reduced to his old state of a journeyman shoemaker. Yet so infatuated was he with the love of liquor, that the endearing ties of husband and father could not restrain him; by which baneful habit himself and family were involved in extreme misery. I may therefore affirm that neither myself, my brothers, nor sisters, are indebted to a father scarcely for anything that can endear his memory, or cause us to reflect on him with pleasure. But to our mother we are indebted for everything. Never did I know a woman who worked and lived so hard as she did to support eleven children; and were I to relate the particulars, they would not gain credit. I shall only observe that, for many years together, she worked nineteen or twenty hours out of every twenty-four. Whenever she was asked to drink a half-pint of ale at any shop where she had been laying out a trifling sum, she always asked leave to take it home to her husband, who was always so mean and selfish as to accept it.

Out of love to her family, she totally abstained from every kind of liquor, water excepted: her food was chiefly broth (little better than water and oatmeal), turnips, potatoes, cabbage, carrots, &c. Her children fared something better, but not much. When I reflect on the astonishing hardships and sufferings of so worthy a woman and her helpless infants, I find myself ready to curse the husband and father that could thus involve them in such a deplorable scene of misery and distress. It is dreadful to add that his habitual drunkenness shortened his days nearly one-half, and that, about twenty years since, he died unregretted by his own children. Although dropping a tear over his grave, we felt a degree of thankfulness that the cause of our poverty and misery was at length taken out of the way.

While my father was still a careful, hard-working man, I was put two or three years to a day-school, kept by an old woman, by whom I was taught to read in the New Testament. But my career of learning was at an end, when my mother became so poor that she could not afford the sum of twopence per week for my schooling; besides, I was obliged to supply the place of a nurse to several of my brothers and sisters. The consequence of this was, that I soon forgot what I had been taught, and was exposed to mischievous habits among the loose boys of the neighbourhood. From this kind of life I was rescued by being employed by a baker to cry and sell pies through the streets. My manner of crying pies, and my activity in selling them, soon made me a favourite of all such as purchased halfpenny apple-pies and plum-puddings, so that in a few weeks an old pie merchant shut up his shop. I lived with this baker about twelve or fifteen months, in which time I sold such large quantities of pies, puddings, cakes, &c. that he often declared to his friends that I had been the means of extricating him from embarrassing circumstances which had pressed upon him.

I was fourteen years and a half old when I was taken to Taunton to be placed with a shoemaker, George Bowden, who took me as an apprentice without any premium, and engaged to find me in everything. I was accordingly bound apprentice to George and Mary Bowden, as honest and worthy a couple as ever carried on a trade. They carefully attended to their shop six days in the week, and on the seventh went with their family twice to an Anabaptist meeting-house, where little attention was paid to speculative doctrines, but where sound morality was constantly inculcated. The two sons of Mr Bowden having joined the Wesleyan Methodists, who were at that time making many converts, I was led to join the same sect. The enthusiastic feelings which I now imbibed, and the desire which I had to talk on religious subjects, many of which were beyond my depth, answered one valuable purpose—it caused me to embrace every opportunity to again learn to read, so that I could soon peruse easy parts of the Bible, and Mr Wesley's hymns; and every leisure minute was so employed. In the winter I was obliged to attend my work from six in the morning until ten at night. In the summer half year I only worked as long as we could see without candle; but notwithstanding the close attention I was obliged to pay to my trade, for a long time I read ten chapters in the Bible every day. I also read and learned many hymns; and as soon as I could procure some of Mr Wesley's tracts, sermons, &c. I read them likewise. I had such good eyes, that I often read by the light of the moon, as my master would never allow me to take a candle into my room.

In the fourth year of my apprenticeship my master died, by which event I gained a little more liberty in attending the meetings of the Methodists, who certainly never had a more unscrupulous proselyte. In my excitement, my memory became very tenacious, so that everything I read I made my own. I could have repeated several volumes of hymns; when I heard a sermon, I could have preached it again, and nearly in the same words; my Bible had hundreds of leaves folded down, and thousands of marks against such texts as I thought favoured the doctrines which I had imbibed. My religious exercises at length suffered interruption. The election for two members of parliament was strongly contested at Taunton just as I attained my twenty-first year (1767), and being now of age, the six or seven months which I had to serve of my apprenticeship were purchased of my mistress by some friends of two of the contending candidates, so that I was at once set free amidst a scene of riot and dissipation. Having a vote, and being possessed of a few ideas above those of my rank and situation, my company was courted by some who were in a much higher sphere; and in such company I soon forgot my former connexions, and ran into the extreme of intemperance. My condition was deplorable; for when the election was over, I had no longer open houses to eat

and drink at free cost, and having refused bribes, I was nearly out of cash. However, I did not sink quite so low as I might have done, but in general worked very hard, and did not spend all I earned in dissipation.

Wearied with this mode of life, and wishing to see more of the world, I shortly after went to Bristol, where I procured work, and fell into a course of reading, which occupied my leisure hours. In the course of my reading, I learned that there had been various sects of philosophers amongst the Greeks, Romans, &c. and I well remembered the names of the most eminent of them. At an old book-shop I purchased Plato on the Immortality of the Soul, Plutarch's Morals, Seneca's Morals, Epicurus's Morals, the morals of Confucius the Chinese philosopher, and a few others. I now can scarcely help thinking that I received more real benefit from reading and studying them and Epictetus, than from all other books that I had read before, or have ever read since that time. I was only twenty-two years of age when I first began to read those fine moral productions, and they made a very deep and lasting impression on my mind. By reading them, I was taught to bear the unavoidable evils attending humanity, and to supply all my wants by contracting or restraining my desires—

“To mend my virtues, and exalt my thought,  
What the bright sons of Greece and Rome have wrote  
O'er day and night I turn; in them we find  
A rich repast for the luxurious mind.”

It is now twenty-three years since I first perused them, during which time I do not recollect that I have ever felt one anxious painful wish to get money, estates, or anyway to better my condition; and yet I have never since that time let slip any fair opportunity of doing it. Be contented, says Isocrates, with what you have, and seek at the same time to make the best improvement of it you can. So that all I mean is, that I have not been over-solicitous to obtain anything that I did not possess; but could at all times say with St Paul, that I have learned to be contented in all situations, although at times they have been very gloomy indeed. Dryden says—

“We to ourselves may all our wishes grant,  
For nothing coveting, we nothing want.”

The pleasure of eating and drinking I entirely despised, and for some time carried this disposition to an extreme; and even to the present time I feel a very great indifference about these matters: when in company, I frequently dine off one dish when there are twenty on the table. The account of Epicurus living in his garden at the expense of about a halfpenny per day, and that, when he added a little cheese to his bread on particular occasions, he considered it as a luxury, filled me with raptures.

From that moment I began to live on bread and tea, and for a considerable time did not partake of any other viands; but in those I indulged myself three or four times a-day. My reasons for living in this abstemious manner were in order to save money to purchase books, to wean myself from the gross pleasures of eating and drinking, &c. and to purge my mind, and to make it more susceptible of intellectual pleasures; and here I cannot help remarking that the term Epicure, when applied to one who makes the pleasures of the table his chief good, casts an unjust reflection on Epicurus, and conveys a wrong idea of that contemplative and very abstemious philosopher; for although he asserted that pleasure was the chief or supreme good, yet he also as strongly asserted that it was the tranquillity of the mind, and intellectual pleasure, that he so extolled and recommended. "This pleasure," says he, "that is the very centre of our happiness, consists in nothing else than having our mind free from disturbance, and our body free from pain; drunkenness, excessive eating, niceness in our liquors, and all that seasons good cheer, have nothing in them that can make life happy; there is nothing but frugality and tranquillity of mind that establish this happy state; it is this calm that facilitates our distinguishing betwixt those things that ought to be our choice, and those we ought to shun; and it is by the means thereof that we discard those notions that discompose this first mover of our life." St Evremont, in his vindication of Epicurus, says, "Ignorant men know not his worth. Wise men have given large and honourable testimonies of his exalted virtue and sublime precepts. They have fully proved his pleasures to be as severe as the Stoic's virtue; that to be debauched like Epicurus, a man must be as sober as Zeno. His temperance was so great, that his ordinary diet was nothing but bread and water. The Stoics and all other philosophers agree with Epicurus in this—that the true felicity of life is to be free from perturbations; to understand our duty towards God and man, and to enjoy the present without any anxious dependence upon the future; not to amuse ourselves either with hopes or fears; to curb and restrain our unruly appetites; to rest satisfied with what we have, which is abundantly sufficient; for he that is content wants nothing."

I continued the above self-denying life until I left Bristol, which was on Whitsunday in 1769. I had, for some time before, been pointing out to a young friend, John Jones, some of the pleasures and advantages of travelling, so that I easily prevailed on him to accompany me towards the west of England; and in the evening we arrived at Bridgewater, where Mr Jones got work. He was employed by Mr Cash, with whom he continued near twelve months, and in the end married his daughter, a very pretty and amiable little woman with some fortune. When my friend was offered work by Mr Cash, I prevailed on

him to accept of it, assuring him that I had no doubt of my being able to get work at Taunton: but in that I was disappointed; nor could I get a constant seat of work until I came to Exeter, and of that place I was soon tired; but being informed that a Mr John Taylor of Kingsbridge (forty miles below Exeter) wanted such a hand, I went down, and was gladly received by Mr Taylor, whose name inspires me with gratitude, as he never treated me as a journeyman, but made me his companion. Nor was any part of my time ever spent in a more agreeable, pleasing manner, than that which I passed in this retired place, or, I believe, more profitable to a master. I was the first man he ever had that was able to make stuff and silk shoes; and it being also known that I came from Bristol, this had great weight with the country ladies, and procured my master customers, who generally sent for me to take the measure of their feet; and I was looked upon by all to be the best workman in the town, although I had not been brought up to stuff-work, nor had ever entirely made one stuff or silk shoe before. Nor should I have presumed to proclaim myself a stuff-man, had there been any such workmen in the place; but as there were none, I boldly ventured, and succeeded very well; nor did any one in the town ever know that it was my first attempt in that branch.

During the time that I lived here, I, as usual, was obliged to employ one or other of my acquaintance to write my letters for me. This procured me much praise among the young men as a good inditer of letters. My master said to me one day he was surprised that I did not learn to write my own letters; and added, that he was sure I could learn to do it in a very short time. The thought pleased me much, and without any delay I set about it, by taking up any pieces of paper that had writing on them, and imitating the letters as well as I could. I employed my leisure hours in this way for nearly two months, after which time I wrote my own letters, in a bad hand of course, but it was plain, and easy to read, which was all I cared for; nor, to the present moment, can I write much better, as I never would have any person to teach me; nor was I ever possessed of patience enough to employ time sufficient to learn to write well; and yet, as soon as I was able to scribble, I wrote verses on some trifle or other every day for years together.

I came to this place in but a weak state of body; however, the healthy situation of the town, together with bathing in the salt water, soon restored me to perfect health. I passed thirteen months here in a very happy manner; but the wages for work being very low, and as I had spent much time in writing hymns to every song tune that I knew, besides a number of love verses, letters, &c. I was very poor; and, to complete all, I began to keep a deal of company, in which I gave a loose to my natural gaiety of disposition, much more than was consistent with the grave, sedate ideas which I had formed of a religious character;

all which made me resolve to leave Kingsbridge, which I did in 1770.

I travelled as far as Exeter the first day, where I worked about a fortnight, and saved sufficient to carry me to Bridgewater, where I worked two or three weeks more. Before I arrived there, Mr John Jones had gone back to reside at Bristol; but as soon as he heard of my being in Bridgewater, he and his brother Richard sent me an invitation to come to Bristol again and live with them. Finding that I did not immediately comply, they both came to Bridgewater, and declared their intentions of not returning to Bristol without me; so that, after a day or two, I yielded to their solicitations, and lived very comfortably with them, their mother, and sister.

When residing at Taunton, I became acquainted with a young woman of good character and charming manners, with whom I afterwards kept up a correspondence; and I had not been long in Bristol before I wrote to her. I informed her that my attachment to books, together with travelling from place to place, and also my total disregard for money, had prevented me from saving any; and that, while I remained in a single unsettled state, I was never likely to accumulate it. I also pressed her very much to come to Bristol to be married, which she soon complied with; and married we were, at St Peter's church, towards the end of the year 1770. We kept our wedding at the house of my friends the Messrs Jones, and retired to ready-furnished lodgings, which we had before provided, at half-a-crown per week. Our finances were just sufficient to pay the expenses of the day; for the next morning, in searching our pockets (which we did not do in a careless manner), we discovered that we had but one halfpenny to begin the world with. It is true we had laid in eatables sufficient for a day or two, in which time we knew we could by our work procure more, which we very cheerfully set about, singing together the following lines of Dr Cotton:—

“ Our portion is not large indeed,  
But then how little do we need,  
For nature's calls are few;  
In this the art of living lies:  
To want no more than may suffice,  
And make that little do.”

At this time my wages were only nine shillings a-week, and my wife could get but very little, as she was learning to bind shoes, and had never been much used to the needle. Being pressed for a debt of forty shillings, due to Mr Jones, I paid it off in two months, which greatly lessened our comforts. What we had to spend on provisions was not more than four shillings and sixpence a-week. Strong beer we had none, nor any other liquor (the pure element excepted); and instead of tea, or rather coffee, we toasted a piece of bread; at other times we fried some



wheat, which, when boiled in water, made a tolerable substitute for coffee; and as to animal food, we made use of but little, and that little we boiled and made broth of. During the whole of this time we never once wished for anything that we had not got, but were quite contented; and, with a good grace, in reality made a virtue of necessity.

In a few days after we had paid the last five shillings of the debt claimed by my friend Mr Jones, we were both together taken so ill as to be confined to bed; but the good woman of the house, our landlady, came to our room, and did a few trifles for us. She seemed very much alarmed at our situation—or rather for her own, I suppose, as thinking we might in some measure become burdensome to her. We had in cash two shillings and ninepence, half-a-crown of which we had carefully locked up in a box, to be saved as a resource on any extraordinary emergency. This money supported us two or three days, in which time I recovered, without the help of medicine; but my wife continued ill nearly six months, and was confined to her bed the greater part of the time, which illness may very easily be accounted for.

Before she came to Bristol, she had ever been used to a very active life, and had always lived in the country; so that, in coming to dwell in a populous city, she had exchanged much exercise and good air for a sedentary life and very bad air; and this, I presume, was the cause of all her illness from time to time, which at length, as unfortunately as effectually, undermined her constitution. During her first six months' illness I lived many days solely on water-gruel. "What nature requires," says Montaigne, "is so small a matter, that by its littleness it escapes the gripes of fortune;" for as I could not afford to pay a nurse, much of my time was taken up in attendance on her, and most of my money expended in procuring medicines, together with such trifles as she could eat and drink. But what added extremely to my calamity, was the being within the hearing of her groans, which were caused by the excruciating pains in her head, which for months together defied the power of medicine. It is impossible for words to describe the keenness of my sensations during this long term; yet as to myself, my poverty, and being obliged to live upon water-gruel, gave me not the least uneasiness.

At length my wife partially recovered, but yet continued in a very bad state of health; and her constitution having suffered such a dreadful shock, I thought that no means could be used so likely to restore it as a removal to her native air. Accordingly, I left my seat of work at Bristol, and returned with her to Taunton, which is about seven miles from Petherton, her native place. But in Taunton I could not procure so much work as I could do; so that, as soon as I thought she could bear the air of Bristol, we returned thither, where she soon relapsed, and we

again went back to Taunton. This removing to Taunton was repeated about five times in little more than two years and a half.

But at last finding that she had long fits of illness at Taunton also, as well as at Bristol, with a view of having a better price for my work, I resolved to visit London; and as I had not money sufficient to bear the expenses of both to town, I left her all the money I could spare, and took a place on the outside of the stage-coach, and the second day arrived in the metropolis, in August 1773, with two shillings and sixpence in my pocket. Having procured a lodging, I was fortunate in immediately getting work from Mr Heath in Fore Street. In a month I saved money sufficient to bring up my wife, and she had a tolerable state of health: of my master I obtained some stuff-shoes for her to bind, and nearly as much as she could do. Having now plenty of work, and higher wages, we were tolerably easy in our circumstances, more so than ever we had been, so that we soon procured a few clothes. My wife had all her life before done very well with a cloth cloak, but I now prevailed on her to have one of silk. Until this winter, I had never found out that I wanted a greatcoat, but now I made that important discovery. This requisite article of attire I purchased at a second-hand clothes-shop for half a guinea.

About the end of November I became heir to the sum of ten pounds, left by my grandfather; and so totally was I unacquainted with the modes of transacting business, that I undertook a long journey in the heart of winter, and suffered various hardships before my return to town with the cash, one-half of which was consumed in getting it. With the remainder of the money we purchased household goods; but as we then had not sufficient to furnish a room, we worked hard, and lived still harder, so that in a short time we had a room furnished with articles of our own; and I believe that it is not possible for any one to imagine with what pleasure and satisfaction we looked round the room and surveyed our property. I believe that Alexander the Great never reflected on his immense acquisitions with half the heartfelt enjoyment which we experienced on this capital attainment.

After our room was furnished, as we still enjoyed a better state of health than we did at Bristol and Taunton, and had also more work, and higher wages, we often added something or other to our stock of wearing apparel. Nor did I forget the old book-shops, but frequently added an old book to my small collection; and I really have often purchased books with the money that should have been expended in purchasing something to eat; a striking instance of which follows. At the time we were purchasing household goods, we kept ourselves very short of money, and on Christmas eve we had but half-a-crown left to buy a Christmas dinner. My wife desired that I would go to market and purchase this festival dinner, and off I set for that purpose; but in the way I saw an old book-shop, and I could not resist the temptation of going in,

intending only to expend sixpence or ninepence out of my half-crown. But I stumbled upon Young's Night Thoughts, forgot my dinner, down went my half-crown, and I hastened home, vastly delighted with the acquisition. When my wife asked me where was our Christmas dinner, I told her it was in my pocket. "In your pocket?" said she; "that is a strange place! How could you think of stuffing a joint of meat into your pocket?" I assured her that it would take no harm. But as I was in no haste to take it out, she began to be more particular, and inquired what I had got, &c.; on which I began to harangue on the superiority of intellectual pleasures over sensual gratifications, and observed that the brute creation enjoyed the latter in a much higher degree than man; and that a man who was not possessed of intellectual enjoyments was but a two-legged brute. I was proceeding in this strain: "And so," said she, "instead of buying a dinner, I suppose you have, as you have done before, been buying books with the money?" I confessed I had bought Young's Night Thoughts. "And I think," said I, "that I have acted wisely; for had I bought a dinner, we should have eaten it to-morrow, and the pleasure would have been soon over; but should we live fifty years longer, we shall have the Night Thoughts to feast upon." This was too powerful an argument to admit of any further debate; in short, my wife was convinced. Down I sat, and began to read with as much enthusiasm as the good doctor possessed when he wrote it; and so much did it excite my attention, as well as approbation, that I retained the greatest part of it in my memory.

Some time in June 1774, as we sat at work in our room, Mr Boyd, one of Mr Wesley's people, called and informed me that a little shop and parlour were to be let in Featherstone Street; adding, that if I were to take them, I might there get some work as a master. I without hesitation told him that I liked the idea, and hinted that I would sell books also. Mr Boyd then asked me how I came to think of selling books? I informed him that, until that moment, it had never once entered into my thoughts; but that, when he proposed my taking the shop, it instantaneously occurred to my mind that for several months past I had observed a great increase in a certain old book-shop, and that I was persuaded I knew as much of old books as the person who kept it. I further observed that I loved books, and that if I could but be a bookseller, I should then have plenty of books to read, which was the greatest motive I could conceive to induce me to make the attempt. My friend on this assured me that he would get the shop for me, which he did; and to set me up in style, he recommended me to a friend, of whom I purchased a bagful of old books, chiefly divinity, for a guinea.

With this stock, and some odd scraps of leather, which, together with all my books, were worth about five pounds, I opened shop on Midsummer-day 1744, in Featherstone Street, in

the parish of St Luke; and I was as well pleased in surveying my little shop with my name over it, as was Nebuchadnezzar when he said, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built?"

Notwithstanding the obscurity of the street, and the mean appearance of my shop, yet I soon found customers for what few books I had, and I as soon laid out the money in other old trash which was daily brought for sale. At that time Mr Wesley's people had a sum of money which was kept on purpose to lend out, for three months, without interest, to such of their society whose characters were good, and who wanted a temporary relief. To increase my little stock, I borrowed five pounds out of this fund, which was of great service to me.

In our new situation we lived in a very frugal manner, often dining on potatoes, and quenching our thirst with water; being absolutely determined, if possible, to make some provision for such dismal times as sickness, shortness of work, &c. which we had been so frequently involved in before, and could scarcely help expecting not to be our fate again. My wife foreboded it much more than I did, being of a more melancholy turn of mind. I lived in this street six months, and in that time increased my stock from five to twenty-five pounds.

This immense stock I deemed too valuable to be buried in Featherstone Street; and a shop and parlour being to let in Chiswell Street, No. 46, I took them. This was at that time, and for fourteen years afterwards, a very dull and obscure situation, as few ever passed through it besides Spitalfields weavers on hanging days, and Methodists on preaching nights; but still it was much better adapted for business than Featherstone Street.

A few weeks after I came into this street I bade a final adieu to the "gentle craft," and converted my little stock of leather, &c. into old books; and a great sale I had, considering my stock, which was not only extremely small, but contained very little variety, as it principally consisted of divinity; for as I had not much knowledge, so I seldom ventured out of my depth.

I went on prosperously until some time in September 1775, when I was suddenly taken ill of a dreadful fever; and eight or ten days after, my wife was seized with the same disorder.

"Human hopes now mounting high  
On the swelling surge of joy,  
Now with unexpected wo  
Sinking to the depths below."

At that time I kept only a boy to help in my shop, so that I fear, while I lay ill, my wife had too much care and anxiety on her mind. I have been told that, before she was confined to her bed, she walked about in a delirious state; in which she did not long continue, but, contrary to all expectation, died on the 9th of November. She was, in reality, one of the best of women; and although, for about four years, she was ill the greater part of the

time, which involved me in the very depth of poverty and distress, yet I never once repented having married her.

My recovery was slow; and what added to my misfortune, I was in the hands of nurses, who robbed my drawers, and kept themselves drunk with gin, while I lay unable to move in bed. My whole stock in trade would also have gone, had the shop not been prudently locked up by two friends, who took an interest in my affairs.

On fully recovering, and resuming business, I found it necessary to resume the married state. Fortune threw in my way Miss Dorcas Turton, an amiable young woman, daughter of Mr Samuel Turton of Staffordshire, a gentleman in reduced circumstances, who was supported by her industry. She cheerfully submitted to keep a school, and worked very hard at plain work, by which means she kept her father above want. The old gentleman died about this time; and being partly acquainted with this young lady's goodness to her father, I concluded that so amiable a daughter was very likely to make a good wife. I also knew that she was immoderately fond of books, and would frequently read until morning. This turn of mind in her was the greatest of all recommendations to me, who, having acquired a few ideas, was at that time restless to increase them; so that I was in raptures with the bare thoughts of having a woman to read with, and also to read to me.

I embraced the first opportunity after my recovery to make her acquainted with my mind; and as we were no strangers to each other's characters and circumstances, there was no need of a long formal courtship; so I prevailed on her not to defer our union longer than the 30th of January 1776, when, for the second time, I entered into the holy state of matrimony.

“ Wedded love is founded on esteem,  
Which the fair merits of the mind engage,  
For those are charms that never can decay;  
But time, which gives new whiteness to the swan,  
Improves their lustre.”

I am now, in February 1776, arrived at an important period of my life. Being lately recovered from a very painful, dangerous, and hopeless illness, I found myself once more in a confirmed state of health, surrounded by my little stock in trade, which was but just saved from thieves, and which, to me, was an immense treasure. I had never taken a fair estimate of the world, or looked with a kindly eye on man's condition. My mind now began to expand; intellectual light and pleasure broke in and dispelled the gloom of fanatical melancholy; the sourness of my natural temper, which had been much increased by superstition (called by Swift “the spleen of the soul”), in part gave way, and was succeeded by cheerfulness and some degree of good-nature; I began to enjoy many innocent pleasures and recrea-

tions in life ; and saw, for the first time, that true religion was no way incompatible with, or an enemy to, rational enjoyments. I now likewise began to read with great pleasure the rational and moderate divines of all denominations ; and a year or two after, I began with metaphysics, in the intricate, though pleasing labyrinths of which I have occasionally since wandered, nor am I ever likely to find my way out. After this I did not long remain in Mr Wesley's society.

My new wife's attachment to books was a very fortunate circumstance for us both, not only as it was a perpetual source of rational amusement, but also as it tended to promote my trade. Her extreme love for books made her delight to be in the shop, so that she soon became perfectly acquainted with every part of it, and, as my stock increased, with other rooms where I kept books, and could readily get any article that was asked for. Accordingly, when I was out on business, my shop was well attended. This constant attention and good usage procured me many customers, and I soon perceived that I could sell double and treble the quantity of books if I had a larger stock. But how to enlarge it I knew not, except by slow degrees, as my profits should enable me ; for as I was almost a stranger in London, I had but few acquaintances, and these few were not of the opulent sort. I also saw that the town abounded with cheats, swindlers, &c. who obtained money and other property under false pretences, of which the credulous were defrauded, which often prevented me from endeavouring to borrow, lest I should be suspected of having the same bad designs. I was several times so hard put to it for cash to purchase parcels of books which were offered to me, that I more than once pawned my watch and a suit of clothes, and twice I pawned some books for money to purchase others. In 1778 I was relieved from this pinched state of affairs, by entering into partnership with a worthy man, Mr John Dennis, who was possessed of some capital. This partnership existed two years, under the firm of J. Lackington and Company ; and while it lasted, we issued a catalogue of our books, which included twelve thousand volumes. In 1780 the partnership was dissolved ; and as Mr Dennis had more money in the concern than myself, he took my notes for what was deficient, which was a great favour done to me. We parted with great friendship, and I was left to pursue trade in my own way.

It was some time in the year 1780 when I resolved, from that period, to give no person whatever any credit. I was induced to make this resolution from various motives. I had observed that where credit was given, most bills were not paid within six months, many not within a twelvemonth, and some not within two years. Indeed many tradesmen have accounts of seven years' standing, and some bills are never paid. The losses sustained by the interest of money in long credits, and by those

bills that were not paid at all; the inconveniences attending not having the ready money to lay out in trade to the best advantage, together with the great loss of time in keeping accounts and collecting debts, convinced me that, if I could but establish a ready-money business, without any exceptions, I should be enabled to sell every article very cheap—

“Let all the learned say all they can,  
’Tis ready money makes the man.”

When I communicated my ideas on this subject to some of my acquaintances, I was much laughed at and ridiculed; and it was thought that I might as well attempt to rebuild the tower of Babel, as to establish a large business without giving credit. But notwithstanding this discouragement, I determined to make the experiment, and began by plainly marking in every book, facing the title, the lowest price that I would take for it; which being much lower than the common market-prices, I not only retained my former customers, but soon increased their numbers. But it can scarcely be imagined what difficulties I encountered for several years together. I even sometimes thought of relinquishing this my favourite scheme altogether, as by it I was obliged to deny credit to my very acquaintance: I was also under the necessity of refusing it to the most respectable characters, as no exception was or now is made, not even in favour of nobility; my porters being strictly enjoined, by one general order, to bring back all books not previously paid for, except they receive the amount on delivery. Again, many in the country found it difficult to remit small sums that were under bankers’ notes (which difficulty is now done away, as all post-masters receive small sums of money, and give drafts for the same on the post-office in London); and others, to whom I was a stranger, did not like to send the money first, as not knowing how I should treat them, and suspecting, by the price of the articles, there must certainly be some deception. Many, unacquainted with my plan of business, were much offended, until the advantages accruing to them from it were duly explained, when they very readily acceded to it. As to the anger of such, who, though they were acquainted with it, were still determined to deal on credit only, I considered that as of little consequence, from an opinion that some of them would have been as much enraged when their bills were sent in, had credit been given them.

I had also difficulties of another nature to encounter. When I first began to sell very cheap, many came to my shop prepossessed against my goods, and of course often saw faults where none existed; so that the best editions were, merely from prejudice, deemed very bad editions, and the best bindings said to be inferior workmanship, for no other reason but because I sold them so cheap; and I often received letters from the country

to know if such and such articles were *really* as I stated them in my catalogues, and if they *really* were the best editions, if *really* in calf, and *really* elegantly bound, with many other *realities*. I was afraid, for some years, that I should be really mad with vexation. But these letters of *realities* have for years happily ceased; and the public are now really and thoroughly convinced that I will not assert in my catalogues what is not *really* true. But imagine what I must have felt on hearing the very best of goods depreciated, on no other account whatever but because they were not charged at a higher price!

It is also worth observing that there were not wanting, among the booksellers, some who were mean enough to assert that all my books were bound in sheep; and many other unmanly artifices were practised; all of which, so far from injuring me, as basely intended, turned to my account; for when gentlemen were brought to my shop by their friends to purchase some trifling article, or were led into it by curiosity, they were often very much surprised to see many thousands of volumes in elegant and superb bindings. The natural conclusion was, that if I had not held forth to the public better terms than others, I should not have been so much envied and misrepresented.

“To Malice, sure, I’m much obliged,  
On every side by Calumny besieged;  
Yet, Envy, I could almost call thee friend.”

So that, whether I am righteous or not, all these afflictions have worked together for my good. But my temporal salvation was not effected without “conditions.” As every envious transaction was to me an additional spur to exertion, I am therefore not a little indebted to Messrs Envy, Detraction, and Co., for my present prosperity; though I can safely say this is the only debt I am determined not to pay.

In the first three years after I refused to give credit to any person, my business increased much; and as the whole of my profit, after paying all expenses, was laid out in books, my stock was continually enlarged, so that my catalogues in the year 1784 were very much augmented in size. The first contained twelve thousand, and the second thirty thousand volumes. This increase was not merely in numbers, but also in value, as a very great part of these volumes was better; that is, books of a higher price.

When I was first initiated into the various manœuvres practised by booksellers, I found it customary among them (which practice still continues), that when any books had not gone off so rapidly as expected, or so fast as to pay for keeping them in store, they would put what remained of such articles into private sales, where only booksellers are admitted, and of them only such as were invited by having a catalogue sent them. At one of these sales I have frequently seen seventy or eighty thou-



sand volumes sold after dinner, including books of every description, good, bad, and indifferent: by this means they were distributed through the trade.

When first invited to these trade-sales, I was very much surprised to learn that it was common for such as purchased remainders to destroy one-half or three-fourths of such books, and to charge the full publication price, or nearly that, for such as they kept on hand; and there was a kind of standing order amongst the trade, that in case any one was known to sell articles under the publication price, such a person was to be excluded from trade-sales; so blind were copyright-holders to their own interest.

For a short time I cautiously complied with this custom; but I soon began to reflect that many of these books so destroyed possessed much merit, and only wanted to be better known; and that, if others were not worth six shillings, they were worth three, or two, and so in proportion, for higher or lower-priced books. From that time I resolved not to destroy any books that were worth saving, but to sell them off at half, or a quarter, of the publication prices. By selling them in this cheap manner, I have disposed of many hundred thousand volumes, many thousands of which have been intrinsically worth their original prices—greatly of course to the dissatisfaction of the trade.

It may be supposed I could not carry on this large business, in which I had frequently to write catalogues, without some knowledge of literature. This knowledge I gained by dint of application. I read extensively in all branches of literature; and in order to obtain some ideas in astronomy, geography, electricity, pneumatics, &c. I attended a few lectures given by the eminent Mr Ferguson, the very ingenious Mr Walker, and others; and for some time several gentlemen spent two or three evenings in a week at my house, for the purpose of improvement in science. At these meetings we made the best use of our time with globes, telescopes, microscopes, electrical machines, air-pumps, air-guns, and other philosophical instruments.

My thirst was, and still is, so great for literature, that I could almost subscribe to the opinions of Herillus the philosopher, who placed in learning the sovereign good, and maintained that it was alone sufficient to make us wise and happy. Others have said that "learning is the mother of all virtue, and that vice is produced from ignorance." Although that is not strictly true, yet I cannot help regretting the disadvantages I labour under by having been deprived of the benefits of an early education, as it is a loss that can scarcely be repaired in any situation. How much more difficult, then, was it for me to attain any degree of proficiency, when involved in the concerns of a large business!

"Without a genius, learning soars in vain,  
And without learning, genius sinks again;  
Their force united, crowns the sprightly reign."

To reading and study I added a gradually-increasing knowledge of mankind, for which I know of no school equal to a bookseller's shop. A bookseller who has any taste for literature, may be said to feed his mind as cooks and butchers' wives get fat by the smell of meat. If the master is of an inquisitive and communicative turn, and is in a considerable line of business, his shop will then be a place of resort for persons of various nations, and of various capacities and dispositions. To talk to these different inquirers after books has given me much pleasure and instruction, so that I have sometimes compared my shop to a stage.

In my progress from penury to wealth I had occasion to make many discoveries. I by and by found that lodging in town is not so healthy as it is in the country. Gay's lines were then repeated—

“Long in the noisy town I've been immured,  
Respired in smoke, and all its cares endured.”

The year after, my country lodging, by regular gradation, was transformed into a country-house; and in another year, the inconveniences attending a stage-coach were remedied by a chariot—

“My precious wife has ventured to declare,  
’Tis vulgar on one's legs to take the air.”

For four years Upper Holloway was to me an elysium; then Surrey appeared unquestionably the most beautiful county in England, and Upper Merton the most rural village in Surrey; so now Merton is selected as the seat of occasional philosophical retirement. In these various improvements in my means and position, it was unpleasant to find that I was pursued with envy and malevolence; but I consoled myself with the observation of Dr Johnson, that “it is no less a proof of eminence to have many enemies than many friends.” All sorts of stories injurious to my reputation were circulated by those who envied me my success. Whatever was said as to my means of attaining opulence, I can affirm that I found the whole of what I am possessed of in—*small profits*, bound by *industry*, and clasped by *economy*.

In conducting my business, I have ever kept an exact account of my profits and expenses, and regulated my mode of living accordingly. In 1791 the profits of my shop amounted to four thousand pounds, since which time they have yearly increased. My business being large, and branching into different departments, in 1793 I sold to Mr Robert Allan, who had been brought up in my shop, a fourth share of the business; and as the trade is constantly increasing, I suppose I shall be obliged to take another partner very soon; for we now sell more than one hundred thousand volumes annually. The time also approaches when I

must retire, on account of the bad health which both Mrs Lackington and myself labour under.

In these latter years, while still in trade, I have made several professional tours into Scotland and various parts of England. One of my most amusing excursions has been to Bristol, Exbridge, Bridgewater, Taunton, Wellington, and other places, where I called on my former masters, and astonished them by pretending to seek employment as a shoemaker, while sitting in my carriage. On telling them who I was, all appeared to be very happy to see me, and they enjoyed the humour of my address. Among a great number of poor relations I distributed means of comfort.

Lackington here closes his memoirs, which bring his life down to 1793, when his business, one of the largest in London, was conducted in a shop of very large size, called the "Temple of the Muses," at the corner of Finsbury Square. The memoirs abound in severe, and we have no doubt most unjust, remarks on the Methodists both as to life and doctrine, and these Lackington afterwards repented having written. Uniting himself again to the Wesleyan society, he endeavoured to obviate the injustice of his sarcasms by publishing a confession of his errors. Much of what he had stated he acknowledged to have taken on trust; and many things he now discovered to have been without a proper foundation. These "Confessions," which appeared in 1803, never altogether accomplished their purpose; so difficult is it to recall or make reparation for a word lightly spoken. In sincere humiliation of spirit, Lackington retired to Budleigh Salterton, in Devonshire, where he built and endowed a chapel, and performed various other acts of munificence, and spent the conclusion of his days. He died on the 22d of November 1815, in the seventieth year of his age.

### THOMAS HOLCROFT

was born in London in the year 1745, at which time his father wrought as a shoemaker, and his mother dealt in greens and oysters. His father, who seems to have been a person of unsettled habits, though a well-meaning and upright man, knew very little of his business, to which he had not been regularly bred, and, in spite of the exertions both of himself and his wife, his affairs were not by any means prosperous. When about six years of age, the family removed from London to a place in Berkshire, where Thomas was fortunate in getting a little schooling, and also in gaining the friendship of a kind-hearted lad, his father's apprentice. The acquisition of the art of reading opened up a world of delight to young Holcroft. "One day," says he in his memoirs, "as I was sitting at the gate with my Bible in my hand, a neighbouring farmer, coming to see my father, asked

me if I could read the Bible already. I answered yes ; and he desired me to let him hear me. I began at the place where the book was open, read fluently, and afterwards told him that, if he pleased, he should hear the tenth chapter of Nehemiah. At this he seemed still more amazed, and wishing to be convinced, bade me read. After listening till he found I could really pronounce the uncouth Hebrew names so much better, and more easily than he supposed to be within the power of so young a child, he patted my head, gave me a penny, and said I was an uncommon boy. It would be hard to say whether his praise or his gift was most flattering to me. Soon after, my father's apprentice, the kind-hearted Dick, who came backward and forward to my father on his affairs, brought me two delightful histories [the History of Parismus and Parismenes, and the Seven Champions of Christendom], which were among those then called Chapman's Books. It was scarcely possible for anything to have been more grateful to me than this present. Parismus and Parismenes, with all the adventures detailed in the Seven Champions of Christendom, were soon as familiar to me as my catechism, or the daily prayers I repeated kneeling before my father."

The misfortunes of the family soon caused a removal from their home in Berkshire, and they now may be said to have been fairly abroad in the world. They adopted a wandering life, the mother turning pedlar, and hawking her wares through the outskirts and neighbourhood of London, while her son trotted after her ; and the father, after a vain attempt to obtain some regular employment, in a short time joining the party, who now extended their peregrinations to remote parts of the country. While leading this life, they endured the greatest hardships, and upon one occasion were so severely pressed, that Thomas was sent to beg from house to house in a village where they happened to be. At length the father managed to buy two or three asses, which he loaded with hampers of apples and pears, and drove about through the country. But this apparent improvement in their circumstances afforded no alleviation to the sufferings of the unfortunate Thomas. "The bad nourishment I met with," says he, "the cold and wretched manner in which I was clothed, and the excessive weariness I endured in following these animals day after day, and being obliged to drive creatures perhaps still more weary than myself, were miseries much too great, and loaded my little heart with sorrows far too pungent ever to be forgotten. By-roads and high roads were alike to be traversed, but the former far the oftenest, for they were then almost innumerable, and the state of them in winter would scarcely at present be believed." In one instance, he mentions that he travelled on foot thirty miles in one day ; and he was at this time only a child of about ten years old. During all this time he made little or no progress in reading. "I was too much pressed," he says, "by fatigue, hunger, cold, and nakedness." Yet as he continued to

repeat his prayers and catechism morning and evening, and to read the Prayer-book and Bible on Sundays, he at least did not forget what he had formerly learned. On one occasion, too, he states that the ballad of Chevy-Chase having fallen into his hands, his father, who was very proud of what he conceived to be his son's talents, and particularly of his memory, set him to get by heart the whole song, by way of task, which he performed, in the midst of his toils, in three days. His father gave him a half-penny for the achievement, which made him think himself at the time quite a wealthy man.

From the mean and distressing circumstances in which he was plunged, he at length made a slight advance upwards. When twelve years of age, he was taken to the Nottingham races, and here he was so much struck by the contrast between his own mean and ragged condition, and that of the clean, well-fed, and well-clothed stable-boys, that he determined to try if he could not find a master to engage him in that capacity in Newmarket. After much perseverance, and being turned off upon a short trial, first by one master, and then by another, from the little knowledge he was found to have of riding, he was at last taken into the service of a person who was considerate enough not to expect him to be a finished groom almost before he could have ever mounted a horse. He very soon began to distinguish himself by his expertness in his new occupation; and the language in which he speaks of his change of circumstances forcibly paints his sense of the miseries from which he had been extricated. Alluding to the hearty meal which he and his companions were wont to make every morning at nine o'clock, after four hours' exercise of their horses, he says, "Nothing, perhaps, can exceed the enjoyment of a stable-boy's breakfast: what, then, may not be said of mine, who had so long been used to suffer hunger, and so seldom found the means of satisfying it! For my own part," he adds, "so total and striking was the change which had taken place in my situation, that I could not but feel it very sensibly. I was more conscious of it than most boys would have been, and therefore not a little satisfied. The former part of my life had most of it been spent in turmoil, and often in singular wretchedness. I had been exposed to every want, every weariness, and every occasion of despondency, except that such poor sufferers become reconciled to, and almost insensible of, suffering; and boyhood and beggary are fortunately not prone to despond. Happy had been the meal where I had enough; rich to me was the rag that kept me warm; and heavenly the pillow, no matter what, or how hard, on which I could lay my head to sleep. Now I was warmly clothed, nay, gorgeously; for I was proud of my new livery, and never suspected that there was disgrace in it. I fed voluptuously, not a prince on earth perhaps with half the appetite and never-failing relish; and instead of being obliged to drag through the dirt

after the most sluggish, obstinate, and despised among our animals, I was mounted on the noblest that the earth contains, had him under my care, and was borne by him over hill and dale, far outstripping the wings of the wind. Was not this a change such as might excite reflection even in the mind of a boy?"

Passing over the account which he gives of his life as a stable-boy, interesting as are many of the particulars, we proceed to notice his love of reading, which followed him throughout all his early career. This taste brought him in contact with persons of a superior order of mind, however humble were their circumstances; and by one of these he was occasionally lent an old but entertaining volume. Among other works which this individual put into his hands were Gulliver's Travels and the Spectator, with which, the former especially, he was much delighted. He mentions also the Whole Duty of Man, the Pilgrim's Progress, and other religious books as at this time among his chief favourites. As he was one day passing the church, he heard some voices singing, and was immediately seized with a strong desire to learn the art. Having approached the church door, he found the persons within engaged in singing in four parts, under the direction of a Mr Langham. They asked him to join them, and his voice and ear being pronounced good, it was agreed that he should be taken into the class; the master offering to give up the entrance money of five shillings, in consideration of his being but a boy, whose wages could not be great, and the others agreeing to let him sing out of their books. "From the little," he proceeds, "I that day learned, and from another lesson or two, I obtained a tolerable conception of striking intervals upwards or downwards, such as the third, the fourth, and the remainder of the octave, the chief feature in which I soon understood; but of course I found most difficulty in the third, sixth, and seventh. Previously, however, to any great progress, I was obliged to purchase Arnold's Psalmody; and, studious over this divine treasure, I passed many a forenoon extended in the hay-loft."

It will afford an idea of the zeal with which young Holcroft improved himself, when we mention that, out of a wage of four pounds a-year, he paid five shillings a-quarter to his singing master; and upon Mr Langham offering to give him lessons in arithmetic also for as much more, he agreed to the proposal, and attended him daily for three months. In that time he got so far as Practice and the Rule of Three. "Except what I have already related," says he, "these three months, as far as others were concerned, may be truly called my course of education. At the age of two or three-and-thirty, indeed, when I was endeavouring to acquire the French language, I paid a Monsieur Raymond twenty shillings for a few lessons; but the good he did me was so little, that it was money thrown away. At Newmarket, I was so intent on studying arithmetic, that, for want of

better apparatus, I have often got an old nail and cast up sums on the paling of the stable-yard." Who will not allow that "where there is a *will* there will always be a *way*?" Those who complain of wanting the apparatus of learning, should remember Holcroft's old nail and paling.

Our hero remained at Newmarket for about two years and a half, when he determined to go to London once more to join his father, who now kept a cobbler's stall in South Audley Street. "My mind," he says, "having its own somewhat peculiar bias, circumstances had rather concurred to disgust me than to invite my stay. I despised my companions for the grossness of their ideas, and the total absence of every pursuit in which the mind appeared to have any share. It was even with sneers of contempt that they saw me intent on acquiring some small portion of knowledge; so that I was far from having any prompter, either as a friend or a rival." He was at this time nearly sixteen. For some years he continued to make shoes with his father, and at last became an able workman. But he grew every day fonder of reading; and whenever he had a shilling to spare, spent it, we are told, in purchasing books. In 1765, having married, he attempted to open a school for teaching children to read, at Liverpool; but was obliged to abandon the project in about a year, when he returned to town, and resumed his trade of a shoemaker. Besides his dislike to this occupation, however, on other accounts, it brought back an asthmatic complaint he had had when a boy; and every consideration made him resolve to endeavour to escape from it. Even at this time he had become a writer for the newspapers, the editor of the *Whitehall Evening Post* giving him five shillings a column for some essays which he sent to that journal. He again attempted to open a school in the neighbourhood of London; but after living for three months on potatoes and buttermilk, and obtaining only one scholar, he once more returned to town. Having acquired some notions of elocution at a debating-club which he had been in the habit of attending, he next thought of going on the stage, and obtained an engagement from the manager of the Dublin theatre, at a poor salary, which was very ill paid. He was so ill-treated, indeed, in this situation, that he was obliged to leave it in about half a year. He then joined a strolling company in the north of England, and wandered about as an itinerant actor for seven years, during which time he suffered a great deal of misery, and was often reduced almost to starving. In the midst of all his sufferings, however, he retained his love of books, and had made himself extensively conversant with English literature.

We must now follow the struggling young man to London. He arrived in the metropolis in 1777, and, as a first resource, gained some employment at Drury Lane theatre. Engaged with theatricals, he bethought himself of writing a farce, which he called "*The Crisis*;" and this proving fortunate, turned out

the commencement of a busy and extended literary career. The farce, although only acted once, was well received, and it soon encouraged him to new efforts of the same kind. Yet he continued for many years involved in difficulties, from which it required all his exertions to extricate himself. The remainder of Mr Holcroft's history, with the exception of a short but stormy period, during which he was subjected to very severe usage on account of certain political opinions which he was supposed to hold, is merely that of a life of authorship. He never became a good actor, and after some time dedicated himself entirely to literary occupation. His industry in his new profession is abundantly evidenced by the long list of his works, which comprise several of high talent and established popularity. In his maturer years, besides many other acquirements, he made himself master of the French and German languages, from both of which he executed several well-known translations. This ingenious and enterprising man, whose life affords some useful lessons for the young, died in 1809.

#### WILLIAM GIFFORD.

THIS individual, who was latterly associated with one of the chief periodical publications of the day, had as humble an origin as Lackington and Holcroft, and, like them, at one time wrought at the craft of shoemaking. Gifford was born in 1755, at Ashburton, in Devonshire, and for several years led the miserable kind of life which is common among the children of a drunken and reckless father. This worthless man died when only forty years of age, leaving his wife with two children, the youngest little more than eight months old, and no available means for their support. In about a year afterwards his wife followed, and thus was William, at the age of thirteen, and his infant brother, thrown upon the world in an utterly destitute condition.

The parish workhouse now received the younger of the orphans, and William was taken home to the house of a person named Carlile, his godfather—who, whatever might have been his kindness in this respect, had at least taken care of his own interests, by seizing on every article left by the widow Gifford, on pretence of repaying himself for money which he had advanced to her in her greatest necessities. The only benefit derived by William from this removal was a little education, Carlile sending him to school, where he acquired the elements of instruction. His chief proficiency, as he tells us, was in arithmetic; but he was not suffered to make much progress in his studies, for, grudging the expense, his patron took him from school, with the object of making him a ploughboy. To the plough he would accordingly have gone, but for a weakness in his chest, the result of an accident some years before. It was now proposed to send



him to a storehouse in Newfoundland; but the person who was to be benefited by his services declared him to be too small, and this plan was also dropped. "My godfather," says William, "had now humbler views for me, and I had little heart to resist anything. He proposed to send me on board one of the Torbay fishing-boats. I ventured, however, to remonstrate against this, and the matter was compromised by my consenting to go on board a coaster. A coaster was speedily found for me at Brixham, and thither I went when little more than thirteen."

In this vessel he remained for nearly a twelvemonth. "It will be easily conceived," he remarks, "that my life was a life of hardship. I was not only 'a ship-boy on the high and giddy mast,' but also in the cabin, where every menial office fell to my lot; yet if I was restless and discontented, I can safely say it was not so much on account of this, as of my being precluded from all possibility of reading; as my master did not possess, nor do I recollect seeing during the whole time of my abode with him, a single book of any description except the 'Coasting Pilot.'"

While in this humble situation, however, and seeming to himself almost an outcast from the world, he was not altogether forgotten. He had broken off all connexion with Ashburton, where his godfather lived; but "the women of Brixham," says he, "who travelled to Ashburton twice a-week with fish, and who had known my parents, did not see me without kind concern running about the beach in a ragged jacket and trousers." They often mentioned him to their acquaintances at Ashburton; and the tale excited so much commiseration in the place, that his godfather at last found himself obliged to send for him home. At this time he wanted some months of fourteen. He proceeds with his own story as follows:—

"After the holidays, I returned to my darling pursuit—arithmetic. My progress was now so rapid, that in a few months I was at the head of the school, and qualified to assist my master (Mr E. Furlong) on any extraordinary emergency. As he usually gave me a trifle on these occasions, it raised a thought in me that, by engaging with him as a regular assistant, and undertaking the instruction of a few evening scholars, I might, with a little additional aid, be enabled to support myself. God knows my ideas of support at this time were of no very extravagant nature. I had, besides, another object in view. Mr Hugh Smerdon (my first master) was now grown old and infirm; it seemed unlikely that he should hold out above three or four years; and I fondly flattered myself that, notwithstanding my youth, I might possibly be appointed to succeed him. I was in my fifteenth year when I built these castles. A storm, however, was collecting, which unexpectedly burst upon me, and swept them all away.

"On mentioning my little plan to Carlile, he treated it with

the utmost contempt; and told me, in his turn, that as I had learned enough, and more than enough, at school, he must be considered as having fairly discharged his duty (so indeed he had); he added that he had been negotiating with his cousin, a shoemaker of some respectability, who had liberally agreed to take me, without a fee, as an apprentice. I was so shocked at this intelligence, that I did not remonstrate, but went in sullenness and silence to my new master, to whom I was soon after bound, till I should attain the age of twenty-one.

"At this time," he continues, "I possessed but one book in the world: it was a treatise on algebra, given to me by a young woman, who had found it in a lodging-house. I considered it as a treasure; but it was a treasure locked up; for it supposed the reader to be well acquainted with simple equations, and I knew nothing of the matter. My master's son had purchased Fenning's Introduction: this was precisely what I wanted; but he carefully concealed it from me, and I was indebted to chance alone for stumbling upon his hiding-place. I sat up for the greatest part of several nights successively, and, before he suspected that his treatise was discovered, had completely mastered it. I could now enter upon my own, and that carried me pretty far into the science. This was not done without difficulty. I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one; pen, ink, and paper, therefore, were for the most part as completely out of my reach as a crown and sceptre. There was indeed a resource; but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying to it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrote my problems on them with a blunted awl; for the rest my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it to a great extent."

Persevering under these untoward difficulties, he at length obtained some alleviation of his poverty. Having attempted to write some verses, his productions were received with applause, and sometimes, he adds, "with favours more substantial: little collections were now and then made, and I have received sixpence in an evening. To one who had long lived in the absolute want of money, such a resource seemed a Peruvian mine. I furnished myself by degrees with paper, &c. and, what was of more importance, with books of geometry, and of the higher branches of algebra, which I cautiously concealed. Poetry, even at this time, was no amusement of mine—it was subservient to other purposes; and I only had recourse to it when I wanted money for my mathematical pursuits."

Gifford's master having capriciously put a stop to these literary recreations, and taken away all his books and papers, he was greatly mortified, if not reduced to a state of despair. "I look back," he says, "on that part of my life which immediately followed this event with little satisfaction: it was a period of gloom and savage unsociability. By degrees I sunk into a kind

of corporeal torpor; or, if roused into activity by the spirit of youth, wasted the exertion in sullen and vexatious tricks, which alienated the few acquaintances which compassion had yet left me."

Fortunately, this despondency in time gave way to a natural buoyancy of his disposition; some evidences of kindly feeling from those around him tended a good deal to mitigate his recklessness; and especially as the term of his apprenticeship drew towards a close, his former aspirations and hopes began to return to him. Working with renewed diligence at his craft, he, at the end of six years, came under the notice of Mr William Cookesley, and, struck with his talents, this benevolent person resolved on rescuing him from obscurity. "The plan," says Gifford, "that occurred to him was naturally that which had so often suggested itself to me. There were indeed several obstacles to be overcome. My handwriting was bad, and my language very incorrect; but nothing could slacken the zeal of this excellent man. He procured a few of my poor attempts at rhyme, dispersed them amongst his friends and acquaintance, and when my name was become somewhat familiar to them, set on foot a subscription for my relief. I still preserve the original paper; its title was not very magnificent, though it exceeded the most sanguine wishes of my heart. It ran thus:—'A subscription for purchasing the remainder of the time of William Gifford, and for enabling him to improve himself in writing and English grammar.' Few contributed more than five shillings, and none went beyond ten and sixpence; enough, however, was collected to free me from my apprenticeship, and to maintain me for a few months, during which I assiduously attended the Rev. Thomas Smerdon."

Pleased with the advances he made in this short period, it was agreed to maintain him at school for an entire year. "Such liberality," says Gifford, "was not lost upon me: I grew anxious to make the best return in my power, and I redoubled my diligence. Now that I am sunk into indolence, I look back with some degree of scepticism to the exertions of that period." In two years and two months from what he calls the day of his emancipation, he was pronounced by his master to be fit for the university; and a small office having been obtained for him, by Mr Cookesley's exertions, at Oxford, he was entered of Exeter College, that gentleman undertaking to provide the additional means necessary to enable him to live till he should take his degree. Mr Gifford's first patron died before his protégé had time to fulfil the good man's fond anticipations of his future celebrity; but he afterwards found, in Lord Grosvenor, another much more able, though it was impossible that any other could have shown more zeal, to advance his interests.

Gifford was now on the way to fame, and he may be said to have ever afterwards enjoyed a prosperous career. On the com-

mencement of the Quarterly Review in 1809, he was appointed editor of that periodical, and under his management it attained a distinguished success. After a useful literary career, Mr Gifford died in London on the 31st of December 1826, in the seventy-first year of his age. Reversing the Latin proverb, it might be justly observed, that in him *a shoemaker happily went beyond his last.*

NOAH WORCESTER, D.D.

NOAH was born in 1758 at Hollis, New Hampshire, United States, where some of his ancestors had been ministers; but his father was a farmer. In early life he received very little education, and the greater part of his time was consumed working as a labourer in the fields. He afterwards became a soldier; but, horrified with the vices of that profession, and the slaughter which he saw take place at Bunker's Hill, he abandoned it for ever, and betook himself to farming. He now commenced a course of self-instruction; and to lose no time while so engaged, he employed himself in shoemaking. His diligence was unrelaxing. At the end of his bench lay his books, pens, ink, and paper; and to these he made frequent application. In this way he acquired much useful learning; and a pamphlet which he wrote had the effect of recommending him to a body of ministers, by whom he was advanced to the clerical profession.

In a short time an opening occurred for a preacher in a small town in the neighbourhood, and to this he was promoted by universal consent; yet, in a worldly sense, it was a poor promotion. His salary scantily supported life, being only two hundred dollars (about £45); and as many could ill afford to pay their proportion of even that small sum, he was accustomed, as the time of collecting it drew nigh, to relinquish his claims, by giving to the poorer among them receipts in full. The relief granted in this way sometimes amounted to a fourth, or even a third part of his salary. He was thus made to continue still dependent for his support in a great measure on the labour of his hands, partly on the farm, and partly in making shoes. But he was far from fancying this scantiness of pay and necessity of toil any exemption from his obligation to do the utmost for his people. On the contrary, he was ready to engage in extra labour for them; and when it happened, for example, as it sometimes did, that the provision for a winter school failed, he threw open the doors of his own house, invited the children into his study, and gave them his time and care as assiduously as if he had been their regularly-appointed teacher.

This is an engaging picture of a self-sacrificing country minister; but we shall not advert farther to his pastoral life, nor shall we allude to the progress of his religious opinions, but

must content ourselves with a notice of those efforts in favour of peace by which he acquired a lasting reputation.

His short experience of soldiering gave him, as has been said, a horror of war, and against this scourge he preached with untiring zeal. In 1814 he gave vent to his whole soul in that remarkable tract, "A Solemn Review of the Custom of War," one of the most successful and efficient pamphlets of any period. It has been translated into many languages, and circulated extensively through the world. It is one of the chief instruments by which the opinions of society have been affected within the present century. The season of its publication was favourable; the world was wearied with battles, and longed for rest. "Such was the impression made by this work," says Dr Channing, "that a new association, called the Peace Society of Massachusetts, was instituted in this place (Brighton, Massachusetts, whither he had removed in 1813). I well recollect the day of its formation in yonder house, then the parsonage of this parish; and if there was a happy man that day on earth, it was the founder of this institution. This society gave birth to all the kindred ones in this country, and its influence was felt abroad." He conducted its periodical, which was commenced in 1819, and was published quarterly for ten years. It was almost entirely written by himself, and is remarkable not only for its beautiful moral tone, but for fertility of resource and ingenuity of illustration. He wished it to be inscribed on his tombstone, "He wrote the Friend of Peace." Eight years after he began to write the "Solemn Review," he declares his belief that the subject of war had not been absent from his mind, when awake, an hour at a time during that whole period. This concentration of all the powers of an earnest and vigorous mind enabled him to produce a greater effect than perhaps any other individual. Many are entering into the fruits of his labours by whom his name is unknown.

Dr Noah Worcester died in 1837, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. Of his character Dr Channing thus speaks:—"Two views of him particularly impressed me. The first was the unity, the harmony of his character. He had no jarring elements. His whole nature had been blended and melted into one strong, serene love. His mission was to preach peace, and he preached it not on set occasions, or by separate efforts, but in his whole life. . . . And this serenity was not the result of torpidness or tameness, for his whole life was a conflict with what he deemed error. He made no compromise with the world; and yet he loved it as deeply and as constantly as if it had responded in shouts to all his views and feelings.

"The next great impression which I received from him was that of the sufficiency of the mind to its own happiness, or of its independence on outward things." Notwithstanding his poverty and infirmities, "he spoke of his old age as among the happiest

portions, if not the very happiest, of his life. In conversation, his religion manifested itself more in gratitude than any other form." His voice was cheerful, his look serene, and he devoted himself to his studies with youthful earnestness. "On leaving his house, and turning my face towards this city, I have said to myself, how much richer is this poor man than the richest who dwell yonder! I have been ashamed of my own dependence on outward good. I am always happy to express my obligations to the benefactors of my mind; and I owe it to Dr Worcester to say, that my acquaintance with him gave me clearer comprehension of the spirit of Christ and of the dignity of a man."

## JOHN POUNDS.

ALL hail to the name of this worthy denizen of the "gentle craft!" Obscure during his life, he shall be so no longer! John Pounds was born of parents in a humble rank of life, in Portsmouth, in the year 1766. In early life, while working with a shipwright in the royal dockyard, he had the misfortune to have one of his thighs broken, and so put out of joint as to render him a cripple for life. Compelled, from this calamity, to choose a new means of subsistence, he betook himself to the shoemaking craft. The instructions he received in this profession, however, did not enable him to make shoes, and in that branch of the art he was diffident in trying his hand. Contenting himself with the more humble department of mending, he became the tenant of a weather-boarded tenement in St Mary Street in his native town.

John was a good-natured fellow, and his mind was always running on some scheme of benevolence; and, like all other benevolent self-helpful people, he got enough to do. While still a young man, he was favoured with the charge of one of the numerous children of his brother; and, to enhance the value of the gift, the child was a feeble little boy, with his feet overlapping each other, and turned inwards. This poor child soon became an object of so much affection with John, as thoroughly to divide his attention with a variety of tame birds which he kept in his stall. Ingenious as well as kind-hearted, he did not rest till he had made an apparatus of old shoes and leather, which untwisted the child's feet, and set him fairly on his legs. The next thing was to teach his nephew to read, and this he undertook also as a labour of love. After a time, he thought the boy would learn much better if he had a companion—in which, no doubt, he was right, for solitary education is not a good thing—and he invited a poor neighbour to send him his children to be taught. This invitation was followed by others: John acquired a passion for gratuitous teaching, which nothing but the limits of his booth could restrain. "His humble workshop," to follow

the language of his memoir,\* “was about six feet wide, and about eighteen feet in length; in the midst of which he would sit on his stool, with his last or lapstone on his knee, and other implements by his side, going on with his work, and attending at the same time to the pursuits of the whole assemblage; some of whom were reading by his side, writing from his dictation, or showing up their sums; others seated around on forms or boxes on the floor, or on the steps of a small staircase in the rear. Although the master seemed to know where to look for each, and to maintain a due command over all, yet so small was the room, and so deficient in the usual accommodations of a school, that the scene appeared, to the observer from without, to be a mere crowd of children’s heads and faces. Owing to the limited extent of his room, he often found it necessary to make a selection, from among several subjects or candidates, for his gratuitous instruction; and in such cases always preferred, and prided himself on taking in hand, what he called ‘the little blackguards,’ and taming them. He has been seen to follow such to the town-quay, and hold out in his hand to them the bribe of a roasted potato, to induce them to come to school. When the weather permitted, he caused them to take turns in sitting on the threshold of his front-door, and on a little form on the outside, for the benefit of the fresh air. His modes of tuition were chiefly of his own devising. Without having ever heard of Pestalozzi, necessity led him into the interrogatory system. He taught the children to read from hand-bills, and such remains of old school-books as he could procure. Slates and pencils were the only implements for writing, yet a creditable degree of skill was acquired; and in ciphering, the Rule of Three and Practice were performed with accuracy. With the very young especially, his manner was particularly pleasant and facetious. He would ask them the names of different parts of their body, make them spell the words, and tell their uses. Taking a child’s hand, he would say, ‘What is this? Spell it.’ Then slapping it, he would say, ‘What do I do? Spell that.’ So with the ear, and the act of pulling it; and in like manner with other things. He found it necessary to adopt a more strict discipline with them as they grew bigger, and might have become turbulent; but he invariably preserved the attachment of all. In this way some hundreds of persons have been indebted to him for all the schooling they have ever had, and which has enabled many of them to fill useful and creditable stations in life, who might otherwise, owing to the temptations attendant on poverty and ignorance, have become burdens on society, or swelled the calendar of crime.”

Will the reader credit the fact, that this excellent individual never sought any compensation for these labours, nor did he ever receive any? Of no note or account, his weather-boarded

\* A small pamphlet, published by Green, Newgate Street, London.

establishment was like a star radiating light around; but of the good he was doing, John scarcely appeared conscious. The chief gratification he felt was the occasional visit of some manly soldier or sailor, grown up out of all remembrance, who would call to shake hands and return thanks for what he had done for him in his infancy. At times, also, he was encouragingly noticed by the local authorities; but we do not hear of any marked testimony of their approbation. Had he been a general, and conquered a province, he would doubtless have been considered a public benefactor, and honoured accordingly; but being only an amateur schoolmaster, and a reclamer from vice, John was allowed to find the full weight of the proverb, that virtue is its own reward. And thus obscurely, known principally to his humble neighbours, did this hero—for was he not a hero of the purest order?—spend a long and useful existence; every selfish gratification being denied, that he might do the more good to others. On the morning of the 1st of January 1839, at the age of seventy-two years, when looking at the picture of his school, which had been lately executed by Mr Sheaf, he suddenly fell down and expired. His death was felt severely. “The abode of contented and peaceful frugality became at once a scene of desolation. He and his nephew had made provision on that day for what was to them a luxurious repast. On the little mantelpiece remained, uncooked, a mugful of fresh sprats, on which they were to have regaled themselves in honour of the New-Year. The children were overwhelmed with consternation and sorrow: some of them came to the door next day, and cried because they could not be admitted; and for several succeeding days the younger ones came, two or three together, looked about the room, and not finding their friend, went away disconsolate.” John Pounds was, as he had wished, called away, without bodily suffering, from his useful labours. He is gone to await the award of Him who has said, “Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.”

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In drawing these biographic notes to a conclusion, the remark naturally arises, that no position in life, however humble, is an actual bar to intellectual or moral improvement—that where there is a *will* there is sure to be a *way*! Independently of all chance of rising in the world, which is at best a secondary consideration, the self-examining and self-instructing youth will eagerly strive to improve his mental capacities, on the plain consideration that it is his duty to do so, as well as from the reflection, that the ignorant and the demoralised can never attain anything like pure enjoyment even in the present life. Besides, as in the case of the worthy John Pounds, how much satisfaction will arise from the consciousness of devoting acquirements to a purpose useful to our fellow-creatures!





## STORY OF A FRENCH PRISONER OF WAR IN ENGLAND.

**O**N the 1st of August 1809, a day I shall ever have cause to remember, I went on a pleasure excursion, in a small vessel belonging to my father, from Marseilles to Nice. At this time the coast of France was strictly watched by English cruisers; and to elude these, we kept as much as possible close in-shore. This precaution was, unfortunately, useless. When off the isles of Hyeres, we were observed, and chased by an English cutter, which soon came up with us. Resistance was of course useless, and, foreseeing the result, we at the first shot yielded ourselves prisoners. Before going on board the enemy's vessel, I concealed about my person as much money and other valuables as I could; and of this property I was not afterwards deprived. We were, indeed, treated with less severity than we had reason to expect. On the day after our capture, we were removed, with many other prisoners, into another vessel, with orders to make the best of our way to England. What my sensations were on being thus torn from my beloved country, my friends and relations, may be easily conceived.

In a few days we arrived on the coast of England, and were immediately ordered round to an eastern port—Lynn in Norfolk—whence we were forwarded, to the number of some hundreds, in lighters and small craft, to the dépôt of prisoners of war at Norman Cross—I think about fifty miles inland. Arriving at Peterborough—a respectable-looking town, with a handsome ca-

thedral—apparently a gay and thoughtless set, we were marched to our destination. On reaching Norman Cross, we all underwent the usual scrutiny by the inspecting officers; and an exact description was taken of each individual as to his age, size, colour of hair and eyes, &c. which was entered in a book kept for that purpose. All these preparations gave a fearful presentiment of what we were afterwards to expect, and raised emotions in my breast of a nature I cannot define, but which several times, whilst the examination was going on, made me shudder with a kind of convulsive horror, not at all lessened on our admittance into, and review of our prison. The English had here upwards of seven thousand prisoners of war, of one nation or other, but chiefly Frenchmen. I will endeavour to describe a few particulars of the place, as well as I can recollect, which may at the same time also serve to illustrate my escape from it.

The whole of the buildings, including the prison, and the barracks for the soldiers who guarded us, were situated on an eminence, and were certainly airy enough, commanding a full and extensive view over the surrounding country, which appeared well cultivated in some parts; but in front of the prison, to the south-east, the prospect terminated in fens and marshes, in the centre of which was Whittlesea Mere, a large lake, of some miles in circumference. The high road from London to Scotland ran close by the prison, and we could, at all hours of the day, see the stage-coaches and other carriages bounding along the beautiful roads of the country with a rapidity unknown elsewhere; and the contrast afforded by contemplating these scenes of liberty continually before our eyes, only served to render the comparison more harrowing to our feelings.

There was no apparent show about the place of military strength, formed by turreted castles, or by embrasured battlements; in fact it was little better than an enclosed camp. The security of the prisoners was effected by the unceasing watch of ever-wakeful sentinels, constantly passing and repassing, who were continually changing; and I have no doubt this mode of security was more effectual than if surrounded by moated walls or by fortified towers. Very few, in comparison of the numbers who attempted it, succeeded in escaping the boundaries, though many ingenious devices were put in practice to accomplish it. However, if once clear of the place, final success was not so difficult.

The space appointed for the reception of the prisoners consisted of four equal divisions or quadrangles; and these again were divided into four parts, each of which was surrounded by a high palisade of wood, and paved for walking on; but the small ground it occupied scarcely left us sufficient room to exercise for our health, and this was a very great privation. In each of these subdivisions was a large wooden building, covered with red tiles, in which we ate our meals and dwelt; these also served for our

dormitories, or sleeping-places, where we were nightly piled in hammocks, tier upon tier, in most horrible regularity. One of these quadrangles was entirely occupied by the hospital and medical department. A division of another quadrangle was allotted to the officers, who were allowed a few trifling indulgences not granted to the common men, amongst whom I unfortunately was included. In another division was a school, the master of which was duly paid for his attendance. It was conducted with great regularity and decorum, and there you might sometimes see several respectable Englishmen, particularly those attached to the duties of the prison, taking their seats with the boys to learn the French language. Another small part was appropriated as a place of closer confinement or punishment to those who broke the rules appointed for our government, or wantonly defaced any part of the buildings, or pawned or lost their clothes; these last were put, I think, upon two-thirds allowance of provisions, till the loss occasioned thereby was made good; and I must confess this part was seldom without its due proportion of inhabitants. The centre of the prison was surrounded by a high brick wall, beyond which were the barracks for the English soldiers, several guard-houses, and some handsome buildings for both the civil and military officers; whilst a circular blockhouse, mounted with swivels or small cannon, pointing to the different divisions, frowned terrifically over us, and completed the *outside* of the picture.

With respect to the interior economy of the prison, we were not treated with any particular degree of harshness or of unnecessary privation, further than the security of so large a number of men required. On Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, we had one pound and a half of bread, half a pound of beef, with a proportionate quantity of salt and vegetables; or, if no vegetables could be procured, we had in lieu pearl barley or oatmeal. On Wednesdays and Fridays we had the usual quantity of bread, one pound of cod-fish or herrings, and one pound of potatoes. No ale or beer was served out to us, but we were allowed to purchase it at the canteen in the prison. To insure to us no fraud or embezzlement, each department or division sent two deputies to inspect the weight and quality of the provisions, which, if not approved by them and the agent to the prison, were invariably rejected and returned; and if any difference of opinion existed between the agent and the deputies, a reference was made to the officers on guard at the time, and their decision was final. A regular daily market was held in the prison, where the country people brought a variety of articles for sale, and where every luxury could be purchased by those who had money. Our cooks were appointed from amongst ourselves, and paid by the English government, so that, in regard to diet, we had not much to complain of. The hospital, or medical department, I have heard—for I was never an inmate of it, except to visit a sick comrade—was

amply supplied with every necessary and attendance; the nurses being generally selected from the friends of the sick. For our amusement, amongst other things, we had several excellent billiard-tables, very neatly made by the prisoners themselves, which were attended by many English officers, and others off duty; but, unfortunately, these were the sources of frequent quarrels and duels, two of which terminated fatally whilst I was there, both between Frenchmen. Having no arms, they affixed the blades of knives, properly sharpened and shaped, to sticks formed with handles and hilts, with which they fought as with small swords. I was a witness to one of these conflicts, and it sank deep in my memory for many months. It appeared, in some instances, as if confinement had deprived us of the usual humanity of our nature, and hardened our hearts; for some shocking scenes of depravity and cruelty would occasionally take place, which even the counsel and presence of the good and venerable bishop of Moulins, who voluntarily attended to the religious duties of the prison, could not restrain.

The distress of mind occasioned by my imprisonment did not so much arise from any one particular cause, as from a continual recurrence of the scenes of human misery which I daily witnessed, more especially those springing from the men themselves. Many of our people were so lost to all sense of honour and shame, as absolutely to rejoice in the miseries of those whose feelings were not so callous as their own. I suffered much cruelty of this sort from them, particularly in not joining in their gaming, which was carried on amongst them to a most deplorable excess—many of them losing not only their clothes, but their rations of provisions for a week beforehand. When reflection came across me, I was almost distracted; for there was but little hope of an exchange of prisoners, or of the termination of a war now carried on with redoubled animosity on both sides. Here I existed for a year or more; but in that space of time how many did I see carried out to their graves, far from their homes, their parents, and those other dear relatives who could have smoothed and made easy the pillow of death! It is very well to read of these things, but it is very different to experience them one's-self.

I had now been confined about a year and a half, when, seeing no other prospect of release, I determined to attempt an escape; for death itself was to be preferred to the misery of delayed hope which I daily endured. It was not a very easy thing to lay a plan of escape, and it took me many weeks in arranging. The execution was difficult in the extreme. The high-paled enclosures of wood which I have before mentioned were of no great strength, and easily passed; but on the outside of these was a belt of sentinels, at only a few yards' distance from each other; beyond these was the outer fence, or wall of brick, very high, which was to be surmounted by a ladder or rope, close to which was another belt of sentinels as before. The fences and

wall were not the greatest difficulties to contend with: it was the sentinels, close to each other, who, perpetually on the alert, scarcely left a chance for escape unperceived.

Before anything, however, could be attempted, it was necessary to make a few preparations, and that, too, without giving any room for suspicion, even to my fellow-prisoners. With some difficulty, and by degrees, I exchanged part of my French gold for English money with those of my comrades who, by making toys and fancy-work in straw, which they were allowed to dispose of for their own benefit, had got a little together. Many of our men made large sums of money that way, and, had they been provident, might have returned home with more wealth than they could have gained in the same space of time had they been at large in their own country. One of them, a most ingenious fellow, had absolutely, during the many years of his imprisonment, accumulated the sum of £300 of English money. Of this man I procured, for a louis-d'or, a good and correct map of England, of his own drawing, on which was pointed out a line of travelling as offering the best route for escape. The names of the towns, and of many of the villages, with their distances, together with other useful remarks, were all written at length, and I found them exceedingly accurate. He sold several of these maps to many who never attempted their escape, but who, nevertheless, had that hope often in their breasts. For some time after I had the map in my possession, I endeavoured to learn to pronounce the names of the places I was to pass through; but finding all in vain, I gave up the attempt as hopeless, for Russian itself is easy to this unpronounceable language. Well assured, if ever I endeavoured to speak English, I should betray myself, I determined, if once I got clear of the place, *never to speak at all*.

The route pointed out as most preferable was to the eastern coast, a part of Norfolk, and there to bribe some fisherman or smuggler to carry me over to Holland. The name of one of these latter was given me, with ample instructions how to find him out, and to make myself known to him. One thing I was well aware of, and which, in fact, was almost everything in my favour; namely, that in the land of liberty, as they call it—and in this instance deservedly so—no passport was wanted; nor, as I was well informed, had any one a right to inquire whither I was going, or what was my business. To say the truth, they do not seem to require such safeguards in England. The ocean which girts it round acts far more effectually for security than passports or gendarmes.

I got together, I think, about five pounds of English money in silver, and a little copper; I had also between twenty and thirty louis-d'ors, and other gold coin, and a few guineas, which I concealed in different parts of my clothing. I also procured a small pocket tinder-box, which I hid in the crown of my cap. I do not know how I came to think of this last article, as I had never

made any use of it. I also concealed, in different parts of my dress, several other things which I thought might be of service to me, particularly a French and English dictionary; and being thus provided, I only waited for a favourable opportunity to make the attempt.

After waiting day after day, and week after week, with emotions and impatience indescribable, the moment of liberation at length arrived in a dark and dismal night in the month of February. The rain had poured down in torrents all that day, accompanied with a heavy fall of snow, and the wind blew a most violent storm. Nothing could better answer my purpose, as in darkness lay the only chance I could possibly have of eluding the keen and vigilant eyes of my ever-watchful guards. Being now determined to make the attempt, I took from their places of concealment, where I had arranged all ready for the occasion, a strong knife to cut the wood paling, and a rope, which I had made out of wool, with a hook at the end, to surmount the wall. I also put a biscuit or two in my pocket, with a shirt and pair of stockings (which last I found exceedingly comfortable and refreshing to me), to put on dry when my others were wet and dirty. I had no room for anything else; in short, what I had filled my pockets, as my dress was only a sailor's jacket and trousers, both of coarse blue cloth, but sound and warm. I had also a good strong pair of shoes on, another great comfort, and which ought always to be particularly attended to by every adventurous wanderer.

My fellow-prisoner, of whom I bought the map, was the only one I acquainted with my purpose; not that he might accompany me, for he had given up all thoughts of escape himself, but that he might answer to my name if called over, which sometimes was the case, or otherwise assist me as far as lay in his power, without rendering himself liable to suspicion. It was a regular custom in the prison to count us out of our lodging-places in the morning, and in again at night, so that, if any were missing, it was immediately discovered, and the alarm given. This rendered it necessary that the first attempt should be made from within, after we were shut up. As soon, therefore, as it was dark, I began my operations—my friend standing before me as I lay on the ground, and screening me from observation as well as he could by several artful manœuvres, which were much assisted by a long bench and table near us, on which he was apparently very deeply engaged at work. My object was to cut out one of the boards from the bottom of the building, which I had previously prepared for removal. In this I succeeded better than I could possibly have expected; and, creeping out on my hands and knees, silently replaced the board, and, unperceived by any one, concealed myself among a heap of fagots in the yard, which had been brought there during the day for firing. The rain and wind seemed, if possible, to increase as the night ap-

proached, and soon shrouded all around me in pitchy darkness. There were here and there, at long intervals, and at a great distance from me, regular rows of lamps; but they only served to make the outer darkness more intense. As I crouched up in my hiding-place, wet and almost benumbed with cold—which nothing but the hope of ultimate escape could have enabled me to bear—I could occasionally hear the clang of the arms of the sentinels at their post, notwithstanding the pattering of the rain, and the howling of the wind, which had now increased to a perfect hurricane; nay, I could now and then even distinguish their voices. Their proximity did not at all tend to the encouragement of my hopes, or the exhilaration of my spirits; but I was gone too far to recede. I continued in this horrid state of suspense till the clock struck eleven, which I had chosen as the most favourable point of time, the sentinels being then, as I thought, more likely to be tired, and not so much on their guard, being changed at nine and twelve. Commending my soul to God, I left my hiding-place, but was at first so stiff and cramped with-being so long confined in one posture, that I could scarcely stand; however, this soon went off, and I found my courage rise as my blood circulated more freely.

The wood paling could scarcely be called an impediment; and listening attentively for a moment, and hearing nothing to alarm, I silently cut a part out, and crept through on my hands and knees as far and as quick as I could. I was interrupted by no one, and the sentinels were undoubtedly sheltered in their boxes. My success so far inspired me with great confidence. I knew that I had passed the first line of the guards, and that there were no more obstacles on the inside of the wall. If anything at this moment, the hurricane blew with tenfold violence; and justly thinking that no soldier would face it, but seek shelter, I jerked the hook, with the line attached, on the top of the wall, which, fortunately for me, caught the first time, and with but little noise to alarm. I, however, listened for a moment in great agitation; but all appeared quiet. I then tried the rope with all my strength, and it proving safe, I made the desperate venture; and desperate indeed it was; but what will not a man attempt for his liberty? Well, to proceed. With great difficulty I got to the top, and gently, and by degrees, peeped my head over. I listened most attentively, but could hear nothing; and had just got my knee upon the wall in the attitude of ascent, when a door opened close by me, and a soldier passed along. In a moment I threw myself flat upon my face on the wall, and very plainly heard his footsteps directly beneath me. I continued in this posture for some minutes, and had almost given myself up to despair, when, after passing and repassing several times—for I could hear him, though not see him—he again retired to his box, and I heard the door close after him. I seized the favourable moment, and pulling up the rope, descended in safety

on the other side. I then took off my shoes, and softly walked on tiptoe across the beat of the sentinel, till I had got to some distance, when I threw myself on the wet grass, and stopped to take breath. My greatest difficulties were now surmounted; but as no time was to be lost, I soon started off again; and had nearly approached some of the lamps, which I was obliged to pass, when I plainly saw a picket or patrol of five or six men across my very path. It was astonishing they did not see me; but my good star predominated, and I remained unnoticed. The lamps were now, indeed, in my favour, as they showed me what to avoid, whilst I was myself shrouded in darkness. Choosing the most obscure places, and proceeding step by step with the utmost precaution, I at last reached, unmolested, the boundary ditch, which I soon cleared; and in a moment after found myself free of the prison, and on a high road, with nothing farther to obstruct my progress.

Scarcely crediting my good fortune in succeeding thus far, I put on my shoes, and set off in a northerly direction, running with all my speed, notwithstanding the wind and rain continued for about an hour, when I came to a house situated at a point where four roads meet [Kate's Cabin]. Lights were in the windows, and a stage-coach with lamps, and the words "London and York," which I well remember, painted on it, was standing at the door. Shunning observation by keeping under the hedge, I took the left-hand road, though totally ignorant to what part I was going. Continuing my flight, I proceeded for two hours more, when my apprehensions of immediate pursuit being somewhat abated, and also beginning to feel fatigued, I slackened my pace. I had passed through two or three villages, but had met with nothing to interrupt me, or indeed to notice. I kept on thus some short time longer, when I came to a toll-gate, situated at the foot of an extraordinary long bridge, which led to Oundle, a town of considerable size. The chimes of the church clock were just playing the hour of three, as I seated myself for a moment on the steps of the foot-gate. I was at first in doubt whether or not I should proceed straight on, or seek a by-road, one of which adjoined the bridge on the left hand. I determined, however, on the former, and continued my journey through dark, long, and dirty streets, without stopping or seeing any one, when I came to another bridge, at the farther extremity of the place, almost as long as the one I had before passed, so that the town appeared to be situated on an island. The moon had now got up a little, and afforded me light enough to discern, in a field just beyond the bridge, on the left hand, a small shed or hovel. I was now exceedingly fatigued, and I determined to rest here a short time at least, till I could collect my scattered senses, which had been so long in continual agitation.

The door of the hovel was luckily open, and it afforded me an excellent shelter. I cannot express my mingled feelings of fear



and joy, hope and thankfulness, as I now stretched myself on the straw with which the ground was covered. No longer cooped up in what I may call a dungeon, where life itself almost ceased to be worth caring for, I now had before me a fair prospect of succeeding in my enterprise; and my energies being thus brought into action, I became a new man, and felt renovated accordingly: my mind, as it were, expanding and adapting itself to the occasion, called forth all its powers.

In the hovel, tied to a manger, was a cow, and her calf was placed in a pen just by her. At first the cow gave tokens of alarm and uneasiness; but humouring her by degrees, and treating her gently, she suffered me to approach her more familiarly, which I took advantage of, by milking her in the crown of my cap. The milk, with part of a biscuit, afforded me a most delicious meal. I had taken off my shoes and wet stockings; and putting on the dry ones which I had in my pocket, I felt inexpressibly refreshed, though my wet clothes and fear of pursuit prevented my sleeping. Indeed it would not have been prudent to have slept, for it was evident the owner of the cow would be there in the morning to milk her; so, contenting myself with the good berth I had obtained, for it still continued raining, I waited very patiently for the first dawn of day, when I intended to start again. Of course I had not yet been able to examine my map, which, being enclosed in a case, was quite dry; but I thought that of little consequence, as, whether the road I had taken was right or not, a few hours would make up the difference.

As the day broke, the weather cleared up a little, so far as to cease raining, but the road was very wet and dirty; however, there was no alternative, and leaving with regret the hovel which had so kindly sheltered me for the night, I continued my journey. My wet clothes made me feel extremely cold and uncomfortable at first, and I kept up a pretty good pace for some time, in order to warm me. It was not my intention to go far, and seeing a haystack in a retired part of a field some distance off on my left, I quitted the high road, and proceeded to it. It was farther than I expected; but it appeared to be the very spot I should have chosen for concealment, there being no public path or road leading to it. Part of the stack had been cut, so that I easily gathered enough of the hay to make me a soft and dry bed; and here I determined to stop and examine my map, and devise a plan for my future proceedings.

After I had rested some time, the sun, to my infinite delight, suddenly broke forth, and gave every sign of a fine day; and though a February sun in England is very different from a February sun in the south of France, yet the warmth I derived from it gave me great comfort, and refreshed me exceedingly; so much so, that, after several vain attempts to keep my eyes open, I sunk into a sound sleep, which must have lasted for

some hours, as the height of the sun on my awakening showed it to be past noon. Having risen and looked around, and finding nothing to interrupt me, I took out my map to see whereabouts I was. This I accomplished with great ease; for the names of the places I had passed being painted on the mile-stones and direction-posts, as I observed when I started in the morning, and corresponding with those on my map, I soon found out that I had come diametrically opposite to the road I had intended to have taken. But this was of no great moment; and I now determined to pursue a direct easterly course, in as straight a line as I could, and to make for the coast in that direction. I may as well mention here, that, through the whole of my route afterwards, I could at any time find out the exact spot I was in by observing the names of the towns or villages painted on the mile-stones and direction-posts. This I found of great service to me, as I seldom wandered far from my way, and never had occasion to ask the road, even had I been able or inclined to do so. But to proceed. The clock of a neighbouring church was just striking one when I started again, in high spirits, my clothes being now quite dry, eating my last piece of biscuit as I went. How I was to get a fresh supply of provisions did certainly now and then strike me; but it made no very deep impression, my chief object being to get on as fast and as far as I could, not doubting but I should make the coast in two or three days more at farthest; but in that I was woefully out of my reckoning.

The day continued fine, and I walked on at a pretty round pace, in as straight a line as I could, over hedge and ditch, carefully avoiding any house or person passing, for about two or three hours; and I was congratulating myself on the progress I had made, when, suddenly casting up my eyes, and looking around me, to my utter horror and dismay I saw, but a few fields off, and in the exact path I was taking, the very prison I had left! I could not be mistaken; its red tiles and striking appearance, with the numerous holes cut in its wooden walls for air by its unfortunate inmates, were too deeply imprinted on my memory to be forgotten. In short, not having any guide across the open fields, and there being no mile-stones to direct me, I had wandered back again to within half a mile or less of my former prison. I cannot express what I felt at that moment; I seemed to have lost the very power of perception; and, instead of turning back immediately, I absolutely continued for a little time walking on in the same direction—like the squirrel fascinated to its own destruction by the eyes of the rattlesnake.

Fortunately for me, going thus without heed, I tripped and fell, which brought me suddenly to myself, when, turning round, I took to my heels, as if pursued by a whole legion of devils, and never stopped till I once more found myself in the very hovel, near the long bridge I have spoken of at Oundle, where I had before found shelter, and which remained in the same state as I

had left it, with the exception that the cow and calf had been removed.

Though nearly dark for the last mile or two, I found my way back without much difficulty; but I was nearly exhausted by fatigue, and had nothing to refresh myself with; however, I did not as yet feel so much from hunger as from the disappointment I had experienced in being obliged to retrace so many weary steps. On the other hand, I had much to congratulate myself upon, independent of the lucky avoidance of running my head again into the very bars of my prison, which I was certainly in a fair way of doing; for in a few minutes after my arrival in my old quarters it began to rain, and it continued throughout the night in torrents. Having a good roof over my head, I considered the rain in my favour, as it would doubtless prevent any one from interrupting me in my resting-place. The human mind, particularly in youth, soon reconciles itself to circumstances; so, making the best of the matter, I nestled myself snugly in the straw, and slept comfortably, and undisturbed, till morning.

It still continued raining, and the floods had come down in the night with great rapidity, inundating the meadows around me, till they looked like a sea. A few qualms at breakfast-time flitted over unheeded, when of a sudden it struck me that my situation was too exposed for the day, as, should any one come into the hovel merely by accident, which was not at all improbable, I must inevitably be discovered; and I appeared too like what I really was to be passed by unquestioned. I by no means wished to leave till I had laid out some definite plan to act upon, and some other route to follow. Looking, therefore, about me, I found a hurdle or two and an old gate thrown over the beams or rafters which supported the roof. On these I climbed, and with little trouble succeeded in making, in the most obscure corner, a sort of floor or landing-place. On this I carried some straw to lie upon, and was glad to perceive that, when looked up to from below, it by no means appeared calculated to excite suspicion of concealment; and here I spent the remainder of the day. It was well I took this precaution, as will be seen presently. I had constructed a small hole in the roof, through which I could see everything passing on the high road, which was not more than a few yards from me. I could also see the town, and the country round me on all sides.

The church clock had just chimed the hour of noon, when, looking through the opening I had made, I plainly saw three soldiers coming over the bridge within a hundred yards of me. They had their bayonets fixed, and I knew, at the first glance of their uniform, that it was the same as that of one of the regiments on duty at the prison. My heart now sunk within me, and I gave myself up for lost. They came exactly opposite to the place, as if they had intelligence I was there. I held my

breath almost to bursting as they got over the gate which led to the hovel. Two of them came in and looked around; but seeing it an open stable, and not much like a hiding-place, they walked out again without stopping, but not till one of them had thrust his bayonet twice or thrice through the hurdles and straw upon which I lay; they then, to my inexpressible relief, slowly rejoined their comrade, and continued their journey.

I was disturbed no more after this, but determined to leave so dangerous a situation as soon as possible. I found that, while so near my late prison, it was not so prudent or safe for me to travel by day, and that I should be continually liable to be retaken. I therefore, as soon as it was quite dark, sallied forth once more on my journey. I had studied my map so well, as to have in my memory every place through which I was to pass; and my present plan was to go rather a circuitous route, in a northern direction, and endeavour to come into a more direct road by way of a bank bounding a navigable river running to the sea; in fact the very river by which I had, with so many fellow-prisoners, been conveyed from the coast on my first arrival in England. I was aware this would lead me through the town of Peterborough, which there were many reasons for avoiding, as it lay very near our prison, and was full of soldiers. However, there was no alternative, without going through a fenny country, which my instructions told me particularly to avoid. I sallied forth, therefore, from my hovel about nine o'clock, and again passed the long and dreary bridges of the town [Oundle], which I had gone over the first night of my escape. All was dark and gloomy, there being no lamps; and so far it favoured me, as I was obliged to walk through the entire street, which I did as fast as I could, without exciting suspicion. Once, indeed, I stopped at a shop where some loaves of bread seemed inviting a purchaser; but my courage failed me, and I went on without any. I found my way very readily to a village about eight or nine miles distant, with another long and high bridge, for which indeed this part of England appears celebrated. A large hotel, or inn, stood just by the bridge, the sign of which struck me as very curious, but which I could make nothing of, although I could very plainly see it by the light of two lamps just below [the Haycock Inn, Wansford]. However cheering the sight of a well-lighted inn may be to a benighted traveller, to me it afforded but little consolation. It offered no home or comfort to me. I therefore made the best of my way over the bridge, and turned into another road on my right hand, which, after walking a few miles farther, brought me to Peterborough, whose noble cathedral, in its dark mass of shade, rose full before me just as the clock struck three. Wishing by all means to pass the town before light, or I must lose another day, I continued on without stopping, entering the place with great trepidation. It was with much difficulty, and after several times bewildering myself

in what appeared to me a complete labyrinth of streets and lanes, that I at length found my way to the bank, and saw the road I was to take running as straight as an arrow before me, as far as my eyes could trace it in the haziness of the morning. On my right, a noble river [the Nene], spreading into a spacious sheet of water, protected me from all danger on that side; whilst on my left, and before me, was an immense tract of fen and level country, where I could for miles see anything to avoid. For the first time since my attempt at escape, I began to feel a consciousness of security. I had left for certain my prison behind me, and there now appeared nothing to interrupt my further progress. Every step I took led me nearer to the haven of my wishes, and I knew full well that the floods below me were rolling along to that ocean which was to waft me home. I felt myself comparatively happy, for the prospect before me was cheering.

I rested myself for some time on a stile which crossed the bank, watching the clouds as they swept along from the west, in heavy and threatening masses, over the wide expanse of waters before me; and at the same time contemplated my future journey with much satisfaction. But I was aware that I must have something to eat before that journey could be accomplished; for however heroes and knights-errant of old might wander without food, I found myself in that respect no hero at all. Still, there was no help for it at present; but I determined to avail myself of the first opportunity, even at a little risk, to supply my wants. I had now been, I may say, eight-and-forty hours without food; for I had never been fortunate enough to meet with a single turnip, or indeed anything to serve me for a meal. In truth it was a bad time of the year to travel in, as far as related to a supply of food from the fields.

According to the plan I had laid down for myself, of not travelling by day, after proceeding a few miles along the bank, on the first dawn of morning I concealed myself in a barn standing in a field on my left hand, the appearance of which gave every hope of effectual security for the day. Having covered myself with straw, I composed myself to rest, and slept uninterruptedly till the day was far advanced. Seeing no appearance of danger, I got up, and amused myself by walking to and fro in the barn, and occasionally chewing the straw for want of something better. In the course of the day an incident occurred which led me to fear that I was discovered by one of the people on the farm, and I felt that it would be necessary for me to shift my quarters; therefore, after deliberating a few minutes, I continued my journey, keeping a good look-out, and carefully avoiding too near an approximation to the few houses scattered along the bank. In truth I scarcely met with anything but the lighters or craft which navigated the river, drawn by horses. The extraordinary noise which the navigators made, always gave me notice

of their approach, and time to avoid them; for I could hear their hallooing, which was a kind of loud singing peculiar to these people, at more than a mile distant. This part of England has much the appearance of Holland, with its high banks and causeways, intersected with numerous drains and canals; and, as far as the eye could reach, it was a perfect level of fens and marshes on one side, and water on the other. I particularly noticed the beauty of the church steeples, which stood towering majestically over the floods in different directions around me. The distance I had to travel to Wisbeach, another large town, and which I must of necessity pass through, was about sixteen miles; and I managed so well, as to get there about dark. This is a small shipping town, though at some distance from the coast; and as I passed over the bridge, I got a glimpse of some vessels, which set my heart in motion at the idea that I was approaching the sea. Several sailors, dressed much as myself, were passing through the streets, and I thought they more than once looked suspiciously after me; but it might be only imagination. I had been flattering myself, as I walked thither, that I should be enabled to procure something to eat in the neighbourhood; but I soon discovered that the best thing I could do was to get through the town as quickly as possible. Had I had the least idea the place had been so large and populous, I should by no means have ventured into it at that early hour. By the light of the lamps I saw several soldiers, and began to be very seriously alarmed at finding myself near them. My instructions for passing through the streets were, however, so very accurately laid down, that in a little time I found myself clear of immediate danger, on an excellent road, and in the direction I was ordered to take. My fear, nevertheless, still continued; and as soon as I had passed the toll-gate, which is placed at the extremity of the town, I ran on for some miles, till, what with fatigue, and what with hunger, I was obliged to slacken my pace, being unable to proceed much farther. I had now again, after passing several large villages, arrived at another bank, similar to the one I had travelled on from Peterborough, and bounded, as that was, on my right by a navigable river or canal, and on my left by fens and level country.

It might be, I suppose, about nine or ten o'clock when I came to a small house, seemingly built on the acclivity of the bank on my left hand, so that the road was close to, and almost touched, the chamber windows. It was the last house in the village, and stood at some distance from any other; but I did not so much admire it for its curious construction, as from its being a shop where candles, bread, and cheese, and other useful articles were kept for sale—chiefly, I believe, for the watermen who frequented the place. A light was in the shop, and I stood for some minutes looking in at the window, and at the, to me, tempting things spread upon the counter, and in devising some plan to appro-

prate a part of them to my own use; for I would most willingly at that moment have given a louis-d'or for a loaf of bread. Whilst I was deliberating with myself how to act, a waterman, as I judged from his dress, passed by me in at the door, and throwing himself on a chair, made a sign to the person within, by drawing his hand across his face and chin, as if he wanted shaving. He never spoke a word; but the shopkeeper appeared perfectly to understand his meaning, and placing a cloth, which was none of the cleanest, over the fellow's shoulders, made preparations for performing that very necessary operation. By this I understood that the shopkeeper was a barber also; and as I had a very suspicious beard myself, which I was particularly anxious to be rid of, I viewed all their actions with great interest. This tonsor was a little, thin, spare bodkin of a man—I think I see him now standing before me—about seventy years of age, with a most antique cast of countenance, and a face, when taken in profile, exactly like a half-moon, his nose and chin forming the horns. There could not possibly be a finer specimen of the taciturnity of the English nation than in the scene before me, exemplified as it was both in the operator and him operated upon. As to the former, he took no more notice of the automaton whom he was shaving than if he had been scraping a marble block; and for the latter, he was as immovable as the marble block under the chisel of the statuary, and with much about the same degree of feeling. I kept my eyes upon them both, with the hope of profiting by what I saw, and carefully noted that, after being shaved, the man threw two copper coins upon the counter. He then walked to the window, took down a loaf of bread and two or three red herrings, then drawing a mark with his fingers across a piece of cheese, it was cut off, and weighed out to him. For these he threw down a silver coin, a half-crown, receiving some small change in return; and, tying up his purchase in an old handkerchief, departed in the same silent surly mood he entered. I thought I could never have a better opportunity; for I certainly was more than a match for the shopkeeper, should he give any alarm; and I determined also to make good use of my heels if necessary. Summoning, therefore, all my resolution to my aid, I marched boldly into the shop, threw myself into the same chair, and made the same signs as my predecessor had done; and, as I anticipated, the same silent scene followed exactly. The same cloth was put round my neck, I was lathered the same, and shaved the same, and the same sum of two copper coins was thrown by me upon the counter. I now began to feel very courageous, and went up to the window to lay in a stock of provisions, which I intended should last me the whole of my journey. Bread alone would not now serve me, and I looked about for a few minutes to see what I should take—spreading, however, some silver ostentatiously before me, that the good man might not be alarmed. At the same time I found out that my

friend was not dumb, which I had seriously begun to suspect; for, on my taking down some different articles from a shelf, he did speak, or rather made an attempt to speak. What he said I know not; but on my continuing whistling, which I had been doing for some time—and which I did not from any want of respect to the old gentleman, but truly because I was unable to give him an answer—he withdrew his eyes from my face, and very resignedly turned back to the counter, holding the loaf I had reached down to him with both hands across his chest. Well, imagine my ecstasy on leaving the shop, which I did completely unsuspected, with two loaves of beautiful white bread, some excellent cheese, and three or four herrings—for in this last I had the same taste as the waterman; and, to crown all, some tobacco and a pipe. I do not exactly recollect what I paid, but I had some change out of two half-crowns, which I threw down. No mother ever hugged her first-born to her bosom with more exquisite delight than I did the handkerchief which held all these good things. I kept eating as I walked; but that was no farther than to the first shelter I could find, which was, as usual, a barn or stable, where I made amends for my long fasting in a supper in which nearly one whole loaf, two of my herrings, and a proportionate quantity of cheese entirely disappeared.

It was Saturday night when I thus provided myself, and I determined to stop where I had been so fortunate the whole of the next day, Sunday, and rest my legs. The building in which I was being, however, as I thought, too near the bank, after I had ate my supper I sought out another lodging, in a hovel which stood a little distance off, more in the fields, and which, having neither hay nor straw, nor anything else of the kind liable to occasion interruption, appeared admirably adapted for the purpose—it being about a quarter of a mile from the bank or road, and a mile at least from any house. Here, then, I removed with all my stores, and scraping together what little straw and rushes I could find, made myself a couch or bed. But I had another luxury yet to enjoy in my pipe and tobacco, the means of lighting which I was furnished with in a small pocket tinder-box, which I had concealed about my person for more important purposes, and which I have already mentioned. My sleep this night was indeed invigorating and refreshing, and I awoke the next morning a completely new man, with the additional happy prospect of a good breakfast before me. The day was remarkably fine for the season, and the bells from the different churches, some of which I could hear a most astonishing distance, were quite in unison with my feelings. It might be called the first fine day of spring, as the sun had really much warmth, and the birds, such as the pewit or lapwing, and others of the same kind, were dashing in playful evolutions about me. I took more notice of these things, perhaps, from being so long deprived of the enjoyment of



them; but, though trivial in themselves, they diffused a kindly feeling through my whole frame, and cheered my spirits wonderfully. Nor could I help contrasting my present situation with that of the preceding Sunday, when, at the same hour, I was breathing the tainted and noxious atmosphere of an over-peopled prison-house; and now inhaling the pure and animating breezes of a fine spring morning in the fields. A man must be confined as many months as I was, in the space of only a few square yards, to enjoy in an adequate degree the happiness I felt. I had no one to interrupt me, for the population of this part of the country appeared very contracted; and I do not think, notwithstanding I kept a good look-out, that I saw during the whole of the day more than two or three persons, and these appeared a different race of beings to those I had before met with. The villages, too, were at a great distance from each other, with a farm-house now and then to be seen peering out amongst rushes and willow-trees: as to other trees, I do not recollect seeing any at all. In short, it appeared, on the whole, a most wild and desolate district, more like an American morass than what I had supposed any part of England to be; and this district, I have reason to believe, extends for many miles each way into the interior of the kingdom. I am sure I could see for thirty miles around me: but to my story. I took the opportunity, during the day, of washing a pair of stockings, which I hung in the sun to dry, and of cleaning myself, and making myself comfortable; indeed, having a clean-shaved face, clean shirt, shoes, and stockings, and brushing myself up a little, which every Frenchman knows how to do, I by no means looked the suspicious character I otherwise should have done; and this was now particularly to be attended to, as I drew near the end of my journey. My map pointed out two routes to the coast, after arriving at Downham, a town which was situated at the end of the bank on which I was travelling—one by way of Lynn, which was represented as a considerable seaport town, which was by all means to be avoided, if possible; and the other, more in the interior of the country, through some smaller towns, Swaffham and Fakenham. Of course I selected the latter—with what success, the reader will learn.

Having passed the day with much comfort and satisfaction, I resumed my journey about nine o'clock, and, without any interruption worth mentioning, arrived at Downham about midnight. The weather turned out bad at this time, and it began to rain as I got to the bridge. I nevertheless continued on through the town, although so dark, that I was obliged to grope my way, taking the different windings as correctly as I could remember from my map; which instructed me, on getting through the place, to turn to my left, and afterwards to my right, and then to take the first road, and continue straight on. All this I did, as I presumed, very exactly, and prosecuted my journey with

great spirit; and was rewarded for it, on the day breaking, by finding myself within a little distance of what appeared to me a fortified town. In short, I had taken the wrong turn of the road at Downham, and had got to the very place I was particularly cautioned to avoid—Lynn in Norfolk.

From the success I had hitherto met with—although, it must be owned, chequered with trifling disappointments—I had become over-confident; and so far from feeling this wandering from my direct road of any consequence, I rather rejoiced at it, and foolishly resolved to endeavour to get a passage to Holland at this place, without going any farther. Perhaps I was encouraged in this resolution by the sight of the harbour and shipping, now gilded by the rays of the morning sun, and the knowledge that it was the port we were brought prisoners to on our first arrival in England; nay, the very smell of the pitch and tar, which was wafted to me by the wind, contributed, I think, not a little to confirm me in my purpose. Leaving the direct road I was on, after crossing several fields, I took up my abode for the day—for I still had sense enough not to think of doing anything till night—in a haystack which stood on a bank about a mile from the place.

I passed the time rather impatiently, till the hour of action arrived. The plan I proposed to myself was, the first night merely to go and reconnoitre the place, and see what prospect of success was afforded. I therefore kept close till midnight, at which time, or a little before, I arrived at the gates, which presented no obstacle whatever, no sentinel or guard of any description being at that post; indeed I believe, from their appearance, the gates were never shut. The inhabitants were all wrapt in sleep, in the most perfect security: and this was the more extraordinary, as it by no means seemed difficult for a single privateer to have sailed up the harbour and burned not only the shipping, but the town itself, for I could see nothing to prevent it. I walked from one end of the place to the other several times, and, with the exception of a few old watchmen, who cried the hour, saw only one soldier, who stood sentinel at a hotel in the square or market-place, and who, I supposed, was merely the guard on duty at head-quarters, as is usual in other towns; and this, too, was during the most sanguinary period of the war. There was indeed a platform or fort at the entrance of the harbour, but it could have offered no effectual resistance. I was encouraged by this show of apparent negligence, and, keeping as near as I could to the seaward part, I found myself, after several windings and turnings, at the northern extremity of the town. Here the fishing smacks and boats were collected together, many of them aground, in a sort of creek running up between the houses. No one was stirring, and the fishermen were undoubtedly as fast asleep in the low and miserable hovels (I cannot call them dwellings) which bounded one side of the creek, as were their more

fortunate fellow-townsmen in the nobler mansions I had passed in the streets. I could, with the greatest ease, have cut a vessel out; but the risk was too great. I was no sailor, nor had I compass, sails, or oars; the river, too, cut a very different appearance to what it did at high water, being full of sands and shoals; so I very wisely gave up the idea.

Nothing particular occurred during the following day. I ate but sparingly; and my stock of provisions being now reduced to a compass not requiring the aid of a handkerchief, I thought it best to divide it into portions adapted to the size of my pockets. I had enough to last me, on a moderate allowance, for two or three days; and if I did not succeed in my attempt to get away from where I was, it was sufficient to carry me to my original destination—I mean to that part of the coast pointed out to me on the map, and from which route I ought never to have deviated.

I did not wait so long this night as the preceding one, but got into the town about ten o'clock, many of the shops being still open. What infatuation led me on I know not, but I wandered to the quay adjoining the square, in the centre of the town, though several people were walking about, and seated myself on a bench affixed to a building overlooking the harbour. By degrees the people dropped away, and left me to myself. I had not, however, enjoyed my own reflections many minutes in solitude, when six or seven men in sailors' dresses, with large sticks in their hands, headed by an officer in naval uniform and sword, passed close by me. They looked very earnestly in my face, and went on. The next minute they returned; and one of them, tapping me on the shoulder, said something, of which I could make out no more but that I must follow them; for I understood a little English, though I could not speak it. My heart sunk within me at the sound of their voices. I knew all was over, and that I was inevitably lost. Seeing me hesitate to accompany them, one of the most ruffianly-looking of the set seized me by the collar of my jacket to pull me along, which so irritated me, that, regardless of consequences, and the disparity between us, I struck right and left with a stout stick I had in my hand, and sent two of them on their knees; at the same time receiving a blow myself on my hand, which twirled my stick into the air, and another on my head, which felled me to the ground. Seeing, therefore, resistance of no avail, I sullenly submitted to my fate, and suffered myself to be raised on my feet, the whole party abusing me all the way we went.

Whether these men were police-officers, appointed for the apprehension of runaway prisoners of war, as I suspected, or whatever other description of guards they might be, they were the most brutal set of fellows I ever met with—the officer who commanded being little better than his men. All the time this scene passed I never opened my lips, which seemed to enrage the officer much,

as he several times, on not receiving any answer from me, flourished his cutlass over my head, as if he would cut me down. However, I will do him the credit to say that he never struck me with it. After we had passed through two or three streets, we came to a small inn, when the officer said something to one of the men, who beckoned me to follow him into the house, which I very quietly did, whilst the officer and the other men set off in another direction. I was rather surprised at being taken to a decent inn instead of a jail; but I thought that part of the tragedy was yet to come. As far as I could judge from the manner and behaviour of the fellow who was with me, he took my silence for a fit of the sullen, as he several times addressed me with the words, "Cheer up, my lad! Cheer up, my hearty!" words I had often heard aboard ship, and which I knew the meaning of. I also very well understood I was his prisoner; and, seeing no alternative, I sat myself down, though in a very melancholy mood, by the fire, in a little room he took me into, he seating himself on the opposite side.

My companion, after several ineffectual efforts to draw me into conversation, at last gave up the attempt, and left me to my own thoughts, at the same time ordering some grog and a pipe to comfort himself with. Occasionally he would deign me a sour look, and now and then, eyeing me at the same time very contemptuously from head to foot, would mutter something between his teeth, of which I could make out nothing.

My reflections, as may be supposed, were not of the most consoling kind. I every minute expected to be led in chains to some dungeon, preparatory to my final removal and return to my old prison; and I started at every sound, imagining I heard the guards coming to convey me away. I leant my elbow on the table, and rested my cheek on my hand, absorbed in the most bitter recollections. My head ached dreadfully from the blow I had received, and I felt my heart, as it were, almost bursting with vexation and disappointment. After being so near the accomplishment of my wishes, to be thus in a moment again doomed to imprisonment and sorrow, and perhaps punishment, almost drove me mad.

The room in which we were had no other furniture but the two chairs on which we were seated, and a large oak table, with leaves reaching to the ground. In observing this, I also saw that the window—which was a sashed one, and which opened into the street—was not fastened. The idea of escape had never left me, and I thought, could I but get to that window, something might be attempted. My heart sprang to my lips at the bare suggestion, and hope, when I imagined it most distant, suddenly reappeared. I watched my companion for some time after this, with the expectation of his going to sleep; but he knew his duty too well for that; when a loud noise and quarrelling in an adjoining room gave me the opportunity I wished. There

appeared to be a violent scuffle going on; and my guard, after being repeatedly called upon by name, looking round to see that all was safe, and saying something to me, snatched up his stick and rushed out of the door, taking care, however, to shut it after him. Now was the time to venture, or never. I flew to the window, and threw up the sash, which offered no impediment, and was just on the point of getting out, when I heard him returning. It was of no use attempting any farther, and I immediately, and with a heavy heart, drew back; but, fearful of the first vent of his anger, before he entered, and unperceived by him, I crept under the table, the large leaves of which concealed me from his view. He shut the door after him, and looked round for me; when, finding the window open, and I nowhere to be seen, he jumped out of the window, and set off in the imaginary pursuit of me. I could scarcely credit this wonderful instance of good fortune in my behalf, and hastening from my hiding-place to the window, kept my eyes on him till I saw him turn the corner of the street, when I leaped out also, running with all my speed in a contrary direction. I had continued thus for some time through several streets, without in the least knowing where I was going, but with the hope of somehow or other finding my way to the gates of the town, and once more taking refuge in the haystack which I had so unfortunately left, when, turning the corner of a lane, I of a sudden, and most unexpectedly, came in sight of my guards again, all of whom were together. They at once discovered me, and, inflamed with rage and revenge, immediately gave chase. I must inevitably have been retaken, for I could have run but little farther, if, providentially for me, I had not observed, as I was running along, the door of a small house standing a little open. Unperceived by any one, I entered the house, and safely closed the door, holding, with breathless suspense, the latch in my hand. In a few minutes I heard my pursuers passing in full cry after me, clattering and shouting most terrifically. It was the last time I either saw or heard them; and happily it proved for me that it was the last time; for I verily believe, had I then been taken, it would have broken my heart: as it was, I sank exhausted upon my knees, almost fainting with agitation and terror.

An aged female, of most prepossessing appearance, with a cat in her lap, was sitting at work by the fire when I entered. At first she seemed rather frightened at my intrusion, and had her hand on the wire of a bell which communicated with the adjoining house to give the alarm; but the next moment, from my action and manner, she appeared in part to comprehend my situation, particularly when she heard my pursuers after me; for she held up her forefinger in the attitude of listening, and said very softly, "Hush—hush!" two or three times. After waiting thus a little while, till she was convinced they were gone by, she came up closer to me, and looked in my face. I was

pale as death, and so spent with running, that I could scarcely draw my breath. She spoke to me in the most soothing accents of kindness and compassion, and made signs for me to rise and take a chair, for I was still on my knees. The voice of compassion, let it be spoken in what language it will, is intelligible to all men and to all nations. I comprehended her accordingly, and looked thanks, for I could not speak them. However, she made amends for my want of tongue, by running on with great volubility, doubling her little withered fists in the direction my pursuers had taken, as if she spoke of them, as she doubtless did, and repeating the word "pressgang" several times with great emphasis and anger. As she seemed waiting to hear me speak, and not knowing what else to say, I faintly answered, "Pressgang, madame; pressgang!" as well as I could, without in the least understanding what it meant. But this was quite enough for the old lady, who continued venting her anger against them for some minutes longer. It appeared afterwards that my kind protector took me for a sailor, who had escaped from a set of men denominated a "pressgang," who are employed by the British government to procure seamen for their navy, in which service many cruel and oppressive measures are resorted to.

I was, as I have said, quite exhausted with the variety of sufferings I had undergone for the last few hours. The benevolent woman on whose protection I had been so unaccountably thrown soon saw this, and poured me out a glass of brandy; but ere I could receive it from her hand, a film came over my eyes, the room appeared to swim round me, and I thought myself dying. I had only time to take off my cap, and point to my wounded head, which she had not before perceived, when I fainted away. I know not how long I remained in this state, but when I came to myself, my head was reclining on a pillow placed by her on the table for me, and she was bathing the contusion in the tenderest manner with some sweet-scented embrocation. Seeing me revive, she gave me the brandy, which I had scarcely strength to hold to my lips, so much was I reduced by pain and fatigue; but after I had swallowed it, I felt immediately relieved, and heaving a deep sigh, lifted up my head. She appeared greatly rejoiced at my recovery, which was, however, very transient and fleeting; for, unable to hold myself up, my head sank again upon the pillow, when, as considerate as she was good, she made signs for me to keep my head down, and hold my tongue. I found no difficulty in complying with this, and in a few minutes was fast asleep upon the table.

I never awoke till next morning, when for some minutes my head was so confused, I neither knew where I was nor what had happened; but my recollection soon returned, and with it came a train of hopes and fears. Although much revived, I was still in great pain from the blow on my head, and otherwise

feverish and unwell. My guardian angel, as I must always call the excellent creature who thus sheltered and nursed me, was at my side as soon as she saw that I was awake. She had sat up all night to watch me, and the Bible, which she had been reading to beguile the time, was still lying on the table. She did not appear by any means fatigued, but busied herself in getting breakfast ready, for it was past eight o'clock; and in a few minutes more placed before me a basin of excellent tea, and some bread and butter. At these repeated instances of kindness and benevolence from a stranger, and at such a time, I could no longer restrain myself, but burst into a passionate flood of tears, which seemed to have a sympathetic effect upon the good woman's heart, for she wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron several times. I now found it to be both proper and prudent to say something, as she seemed surprised at my continued silence, which she expressed by several intelligent signs; and as I felt myself too ill to continue my journey, it was necessary for me to endeavour to raise an interest in her feelings, that she might not withdraw her protection from me. I therefore, after many struggles between hope and apprehension, summoned up resolution to throw myself entirely upon her compassion; and I had no reason to repent my determination. In the best English I was master of, I told her I was "un foreigner, un stranger. Ah, madame; good madame," I said with tears in my eyes, "a-ve pitie on me!" At the first word I spoke, she discovered I was not an Englishman, but took me to be a foreign sailor from one of the vessels in the harbour, who, she supposed, from what had happened on the preceding night, had escaped from a "pressgang," as I have already mentioned. She had seen much, and heard a great deal, of the cruelty of these men; and that it was which made her so inveterate against them, and prompted her so readily to conceal me. But when I told her that I was "un pauvre Frenchman—un prisonnier François," she started, and her countenance fell; but it was but for a moment, the natural benevolence of her disposition getting the better of that national antipathy which even existed in this good woman's breast. I took my dictionary from my pocket, and with its aid, and partly by signs, soon made her comprehend my situation and hopes. I also emptied my money on the table, and made signs for her to take it; and, throwing myself on my knees, concluded by begging her not to betray me. The worthy creature caught my meaning much more readily than I could have expected, and at the same time, weeping as she spoke, made me understand that she had a grandson, an only child left of many, now a prisoner of war in France; she likewise told me, with great emotion, that she would not betray me. "God forbid that I should!" she said; and added, that if I got away safe, all the return she asked was, that I would assist the escape of her grandson, who, the last time she had heard from him, was at

Verdun. As to my money, she insisted upon my taking it back again, and would by no means receive it. An intercourse being now established between us, I felt as if a mountain had been removed from my breast; and as there was some danger to be apprehended to my kind hostess should it be known that she had assisted in the escape of a French prisoner, I was removed into a little back parlour, which opened into a small garden or yard about twelve feet square, surrounded by high walls, and where none could oversee me. For the time I was concealed there, I was nursed with the same care and attention that a mother would pay to an only son. My health and strength returned but slowly, the blow on my head having deranged my whole system, and it was some days before I could call myself completely restored; but she managed everything with so much discretion, that none, not even her nearest neighbours, had any suspicion of her having an inmate. I always kept the door of the room locked, and could often hear her talking with her acquaintance, whom she made a rule of getting rid of as soon as possible. It would have amused any one to have witnessed our conversation of an evening. After she had made the doors and windows of the house fast for the night, which she generally did about six o'clock, she would come and sit with me, bringing her work, and make the tea and toast—which, I perfectly agree with the English people, is certainly a most refreshing meal, or *comfortable*, as they call it. If she said anything which I did not understand, I would write it down, and translate it, word for word; and the same by what I said to her; and it is surprising with what readiness we comprehended each other's meaning. Often have the tears run down the good creature's eyes as I told her of my sufferings in the prison; and as often would she rejoice with me in the anticipation of my once more seeing my parents. My kind hostess—whose name, for prudential reasons, I shall omit—was, as she told me, in her seventieth year. She was the widow of a captain or master of one of the vessels which sailed from Lynn, I think she said in the Baltic trade. Her husband had been dead some years; and she told me, with some pride, that he had left her a comfortable competency, the fruits of his industry and economy, to maintain her in her old age. All her children and grandchildren, she said, were dead but one, who, as I have before-mentioned, was a prisoner in France; having been captured in a voyage to St Petersburg in a ship in which he was mate, and from whom she had received no account for upwards of two years, which afflicted the old lady grievously. I promised her, should I succeed in reaching France, I would use all the interest of my family, which I assured her was not small, in effecting his exchange; and if I did not succeed in that, I would make him as comfortable as money could make him. We also talked, as you may suppose, of my future proceedings; and as a first step towards their successful termination,



she provided me with a complete dress of coloured clothes which had belonged to her deceased son; and also with two fine linen shirts—my own being checked cotton, such as seamen wear—and a hat, and stockings, and other useful articles; nor would she receive any payment whatever for them, but bade me place them to the account of “her dear grandson, and do the same for him.” The next morning, according to her wish, having discarded my old clothes, I put on my new ones, which fitted me exceedingly well; and I felt the change, as it were, through my whole frame. I appeared to myself at once, and most unexpectedly, restored to that station in life to which I had been so long a stranger, and to which I at one time thought I should never return. I had also the satisfaction of knowing that I might now pass from one end of the kingdom to the other without being suspected or interrupted—no small comfort to a man in my situation. My kind hostess, at first seeing me in my new dress, was visibly affected; the remembrance of her son rose in her bosom, and she sank on a chair overwhelmed with her feelings. After a few minutes given to silent sorrow, in which I felt for her as if she had been my own mother, she wiped away her tears, and taking my hand very affectionately, prayed God “to restore me to my family again, and not leave my parents childless.” I recollect her words well; for the tone and manner in which they were delivered made an impression upon me I shall never forget.

Being now perfectly recovered, and well aware of the inconvenience I must be putting my inestimable friend to, I prepared for my departure. I had been her guest a week; and having told her my determination to start next morning, once more requested her to allow me at least to repay her the expenses she had been put to on my account. But I could by no means prevail upon her to take a single farthing; her constant reply to every thing I advanced upon that subject was, “to give it to her grandson one way or other.” All I could induce her to accept was a ring of little value, but esteemed by me as given me by my mother, and having my name, age, and place of birth engraven on it. I had concealed it about my person on being first captured by the English vessel, and had worn it round my neck by a ribbon ever since. I thought I could not do better than to present it to this, as I called her, my second mother; and she received it with great pleasure, and promised always to wear it in remembrance of me. This, with four small Spanish coins as counters for whist, which I had seen her admire, was all I could get her to accept.

The next morning, after partaking of a good breakfast, about eight o'clock I rose to depart; when, with tears in her eyes, which she in vain attempted to conceal, she gave me a letter for her grandson, enclosing a bill of exchange. I endeavoured to smile, and told her “I trusted we should yet meet again in happier circumstances, her grandson with us.” But she shook

her head, and said, "No, no; not in this world; never, never!" I then took her hand, and kissed it with great devotion several times, and thanked her repeatedly for the kind protection she had afforded me. But the good creature had not yet done. She brought me some provisions of bread and meat, neatly done up, to put in my pocket, with a small bottle of brandy; and once more bidding me not forget "her poor boy," we parted—and for ever!

The very mention, even after a lapse of so many years, of all this kindness and unexampled liberality, brings tears of grateful recollection to my eyes; and think not, reader (and I may as well mention it here), that her goodness was forgotten by me. Immediately on the restoration of peace, I commissioned a friend to go to England to seek out this excellent woman, bearing letters from my mother and myself, saying all that grateful hearts could say; and offering her, if she chose to accept it, an asylum with us in France for life; or should she, as was more natural, prefer staying in her native country, we remitted the necessary funds for securing to her the payment of an annuity of £50. We also sent several presents, such as we thought might be acceptable to her. But, alas! to our unspeakable sorrow, on our correspondent's arrival at Lynn, he found she had been dead some years—an event, I have no doubt, hastened by the melancholy end of her grandson; of whom I was obliged to write her the distressing account—which I did immediately after I had ascertained the fact—that he had been wounded in an attempt, with many others, to escape, and that he had died of his wounds.

I had been fully instructed by my kind hostess how to get out of the town, and the route I was afterwards to take. It being market-day, the streets were full of people, whom I passed with much apparent unconcern; and it gave me great confidence to see myself so unnoticed, as it more fully convinced me of my personal security. Having walked across the great square or market-place, beset with numbers of busy faces, I discovered I had come a little out of my way, but it was of no consequence; and in a few more turns I found myself in the street I had been directed to, leading to the eastern entrance of the town. In a few minutes more I was clear of the place, and on an excellent road in the direct line to the coast. Everything conspired to make this part of my journey pleasant. The day was very fine, the sun shining bright, and the birds whistling around me in all directions; nor was it the least pleasing part of my reflections that I was travelling by day instead of night; in short, I was in great spirits, which, though they had been for the moment damped by the parting with my kind old friend, revived at the scene around me, and the animating thought of my approaching deliverance, to which every step I took drew me nearer.

I passed through the pleasant village of Gaywood, and continued my course at a gentle pace—for I had no occasion for haste—

for three or four miles farther, where, on the top of a high hill, I seated myself on a mile-stone, and, turning my head back, took a final farewell of the town of Lynn, which I had so many reasons to remember, and where I had met with such a wonderful variety of adventures.

But it is not my intention to relate every little incident of the remainder of my journey, which passed without any material interruption. I arrived at the neat market-town of Fakenham about six o'clock in the evening. I had walked leisurely along, occasionally stopping and refreshing myself, or I might have got there much sooner. Having found out a retired spot, about a mile beyond the place, I took up my abode for the night in a stable, and endeavoured to make myself as comfortable as I could—not forgetting, as may be supposed, my provisions and brandy bottle. The next morning at sunrise, or a little after, I started on my last day's journey; for I had now, as my map informed me, only twenty-five miles farther to go, and in the track originally pointed out for me. My intention was to get to the part of the coast I was bound to before dark, and to regulate my proceedings afterwards as might seem most advisable. A thousand fears now began to haunt me, that something or other might interfere and blast all my hopes at the very moment of their completion. Sometimes I thought the man I was directed to might betray me, or refuse to assist me—or he might be dead, or out of the way; in the last instance (and which, indeed, was very probable to be the case), I had nothing left to guide me but my own discretion. These, with many other reflections of a like nature, threw a damp upon my thoughts, which I could not at first shake off; but as the day advanced, I felt a renewed confidence in my own powers, strengthened not a little by the good luck which had hitherto befriended me, and which I trusted would not forsake me; and I continued my journey in tolerable spirits accordingly.

Without meeting any circumstance worth relating, after travelling for some hours over long and dreary sandy heaths, apparently barren and worthless, but abounding in game and rabbits, and occasionally pursuing my way through a finely-cultivated country, interspersed with some handsome seats of the nobility and gentry, I came at noon, though not without some little difficulty in finding my way, to Langham, a well-built, interesting village, the houses of which, from the neatness, not to say elegance, of their structure, and conveniences of their farm-yards and offices, gave a very flattering picture of the condition of English farmers as contrasted with those of other nations. Here it was, in passing through the place, I again, and unexpectedly, came in sight of the German Ocean, a few miles below me. It burst upon my view at once, and so suddenly, as almost to overpower my feelings. Several fine ships, with their topsails set, were in the offing; and the fishing-smacks

and other vessels were tacking about in various directions. I stood for some minutes contemplating this sublime scene, marking the billows as they rolled along, curling with foam, and, as it were, chasing each other to the shore; and listening to the hollow and lengthened roar of the waves breaking over a bar forming the entrance of a harbour about two or three miles distant. I was always fond of the sea, and my emotions now were undoubtedly heightened by a perfect recollection of the coast—the same we passed in our voyage as prisoners to Lynn.

Being arrived within a few miles of my destination, my hopes and fears again returned. I continued my journey slowly and thoughtfully, revolving in my mind everything I was directed to do and say. I had a pass-word for the person I was to commit myself to, with a full description of his house, and indeed of every particular likely to be of service. I was also assured I might confide in him with safety; nevertheless it was with a beating heart that I once more arrived in view of the ocean, which, from the direction the road took, I had for a few miles lost sight of. I was on the brow of a high cliff, which towered over a few fishermen's cottages on the beach; amongst which, but standing more by itself, at the entrance of a small creek, to which a boat was moored, stood the ultimate object of my hopes at present; namely, the house I was to go to. I knew it immediately, from the description I had of it, and could not be mistaken; but how to arrive at it was a subject of some deliberation; for I could see no road, and nothing but a sea-mew or gull could get to it by the cliffs.

I continued, therefore, my walk for nearly half a mile, keeping close to the edge of the cliffs, and had absolutely begun to despair of finding a way, when, on a sudden, to my left appeared a small opening, as if part of the cliff had fallen in, carrying with it an immense body of earth and sand, in gradual slope till it reached the beach; and such, indeed, there is no doubt had been the original formation of the road, which I now began to descend, and which I immediately saw was the one I wanted. The road, if such it could be called, was not more than five feet wide, of a fine white sand, in which I sank over the ankles every step I took. In some parts it was extremely steep and dangerous, and the high banks on each side being shadowed with stunted bramble and alder bushes, mingled with furze and ling, which almost met over my head, gave a sombre appearance to the whole, heightened as it was by the dusk of evening—congenial, perhaps, to the feelings of a *Salvator Rosa*, but certainly not to mine. After proceeding about half-way down—for the road, from its windings, must have been a quarter of a mile at least—I began to perceive signs of approaching habitations. The sand on each side was scooped into little caverns, and betrayed where children had been at play; and a half-starved ass, which I had some difficulty in making get out of my way, was picking a scanty meal

from the short grass which here and there peeped out from the sides of the bank. I remember all these little occurrences well, and they helped to connect in my memory others of more importance. From a small projecting eminence at a turn of the road, I discovered immediately below me the place I was looking for. It was merely a collection of a few scattered houses, or rather huts, to the number of five or six, inhabited by fishermen, and partly built at the foot of the cliffs, a little above high-water mark. At a small distance from these houses, more to the right, stood the one I was in search of. It was situated on the edge of a creek, about four yards from the cliff, which here was quite perpendicular, and between which and the house was a vacant space where the road passed. A shrimp-net was hung on posts before the door, and a coble was moored within a few yards of it, as I had observed on first approaching the cliff; and this struck me as a fortunate circumstance, and led me to hope the owner was at home. The house, though of much the same size as the others, had a cleaner and better appearance, and was evidently occupied by a different sort of inhabitant. This also was, I thought, another circumstance in my favour; and I waited very patiently, concealed behind a projecting part of the cliff, till dark. I had as yet been seen by no one; nor indeed, as far as I could judge, was I likely to be disturbed, for all seemed still and quiet. I kept my eyes fixed upon the window of the house, from which I was not far distant, till I saw a candle lighted and the shutter closed; and it being now quite dark, with a palpitating heart and high expectations, but allayed, as may be supposed, by corresponding fears, I approached the door. The well-remembered sign of three oyster-shells over the window assured me I was correct as to the house; and a mark over the door, of which I had been particularly cautioned to take heed, told me the master was at home. Indeed, had not this mark appeared, I was to have turned away, and waited for a more propitious opportunity. Encouraged by all these signs in my favour, I lifted the latch, and, as I was instructed, stepped boldly in, and closed the door after me. A man in sailor's dress, with a hair cap on his head, and huge boots turned over his knees, was sitting at a small round table smoking his pipe, with a can of grog before him. A woman, apparently superannuated by age and infirmity, was spinning flax with a spindle by the fire; and close by her, on a stool, half-asleep, sat an arch-looking boy, about twelve years of age, also in a sailor's jacket and trousers, and cap. I threw a hasty glance over them all, and, fixing my eyes on the man, was convinced all was right as to him; for he had a scar, as I had been previously informed, reaching from right to left, deeply imprinted on his forehead; and he also wore a silver ring on his thumb, through some superstitious notion prevalent among seafaring people. As to the other inmates, I was not quite so certain. On my entrance,

he eyed me very suspiciously from head to foot. I approached the table, and holding up two fingers of my left hand over my head, made a sign, clearly seen and understood by him to whom it was addressed, though unperceived by his companions. He immediately gave me the countersign, and said, "All's right." I replied boldly in words I had been taught, and which I had conned over so often as to have completely by rote. He understood me perfectly well, and told me in French, which he spoke very fluently, to sit down and make myself easy. He then went to the door and window, which he bolted with strong bars of iron. "There now," says he, "we are safe from all disturbance; yet it's as well to be secure. Cant that into your hold," continued he, pouring me out a glass of excellent Hollands as he spoke, "whilst I get something for the bread-room. Ah," added he, with a knowing wink, as I took his advice, and drank off the very acceptable gift, "it's genuine, I warrant it." He then placed on the table some beef and bread, and other eatables, and seating himself by me, filled a fresh pipe, and bade me "tell him all about it." I told him, in as few words as I could, the heads of my story, and that I would reward him with any sum to furnish me with the means, as I was well aware he had done for others, of escaping to Holland. He heard me very patiently to the end—during which time I think he smoked half-a-dozen pipes of tobacco, and drank as many glasses of grog—never speaking or interrupting me the whole time; but evinced the interest he took in my tale by sending forth from his mouth a denser column of smoke, according as the various incidents excited his feelings. After I had concluded, he shook me heartily by the hand, and told me again "All was right. He would do what he could; but that we must act with caution, as 'hawks were abroad.'"

My host, whom I shall call Jack, a name he was usually designated by amongst his comrades, was about forty-five years of age; and, notwithstanding the scar across his forehead—which, by the by, he told me he had received from one of my own countrymen—might be called a fine-looking fellow. His complexion was deeply embrowned by the service he had seen, and the winds and weathers he had encountered, as he had been, he said, a sailor from the time he was no higher than a "marlinspike." I need not say he was a smuggler; but he carried on the "free trade," as he called it, in a manner peculiar to himself, and never ran a cargo within a certain distance of his home. He was, he informed me, the sole agent of a house in Holland, connected with certain people in England, who placed implicit trust in him. While telling me this, he was tossing off glasses of grog one after another. The dose was repeated so often, that I began to find it was high time to go to rest. With some demur, on account of my refusing to take "just another drop," Jack showed me to my apartment—a curious concealed place, which had defied

discovery on divers occasions. Pointing out a strong iron bar, he directed me how to place it across the door, and which, for my further security, he told me not to open without a password. At the same time he showed me a small and almost imperceptible hole in the wall, by which I could reconnoitre every comer. Next morning he was with me betimes, and we entered into conversation about our future proceedings. He bade me remain in my room all day, and not show myself at the window, which faced the ocean, lest I should be seen from the beach; and to be sure to close the shutter as soon as evening fell, so that no light might be seen from without. At night, if I wished it, I might join them below, but I was not by any means to go out of the house. He assured me that these precautions were all necessary, both for his and my own security. The old woman, he said, was always on the watch to give notice of the least alarm; and that, under the appearance of being half-crazed and superannuated, she concealed the greatest cunning and vigour of mind; at the same time he showed me another small aperture, through which I could see whatever passed in the room below. "For the last assurance of your safety," said he, "see this;" and, as he spoke, he discovered to me a recess in the wall, so artfully contrived as to elude the closest inspection. "If need be," continued he, "conceal yourself there. One of your generals knows its dimensions well, for he was in it when every house in the hamlet was filled with red coats in search of him. They were within two inches of him," added he, laughing heartily as he spoke, "and the old woman held the candle; but they might as well have been on the top of Cromer lighthouse." He then left me. I remained in my hiding-place several days. Notwithstanding every attention was paid to my wants, and even wishes, by the whole household, my time passed very heavily. I had no books, nor anything to divert my thoughts by day, and I would sit for hours contemplating that ocean on which all my hopes were now centred. At night, indeed, I generally joined the party below, or my friend would come and spend it with me. During these times he would amuse me by relating several tales of daring hardihood, and of extraordinary escapes, in which he had been a party; and of the incredible subtlety and invention with which he and his companions had circumvented the officers of the English customs. These last stories he always told with great glee, as if the very remembrance of them diverted him.

At length the period of departure arrived. It was about twelve o'clock, on a fine star-light night, that, looking out of my window previously to undressing and going to bed, I saw a boat approaching the shore. I knew it in a moment to be the coble usually moored at the creek. Two men and a boy were in it. The boy, whose face was towards me, was steering, and I immediately knew him, notwithstanding the distance, to be my host's son. They approached with great precaution and silence, and I scarcely

breathed with hope and expectation; but in a few minutes all was lulled into certainty by the appearance of Jack himself, who, without allowing me time to speak a word, which I much wished, to the old woman, hurried me to the boat, and jumping in after me, pulled away with all his strength, seconded by the other man, as if life depended on it. In about two hours or more we arrived on board a small sloop, which had lain-to for us; and the skipper, a Dutchman, who spoke good French, received me with much civility, bidding me, however, be quick. Jack accompanied me into the cabin, and in a few words—for no time was to be lost—acquainted me the vessel was one in which he was concerned, and had run a valuable cargo not far off; that the skipper readily consented to receive me on board, and had watched a favourable moment—communicated by signals from the shore—to run in and take me off. The master of the vessel having several times called to us to make haste, I satisfied the faithful fellow for his services to the utmost of his wishes, to which I added a guinea for the old woman, and another for his son; and going upon deck, shook him heartily by the hand, and bade him farewell—he and his boy waving their caps several times to me as they pulled away to the shore. We immediately put the vessel about; and having the advantage of a favourable breeze, we soon lost sight of the cliffs and coast of Norfolk—the last object in England which struck my sight being the fluttering and revolving blaze of Cromer lighthouse; and this, too, having faded in the distance, I retired to the cabin, where the skipper was sitting with his mate over a good and capacious can of grog, of which they invited me to partake. At their request I related the heads of my escape, and they flattered me with the hopes of soon being at home. Notwithstanding the perilous voyage of a smuggling cutter, we met with nothing worth narrating, except being several times chased by English vessels, and having once narrowly escaped running aground by keeping too close inshore, to avoid the smaller cruisers of the enemy. On the evening of the second day we arrived in safety in the Texel, when I paid my friend the skipper ten louis-d'ors for my passage, and gave five more to be divided amongst the crew.

Little more now remains for me to say. Immediately on landing I wrote home the news of my escape; and the next morning started for Paris, where I was detained a day by the commands of the minister of the marine, to whom I rendered all the information in my power; and without losing another moment, took my place in the diligence for Marseilles, where I arrived in safety, and the next minute was in the embraces of my dear and beloved parents.\*

\* The above narrative, which is a translation from the French, appeared a number of years ago, and has been obligingly placed at our disposal by the proprietor. We believe we are warranted in saying that it is in every particular true.



## ROB ROY AND THE CLAN MACGREGOR.



**T**HE Highlands of Scotland, as is generally known, form a large mountainous territory in the north-western division of the kingdom, and have from time immemorial been inhabited by a Celtic people, differing in manners, dress, and language from their Lowland or Anglo-Saxon neighbours. A very remarkable peculiarity among the Highlanders was their system of clanship. The country was parcelled out into a number of little territories, each inhabited by a clan; that is, by a few hundreds, or a few thou-

sands of persons, all bearing the same name, and all believed to be sprung from the same stock; and each territory was governed by the chief of the clan, under the guidance of certain established customs and traditional maxims. The government was one of pure affection. The meanest clansman, while he venerated his chief, believed at the same time that the blood which flowed in his chief's veins was the same as that which flowed in his own; and the chief, on the other hand, while his power was all but absolute, was expected to clasp the hand of the poorest man in the clan when he met him, and at all times to treat him with dignity and respect, as a scion of the same race as himself.

At the middle of the eighteenth century there were about forty distinct clans in the Highlands, some of them numerous and powerful, others small and weak. In general, each clan occupied a defined tract of country: thus the west of Sutherlandshire was the "country" of the Mackays; the west of Ross and the island of Lewis the "country" of the Mackenzies; Argyleshire the "country" of the Campbells; and so on. In the districts adjoining the Lowlands, the territories of the respective clans appear to have latterly been less precisely marked, as if the various tribes, by their mutual collisions, had been partially

broken up and intermingled with each other. Thus, beginning at the Firth of Clyde, and proceeding along the line dividing the Highlands from the Lowlands, we find Colquhouns, Buchanans, Macfarlanes, Macgregors, Maclarens, Maclachlans, Grahams, Stewarts, Drummonds, Murrays, Menzieses, Robertsons, Ogilvies, Farquharsons, either occupying small patches of territory, or so mixed together that they cannot be separated. Besides being split up by collisions, the clans in this quarter suffered unquestionably from the pressure of the Lowland settlers, and the grants made of their lands to favourite retainers of the Scottish monarchs. The Macgregors, whose settlement was the district north of Loch Lomond, were one of these maltreated frontier clans.

#### ORIGIN AND EARLY HISTORY OF THE MACGREGORS—THEIR SUFFERINGS AS A CLAN.

Chroniclers tell us that in the year 831, at the time when the Picts and Scots were contending for the mastery of the northern part of the island, there was a king of the latter people called Alpin. His son was Kenneth II., or Kenneth Macalpine, who, after conquering the Picts, reigned over the joint races of the Scots and Picts. He had a son Gregor or Gregory, who, in the Gaelic fashion, would be called Gregor Mackenneth Macalpine; and it is from this person that the Macgregors claim their descent. This claim of the Macgregors to an ancient and royal descent, forms the burden of two Gaelic rhymes referring to the clan; one of which runs thus—"Hills, waters, and Macalpines, are the three oldest things in Albion;" and the other asserts the hereditary claim of the Macgregors to the Scottish throne. Being of so illustrious a lineage, the Macgregors, although excluded by circumstances from the throne on which their progenitors had sat, were naturally in early times one of the most considerable families in the kingdom. They had originally very extensive estates in Argyleshire and Perthshire, measuring in one direction from Loch Rannoch to Loch Lomond, and in another from Loch Etive to Taymouth. The seat of the principal branch of the family was Glenurchy, in the district of Lorn.

One of the first authentic notices of the Macgregors of Glenurchy is during the period of the struggle for independence against Edward I. of England. In 1296, John Macgregor of Glenurchy was made prisoner by Edward at the battle of Dunbar, where the fortunes of Baliol and the Scottish nation were shattered; and in the list of the prisoners, this Macgregor is styled one of the Magnates of Scotland. His lands and his liberty were afterwards restored to him by the conqueror, on condition of his going over to France to assist in the war which the English were then carrying on with that kingdom. It is

probable that he returned to Scotland towards the close of the stormy period, 1297-1306, and lived on his property of Glenurchy. In this last-mentioned year, 1306, Robert Bruce, after killing his rival John Cumin, assumed the Scottish crown; but not being able to cope with the English forces then in Scotland, and disowned by a large faction of the Scottish nobles, he had to quit his kingdom, and seek refuge in Ireland. Passing through the Highlands, the fugitive king was attacked and pursued by the Lord of Lorn, who had married Cumin's sister; and as the king in his flight passed through the territory of the Macgregors, it is probable that they assisted Lorn on this occasion. When, therefore, King Robert had seated himself firmly on the throne, he remembered the injury he had suffered at the hands of the Macgregors, and inflicted a severe punishment for it, by depriving the clan of a great part of its ancient possessions.

The commencement of a long series of misfortunes and persecutions dates from the time of Robert Bruce. Rendered weak, and at the same time fierce and disaffected, by the loss of so large a portion of their possessions in this king's reign, they resented, but could not resist the encroachments which, in these lawless times, their neighbours tried to make on the portion which still remained. While other more loyal clans secured their possessions by written charters from the king, the Macgregors scorned to retain theirs by any other right than the right of the sword; and hence, year after year, they found their territory diminishing, eaten into, as it were, on all sides by the cupidity of their neighbours. The "greedy" Campbells, as the enemies of this powerful and distinguished clan used spitefully to nickname it, were the neighbours from whose aggressions on their property the Macgregors suffered most; and early in the fifteenth century, Glenurchy passed finally out of the possession of the Macgregors into that of the Campbells. Accordingly, in a charter of the date 1442, we find the title of "Glenurchy" applied to Sir Colin Campbell, a younger son of Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochawe.

The Macgregors were now a landless clan. But although deprived of all legal right to their ancient possessions, they were too numerous and powerful to be actually driven off the face of the lands in Perthshire and Argyshire which they occupied. They accordingly continued to reside on them nominally in the capacity of tenants either of the crown or of some neighbouring clan chief, such as Campbell of Glenurchy, but really as independently as if they still were their own landlords. The legal title, however, having once been alienated from the Macgregors, they became a doomed race, subject to annoyances and persecutions at the hands of every one. Of so little consideration were they, along with other broken clans, that it was customary for the Scottish government, in the fifteenth century, to reward

noblemen of tried loyalty by bestowing on them portions of the unreclaimed crown lands in the Highlands, with all the uncivilised natives upon them, whether Macdonalds, or Macnabs, or Macgregors. As the fortunate nobleman who obtained such a grant required to subdue or extirpate the natives before he could take possession of their lands, such a measure in these rude times was shrewd and politic; it was employing the gripping spirit and fierce passions of the nobility to extend civilisation and preserve order in the kingdom. The task, however, of subduing or extirpating the native Highlanders was long, tedious, and occasionally impossible. The Macgregors, especially, seem to have been inextinguishable. Remaining doggedly and resolutely in their native glens, they cared little who was called their landlord, whether he were the king, or only a Campbell; and every attempt to exercise a landlord's rights met with a stern resistance. Sometimes acting on the defensive, and attacking any party which might enter into their territories for a hostile purpose—sometimes acting on the offensive, invading the territories of their foes in turn, burning their houses, and carrying off their cattle, the Macgregors soon acquired the reputation of being one of the most intractable and unruly clans in the Highlands. Hence it became a standing question with the Scottish government—How shall we clear the country of these Macgregors?

Probably, if the seat of the clan had been farther north, their wild and lawless conduct would have attracted less notice. But that such a clan should continue to exist, and to commit its outrages on the very borders of the Lowlands, within a few miles of royal residences and courts of justice, seemed to be a disgrace to any set of men intrusted with the government of a country. So at least thought the Scottish authorities of the fifteenth century; for in the rudest times the ideas of justice, order, and good government are always familiar to public functionaries. The whole resources of the police of that period were therefore employed against the Macgregors. We have already shown in what these consisted—in stirring up clan against clan, in making the passions and the interests of one clan, pledged to the cause of order, clash with those of another reputedly disloyal.

The Campbells were the great enemies of the Macgregors during the fifteenth century. Favoured by grants from the kings, and by their own strong "acquisitiveness," they pushed themselves not only into Glenurchy, but farther east still—through Breadalbane as far as the banks of Loch Tay—ploughing their way, as it were, through the Macgregors, and casting the remnant of that doomed clan up on both sides, like the ridges of earth made by a plough. The Macgregors now, instead of being a whole and unbroken population, were divided into two separate tribes or masses, the one inhabiting the banks of Loch Rannoch and the north of Glenurchy, the other living in the immediate neighbourhood of Loch Lomond, in the districts of Glenfalloch and

Balquidder. Both these bands of Macgregors appear to have made it their great object and occupation to retaliate on the Campbells the injuries they had received, by making expeditions into the territories of which they had taken possession, carrying away the cattle, and doing all the mischief in their power. A Macgregor of the fifteenth century, whether born on the banks of Loch Rannoch or on the banks of Loch Lomond, was taught, as his first duty, to hate a Campbell. Nay more, the Macgregors had no other means of subsistence than harassing and "harrying" the Campbells. Hence, by the end of the fifteenth century, the Macgregors, formerly known as an unruly and intractable clan, had come to be notorious as robbers and cattle-stealers. In 1488, the first year of the reign of James IV., an act was passed by the parliament for the "stanching of thift, reiff, and uther inormiteis, throw all the realme;" and, as was customary, the task of doing so was committed to the great landed proprietors, the proprietors of each district becoming bound to do their best to put down crime within their bounds. The Macgregors appear to have been specially aimed at by this act, for we find the following three proprietors, Duncan Campbell of Glenurchy, Ewen Campbell of Strachur, and Neil Stewart of Fortingal, appointed as a commission of justice to inquire into and punish the depredations committed in the districts of Glenurchy, Glenlyon, Glenfalloch, &c. the very districts inhabited by the impoverished and desperate Macgregors.

We have sketched the history of the Macgregors down to the year 1500, at which period we find them, not spread over Perthshire and Argyleshire, as they had been two or three centuries before, but accumulated in two masses, one on the banks of Loch Rannoch, the other on the banks of Loch Lomond. The principal agents in effecting this change had been the Campbells; but in the beginning of the sixteenth century, we find the Macgregors of Rannoch involved in a new feud with the Menzieses. In 1502, Robert Menzies of that ilk, already an extensive proprietor in the north of Perthshire, obtained a grant of the lands of Rannoch. In making this grant, the government did not trouble itself with the question, What was to become of the Macgregors who at present held the lands? It simply said to Menzies, "Here is a desirable piece of property filled with Macgregors, and we make you a present of it on condition that you fill it with Menzieses." Embracing the proposal, the Laird of Menzies made all preparations for expelling the poor Macgregors; who, on the other hand, having no means of emigrating, and not choosing to be driven into the sea, or to break up the clan and dissipate themselves through the kingdom, prepared as resolutely to remain where they were. They clung so desperately to their lands, and made such incursions into the territories of their oppressors, that the poor lairds of Menzies began to wish from their hearts they had never been made

lords of Rannoch. The honour was very great, but the income was very small. By accepting the grant, they had incurred a sort of obligation to the government, which they found themselves unable to discharge. Thus, in 1523, we find Robert Menzies putting in a petition to the lords of the council, begging to be exempted from all liability in the matter of keeping the Macgregors in order, "seeing that the said Macgregor forcibly entered the said Robert's lands of Rannoch, and withholds the same frae him maisterfully, and is of far greater power than the said Robert, and will not be put out by him of the said lands;" and in 1530 we find the same laird, or his successor, "asking instruments, that without some good rule be found for the clan Grigor, he may not have to answer for his lands, nor be bounden for good rule in the same." This state of things continued through the whole of the sixteenth century, the Menzieses being the legal lords of Rannoch, and bound for good behaviour within the same; and yet the lands being held forcibly by the "broken men of Macgregor," who, though growing weaker and weaker every year, still refused to be rooted out.

Such, during the sixteenth century, was the condition of the Macgregors of Rannoch; nor was the condition of the other mass of the Macgregors, accumulated in Balquidder and on the borders of the Lowlands, happier or more peaceful. Their enemies, however, were far more formidable than the Menzieses; they were the Campbells of the neighbourhood, backed by all the power of the great Earl of Argyle, and by all the authority of the government. It must, indeed, have been galling to the Scottish council, sitting at Perth or Stirling, where also the king sometimes resided, to hear every day of depredations committed by the Macgregors in Glengyle, Strathearn, or Balquidder—almost, as it were, at their doors. Not only so, but the Macgregors began also to make incursions into the Lowlands, and to harass the most quiet and peaceable of the king's subjects. Now striking a blow at their old enemies, the Campbells of Glenurchy and Breadalbane, now making an expedition southward into the territories of the Colquhouns, the Buchanans, the Grahams, the Stewarts, and the Drummonds, sometimes even dashing in amongst the honest burghers working at their trades in the Lowland towns, the robber clan became a pest and a terror to all the neighbourhood. Accordingly, their name occurs frequently in the justiciary and other public records of the sixteenth century.

To such a pitch of violent and angry feeling was the privy council raised by the continual depredations of the "robber clan," that in September 1563, in the reign of Queen Mary, it issued an edict of extermination by fire and sword against the whole of the Macgregors; appointing the Earls of Argyle, Moray, Athole, and Errol, Lords Ogilvy, Ruthven, and Drummond, Sir Colin Campbell of Glenurchy, and John, Laird of Grant, as commis-

sioners, with power to see the edict put in force, each in his own district. Supplementary to this terrible decree, a similar warrant was granted to proceed with fire and sword against all "harbourers" of the clan; that is, against all who should shelter any of the doomed race, or receive them into their houses.

The decree for exterminating the Macgregors was zealously put in force by at least one of the commissioners, whose feeling against them was more personal and bitter than that of any of the others could be expected to be—Sir Colin Campbell of Glenurchy. The keen relish with which he fulfilled his share of the bloody business is commemorated in a passage, written in a manuscript history of the Campbells by the orders of his own son and successor, which tells us that "he was ane great justiciar of all his time, through which he sustained that deadly feud of the clan Gregor ane lang space; and besides that, he caused execute to the death mony notable limmers (criminals); he beheaded the Laird of Macgregor himself at Kenmore, in presence of the Earl of Athole, the lord-justice-clerk, and sundry other noblemen." In executing the decree against the harbourers of the Macgregors, however, Sir Colin carried matters with so high a hand, and committed such atrocities against the lives and property of respectable families, that, after being remonstrated with to no purpose, he was deprived of his commission in the year 1565.

Although the severities employed against the Macgregors at this time fell far short of those which the language of the decree threatened, they appear to have produced some effect. A fraction of the clan had, in the course of this and previous persecutions, found it advisable to throw themselves upon the mercy of the government, and give security for peaceable conduct. The great majority of the clan, however, whether in Rannoch or Balquidder, continued as wild, as lawless, and as outrageous as ever. In the year 1566, the tenants and feuars of Menteath were unable to pay their rents, stating as a reason that their lands and houses had been "harried" by the Macgregors. In fact, desperate and reckless, brought up from their earliest youth with the idea of being a wronged and persecuted race, and with the expectation of a violent death as a matter of course, the "broken men of Macgregor" were ready to engage in any scheme, quarrel, or conspiracy which held out a prospect of activity, and especially of revenge against the Campbells.

We now come to a crisis in the history of the Macgregors. For three hundred years they had been the victims of a cruel fortune; but now there was impending over them one calamity more, the fall of which was to shatter them to pieces.

#### STORY OF DRUMMOND-EIRNICH—MACGREGOR OF GLENSTRAE —PROSCRIPTION OF THE CLAN MACGREGOR.

In the reign of James IV. there was a deadly feud between the Drummonds and the Murrays, two powerful clans on the

southern frontiers of Perthshire. The Drummonds chancing once to find a hundred and sixty Murrays in the church of Monivaird, set fire to it, and roasted or suffocated them all—all except a single Murray, whom one of the Drummonds took pity upon, and suffered to leap clear out of the flames. No sooner was the horrible deed made public, than vigorous measures were adopted against the Drummonds, a great many of whom were seized and executed. The Drummond to whose compassion the single Murray remaining out of the hundred and sixty owed his life, fled to Ireland; but being at length permitted to return, he and his family were known afterwards by the name of Drummond-Eirnich, or the Irish Drummonds. In the year 1589-90, Drummond-Eirnich, probably the grandson of this man, was one of the royal foresters in the forest of Glenartney, close upon the haunts occupied by a particular branch of the Macgregors, called MacEagh, or the Children of the Mist. Drummond-Eirnich having made himself obnoxious to the Children of the Mist, by hanging several of the clan for some depredations—of which, as forester, he was officially required to take cognisance—a small party of them waylaid him in the forest, cut off his head, and, wrapping it in a plaid, carried it away with them as a trophy. “In the full exultation of vengeance, they stopped at the house of Ardvairlich, and demanded refreshment, which the lady, a sister of the murdered man (her husband being absent), was afraid or unwilling to refuse. She caused bread and cheese to be placed before them, and gave directions for more substantial refreshments to be prepared. While she was absent with this hospitable intention, the barbarians placed the head of her brother on the table, filling the mouth with bread and cheese, and bidding him eat, for many a merry meal he had eaten in that house. The poor woman returning, and beholding this dreadful sight, shrieked aloud, and fled into the woods, where for many weeks she roamed a raving maniac, and for some time secreted herself from all living society. The sequel of her story is, that some remaining instinctive feeling bringing her at length out of the woods to steal a glance, from a distance, at the maidens while they milked the cows, always darting away when she found herself perceived, her husband was at length able to convey her home, where, after giving birth to a child of which she had been pregnant, and whose subsequent history showed the influence of the circumstances preceding his birth, she gradually recovered her mental faculties.”\* To return to the Macgregors. Foreseeing the storm which would burst upon them in consequence of the bloody deed they had committed, they marched straight to the old church of Balquidder, taking the head of Drummond-Eirnich along with them. There all the clan having been convened, the ghastly head of the murdered man was laid on

\* Introduction to the Legend of Montrose.



the altar, and the Macgregors, going up to it one by one, beginning with the chief, placed their hands upon it, and swore in the most awful manner to make common cause with the clansmen who had done the deed.

The murder of Drummond-Eirnich was no sooner known than prompt measures of vengeance were taken. By an act of the privy council, dated Edinburgh, 4th February 1589, a commission was given to the Earls of Huntly, Argyle, Athole, Montrose, Patrick Lord Drummond, and seven other landed proprietors, to search for and apprehend Allaster Macgregor of Glenstrae, nearly two hundred others mentioned by name, "and all others of the said clan Gregor, or their assisters, culpable of the said odious murder, or of theft, reset of theft, herships, and sornings, wherever they may be apprehended. And if they refuse to be taken, or flee to strengths and houses, to pursue and assiege them with fire and sword; and this commission to endure for the space of three years." The commission appears to have been executed with extreme severity.

Allaster Roy Macgregor of Glenstrae, the person named first in the commission, being the head of the clan, was a brave and active man, the chief of an important family of the Macgregors, which had for long held a small property as tenants of Argyle, but which, about the year 1554, when the property was made over to Campbell of Glenurchy, was involved in the miseries endured by the rest of the clan. His father having been put to death, and himself ejected from his property, Allaster was compelled to follow the same wild and lawless career as other chieftains of his unhappy race. At the same time he seems to have foreseen the ruin which would inevitably attend the conduct of him and his fellows, and to have wished, from the bottom of his heart, to avert the coming catastrophe by putting himself and his clan within the pale of civilised life before it was too late. Accordingly, in the year 1591, we find him entering into a compact with Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenurchy and other Perthshire proprietors, under the auspices of government, binding himself and his followers to abstain from slaughters and depredations; and in consequence of this compact, it appears that the sentence of the commission against him was annulled. All his efforts, however, were insufficient to tame the turbulent spirit which had grown up under centuries of suffering; and the other proprietors who had signed the bond—or, as they are called, "the Landlords of the clan Gregor"—finding it impossible to keep their promise so long as they had any Macgregors among their tenants, began ruthlessly to turn them out. Seeing his poor clansmen thus buffeted and tossed about, denied house-room, as it were, on the face of the earth, Allaster Macgregor went to Dunfermline in July 1596, and delivered himself up as a hostage to the king for the future good behaviour of his clan. Tired, however, of dancing attendance at the court of King James,

whose conversation and habits were, we may suppose, not very congenial with those of a Highland chief, Allaster dashed away one day to his native hills.

Still he persisted in his efforts to maintain friendly relations with the king and his council; and when other clans, stirred up, it was said, by the crafty and dissimulating Earl of Argyle, invaded the lands occupied by the Macgregors, Allaster, instead of retaliating, took the extraordinary step—extraordinary for a Highland chief—of demanding damages in a court of law. “The Laird of Macgregor and his kin,” are the words of his counsel in a paper of protest preserved in the Justiciary Records, “were the first since King James the First’s time that came and sought justice.” And in July 1599, when he was summoned to appear before the king and council to give farther security for the good order of his clan, there was presented an offer in his name of eighteen hostages, six out of each of the three principal houses of the clan, with a prayer that his majesty would be pleased to accept these in lieu of the pecuniary caution demanded; “in respect,” says the document—and there is a tone of real melancholy in the words—“that neither is he responsible in the sums whereupon the caution is found, and that nae inland man will be caution for him in respect of the bypast enormities of his clan.” In other words, the poor chief confesses that his clan now had neither money nor credit.

Notwithstanding all Allaster’s promises and endeavours, the clan could not all at once conform to the usages of civilised life. Ever and anon the irrepressible Macgregor spirit broke out: a provoking Campbell was occasionally stabbed by the dirk of a fiery clansman, or a stray herd of cattle was found missing from the hills. At length the king and his council relieved themselves of the whole charge of the Macgregors, by appointing the Earl of Argyle to the office of lord-lieutenant and chief-justice over all the lands inhabited by the clan. Under this new arrangement, it might have been possible for the Macgregors to recover their character, and become good subjects; and Allaster Macgregor seems to have flattered himself at first with the expectation of this desirable result. But Argyle was a crafty, double-dealing man; and while seeming zealously engaged in restoring order in the west Highlands, he in reality used the authority with which his office invested him to convert the Macgregors into instruments for accomplishing his own purposes of private revenge. Establishing Allaster and his clan as a sort of district police, he employed them to attack those families against which he entertained personal ill-will; and then being the first himself to point to the outrages which they had perpetrated, he threw the whole blame on his miserable agents. By Argyle’s secret orders, Allaster and his men inflicted great damage on the property of the Lairds of Luss, Buchanan, Ardkinglass, and Ardincaple, and other proprietors near Loch Lomond.

The most disastrous to the poor Macgregors of all the enterprises in which the Earl of Argyle engaged them, was their feud with the Colquhouns of Luss—a clan inhabiting Dumbartonshire, on the west of Loch Lomond. Firing the blood of Allaster Macgregor and his men by calling to their recollection some old occasion of quarrel between them and the Colquhouns, Argyle prevailed on them to march along the banks of Loch Long towards Luss. The Macgregors amounted to upwards of three hundred; but, receiving timely notice of their approach, the Laird of Colquhoun was able to collect a force about twice as strong, composed, besides his own clan, of his neighbours the Buchanans and the Grahams, together with a number of the citizens of Dumbarton, who took the field on the occasion under the command of Tobias Smollett, bailie of the town, and ancestor of no less a personage than the author of “Roderick Random.” The two little armies met in Glenfruin, a name which signifies the Glen of Sorrow. Daunted by the great superiority of the Colquhouns in numbers, the Macgregors hesitated to commence the fight. At this moment an old Macgregor, who was a seer, or had the gift of second-sight, cried out, “Aha! I see the chiefs of the Colquhouns wrapped in their winding-sheets!” Encouraged by these words, the Macgregors met the foe; and after a desperate fight, completely routed them, killing more than two hundred in the pursuit. It is also said that a party of savage Macgregors massacred a number of defenceless students of divinity and grammar-school boys, who had come from Dumbarton to witness the fray; and a stone, bearing the name of *Leck-amhimsteir*, or Clergyman’s Flagstone, is still pointed out in Glenfruin as being the spot where the youths were killed; but it is strenuously denied by some that any such atrocity was committed, and certainly there is no mention of it in the contemporary records of the courts of justice.

The battle of Glenfruin was fought in the spring of 1603. On being reported to the king and his council, it was looked upon as an addition to the black calendar of crimes committed by an incorrigible race; and whatever concern the Earl of Argyle had in it, was concealed by the crafty conduct of that nobleman. He was the first to turn against the men whom he had himself stirred up to commit the crime; at least contemporary historians say so, and contemporary documents bear them out. All the blame and all the punishment fell on the Macgregors. In order to impress the mind of the king with a vivid idea of the extent of the slaughter at Glenfruin, and excite a thirst for vengeance in those who were about him, two hundred and twenty widows of the slain Colquhouns and Buchanans appeared before the court at Stirling, clad in black, and riding on white palfreys, each carrying her husband’s bloody shirt on a spear—a sight at which, according to tradition, no man would be so likely to turn pale as the son of her who had seen Rizzio murdered at her feet. Mea-

sures more severe than any that had ever been adopted against the Macgregors, than had ever been adopted against any clan, were now resolved upon. On the 3d of April 1603, the privy council passed an act abolishing for ever the name and clan of Macgregor. All who bore this odious surname were commanded instantly to exchange it for some other, on pain of death; and all who belonged to the clan were prohibited, under the same penalty, from wearing "ony kind of armour except ane pointless knife to cut their meat." Measures were also taken for the apprehension and punishment of the principal Macgregors known to have been present at Glenfruin. After several months of wandering through the Highlands, Allaster Macgregor of Glenstrae and the chief men of the clan surrendered to the Earl of Argyle, on the understanding that they should be sent out of Scotland. The earl "kept his promise to the ear, but broke it to the sense." Sending the captive Macgregors, under a strong escort, across the Scottish border, and thus having literally fulfilled his bargain, he had them brought back to Edinburgh, where, after a hasty trial on the 20th of January 1604, Glenstrae and several of his associates were conveyed from the bar to the gibbet at the market-cross, and hanged, Glenstrae being suspended his own height higher than his companions. Others of the clan were brought to Edinburgh as they were taken, and shared the same fate as their chief; and it appears from Calderwood's History, that in the case of seven of these, "reputed honest for their own parts," the formality of a trial was dispensed with. On the trial of Allaster Macgregor, he produced a declaration, the original of which is preserved in the Register-House of Edinburgh. Several passages in it are very affecting. It commences thus:—"I, Allaster Macgregor of Glenstrae, confess here before God that I have been persuaded, moved, and enticed, as I am now presently accused and tried for; also, gif I had used counsel or command of the man that has enticed me, I would have done and committed sundry heich (high) murders mair; for truly since I was first his majesty's man, I could never be at any ease by my Lord of Argyle's falsehood and inventions, for he caused M'Lean and clan Cameron commit her-schip and slaughter in my room (country) of Rannoch, the which caused my puir men to beg and steal." After explaining the affair of Glenfruin, and enumerating the other instances in which Argyle had urged him on to the commission of crimes, with threats that, if he did not obey, he would be his "unfriend," Glenstrae concludes his declaration thus:—"At this hour I would be content to take banishment, with all my kin that was at the Laird of Luss's slaughter, and all others of them that any fault can be laid to their charge, if his majesty, of his mercy, would let puir innocent men and young bairns pass to liberty, and learn to live as innocent men."

Without a chief now, and no longer allowed to call themselves a clan, the Macgregors were hunted down in their native glens.

The Earls of Argyle and Athole were charged with the execution of the acts of the privy council; and many a bloody battle was fought between the agents of these two noblemen and the desperate men whom they came to disarm. To abjure the names of their forefathers—to forget their descent from the old Scottish Alpin—to call themselves Macgregors no more—to walk through the hills which were once their own, downcast and dishonoured, a jeer and a scorn to every Campbell or Menzies who might choose to laugh at them—this was an indignity to which it required a crushing force to make them submit. But government was resolute; and for thirty years it continued to pass stringent acts against the Macgregors. By an act of 1613, they were forbidden, under the penalty of death, to assemble in greater force than four at a time; and in 1617 the act making the name of Gregor or Macgregor illegal was repeated, for the benefit of the new race of clansmen which had sprung up since its first publication. The women of the clan were also ordered to be branded with the mark of a key in the face; but there is no instance of this brutal regulation being actually carried into effect. The reason assigned for the stringency of these and other acts passed relative to the clan Macgregor between 1603 and 1617, is, that “the bare and simple name of Macgregor made that hail clan to presume on their power, strength, and force.”

The Macgregors, now broken up and dispersed, and without any acknowledged chief, complied so far with the edicts issued against them as to lay aside their clan name in public, and assume others. Such of the clan as were settled among the Campbells called themselves Campbells; such as were settled among the Stewarts called themselves Stewarts; and so on; till there was scarcely a single clan in the central district of Scotland without some disguised Macgregors in it. Still, there were various bonds of connexion which attached the scattered fragments of the royally-descended clan; and it is, according to what we know of Highland human nature, natural to suppose that, in their low and downcast condition, the Macgregors would regale their memories more frequently than before with tales from the history of their race, and that each recollection of a deed of valour done by an ancestor would be accompanied, in a Macgregor's heart, by a hotter thrill. That there were occasional ebullitions of the Macgregor spirit, even after the disgrace and dispersion of the clan, appears from the preamble to a statute passed in 1633, eight years after the accession of Charles I., which states that the turbulent clan Gregor was again lifting its head in Perth, Stirling, Clackmannan, and the Mearns, and renews the persecuting edicts of the previous reign. The following striking little anecdote is told of a Macgregor chieftain of that period residing in Glenurchy. His son had gone out with a party of young men to shoot on the moors. Accidentally meeting with a young gentleman of the name of Lamont, who was on his way to Fortwilliam, attended

by a servant, they went all into an inn to have some refreshment together. A quarrel took place on some trifling circumstance between Lamont and young Macgregor; dirks were drawn; and Macgregor fell mortally wounded. In the confusion Lamont escaped, and ran for his life, pursued by the Macgregors. The night favoured him; and at the dawn of morning he found himself near a habitation, to which he proceeded. It was the house of the Macgregor whose son he had killed; and the old man himself was standing at the door. "Save my life," cried Lamont as he came up; "I am pursued." "Whoever you are," said Macgregor, "you are safe here;" and saying so, the old man took him in, and introduced him to his wife and daughters. Ere long the Macgregors who were in pursuit came up, and told the chief that his son had fallen in a scuffle, and that the assassin had passed that way. Macgregor's wife and daughters filled the house with their cries, as the pursuers recognised the stranger. "Be quiet," said the old chief; "let no man touch the youth. He has Macgregor's word for his safety; and, as God lives, he shall be safe while he is in my house." He kept his promise, and even accompanied Lamont, with twelve men in arms, to Inverary, where, having landed him on the other side of Loch Fine, he left him with these words:—"Lamont, you are now safe; no longer can I, or will I, protect you. Keep out of the way of my clan; and God forgive you." This occurred shortly before the repetition of the persecuting edicts in 1633; and it is gratifying to be able to add that the old chief, when afterwards hunted from his property in consequence of these acts, found a refuge in the house of the man whose life he had so nobly saved.

During the civil war, the fierce spirit of the clan found a lawful vent in fighting on the king's side, and against the Commonwealth; for, notwithstanding their sufferings at the hand both of James and Charles, the Macgregors, remembering their descent from Alpin, the ancestor of the Stuarts as well as their own, took part with royalty, and ranging themselves under other clan chiefs, fought in the armies of Montrose; and after Charles's death, assisted the Lowlanders against Cromwell. They evidently hoped to wipe out past transgressions by their loyal conduct; and there is extant a certificate under Montrose's hand, dated 7th June 1645, promising the Laird of Macgregor, in the king's name, the restoration of his ancestors' lands of Rannoch, Glenlyon, and Glenurchy, after the troubles of the kingdom were put an end to. As these lands were then held by the dependents of Argyle, Montrose, in granting the certificate, was meditating at once the rewarding of loyalty and the punishing of rebellion. But Montrose's gallant enterprise failed; Scotland likewise was too weak to resist the Commonwealth; and the Highlands, with all the rest of the kingdom, came within the iron gripe of Oliver Cromwell. On the restoration of Charles II.,

the discipline of the Highlands was slackened; and one of the acts of the first session of the Scottish parliament in his reign, was to repeal the statutes against the Macgregors. This restoration to the rights and honours of clanship was, however, of short duration; for after the Revolution the edicts were again revived, in pursuance, probably, of the same line of policy as that which prompted the massacre of the Macdonalds of Glencoe. But though re-enacted, the regulations were very laxly put in force.

THE CLAN AT ITS LOWEST FORTUNES—LIFE AND EXPLOITS  
OF ROB ROY.

After the legal abolition of the clan in 1603, we have already informed our readers that there was no acknowledged chief of the Macgregors. There were, however, a number of chieftains, or heads of particular branches of the clan. One of these chieftain-families was the Macgregors, or, as they now called themselves, the Campbells of Glengyle, on the northern extremity of Loch Lomond, the descendants of one of the old Macgregor heroes, called Dugald Ciar Mohr, or the Great Mouse-coloured Man. In the short reign of James II., Donald Macgregor of Glengyle had a lieutenant-colonel's commission in the army. He married a daughter of a neighbouring gentleman, Campbell of Glenfalloch. The issue of this marriage was Rob Roy.

Rob Roy Macgregor, or, as he was obliged to call himself, Rob Roy Macgregor Campbell, was born at Glengyle, probably about the close of Cromwell's government, the precise year being uncertain. His youth was spent in the calm intervening between two storms—the Civil War and the Revolution of 1688. Accordingly, the first active enterprise in which we find him engaged occurred after the Revolution, when he must have been nearly thirty years of age. It was a petty incursion into the parish of Kippen, one of those little outbreaks of Jacobite feeling which were common in remote districts in the early part of the reign of King William. At this time, or shortly after, he was known as Robert Campbell of Inversnaid; and before the year 1707, he appears also to have come into possession of Craigroystan, a small and romantic property on Loch Lomond, lying between his paternal Glengyle and his maternal Glenfalloch. His nephew, Gregor Macgregor, by some unexplained way came to inherit Glengyle on the death of Robert's father; but the uncle managed the nephew's estates, and was regarded by all the clansmen of the district as really the chief and governing Macgregor.

Little is known of Rob's manner of life till the period of the union between Scotland and England (1707), at which time he must have been about forty-eight years of age. For several years after this, we find him pursuing the occupation of a drover or cattle-dealer. This was not only an honest, but it was also, in Highland estimation, an honourable and gentlemanly profession. "Previously to the Union, no cattle had been permitted to pass

the English border. As a boon or encouragement, however, to conciliate the people to that measure, a free intercourse was allowed; and as cattle was at that period the principal marketable produce of the hills, the younger sons of gentlemen had scarcely any other means of procuring an independent subsistence than by engaging in this sort of traffic.\* Collecting his own, or purchasing his neighbours' cattle, the gentleman-drover, with a number of assistants, drove them into the Lowlands, and disposed of them there to Lowland dealers who supplied the English market; not unfrequently, however, the Highland drover made the journey into England himself. As the Lowland cattle-dealers were, for the most part, Borderers, as fierce and strong as the Highlanders, it often happened that the Lowland markets were the scenes of tough battles between the buyers and sellers. In such frays the Borderers, dipping their bonnets in the nearest brook, wrapped them round the end of their cudgels, so as to guard the hand, and then stepped boldly out to meet the Highlanders, who fought with their broadswords: giving remarkable fair-play, however, says Sir Walter Scott, and never using the point of the sword, far less their firearms. In the last generation, old men were alive who had been engaged in these fights, in which

“ One armed with metal, t'other with wood,  
This fit for bruise, and that for blood;  
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,  
Hard crab-tree and cold iron rang.”

These recreations never interrupted the commerce between the parties, nor did the dealers, with all the heat of their blood, display less sagacity or less talent for money-making. Many of the Highland drovers were remarkably shrewd and intelligent men; and by all accounts Rob Roy, a man now of mature age and experience, obtained the character of being one of the most successful and respectable of the profession.

One of the first men in Scotland to take advantage of the privilege of free trade in cattle with England was James, Duke of Montrose, who had been a keen advocate of the Union. The duke, on whose property Glengyle and Inversnaid were situated, was well acquainted with Rob Roy and his family. Accordingly, Rob and the duke entered into a partnership, each advancing 10,000 merks: a large sum, says General Stewart, in those days, when the price of the best ox or cow was seldom twenty shillings. Rob was to buy the cattle, and drive them into England, and was to be allowed, in consequence, a per centage for his trouble, in addition to his share of the profit. The speculation, however, turned out a failure. So many others had embarked in the trade, that the English market was overstocked. Rob was obliged to

\* General Stewart of Garth's Sketches of the Highlanders.



sell the cattle at less than prime cost; and, to make matters worse, a person of the name of Macdonald, whom Rob had trusted, cheated him. Returning to Scotland almost totally insolvent, Rob went to reckon up accounts with his partner the Duke of Montrose.

There are various versions of this part of the transaction, the most creditable to Rob being that given by General Stewart of Garth, who derived his information from some of Rob's own intimate acquaintances, and which is, that the duke insisted on getting back his 10,000 merks entire, with the interest; that Rob refused to give him more than what should remain of the 10,000 merks, after deducting his share of the loss; and that they parted in anger, without coming to any settlement. Be this as it may, it is certain that Rob disappeared with money belonging to the duke in his possession; and in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* for 21st June 1712, there appeared an advertisement, stating that "Robert Campbell, commonly called Rob Roy Macgregor, being lately intrusted with considerable sums for buying cows for them in the Highlands, has treacherously gone off with the money, to the value of £1000;" and offering a reward for his apprehension. As the advertisement is an *ex parte* statement, it is not inconsistent with the more creditable version of the story given above, or at least with the supposition that Rob's reason for decamping was his being insolvent.

Macgregor, now a ruined man, gave up his profession of drover, and began the life of a freebooter and an outlaw. Divided into so many clans at hereditary feud with each other, "cattle-lifting" had been a common practice from time immemorial in the Highlands; and no idea of moral turpitude was attached to a *creach*, or cattle-stealing expedition into the Lowlands, or into the property of another clan. The *cearnachs* who engaged in these expeditions were the strongest and most select men of the clan; and it was the ambition of every young Highlander to distinguish himself as a successful *cearnach*. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, these cattle-stealing enterprises had indeed begun to go out of fashion, in consequence of the general advance of society. Still, recollections of *creachs* were fresh; still the *cearnach* spirit was not extinct; and there was nothing so strange as might at first be thought in a man like Rob Roy—now beginning to pass the prime of manhood, and who had hitherto pursued a respectable line of life—falling back, in consequence of a reverse of fortune, on his old Highland instincts. Rob Roy belonged to two states of society—the old Highland, and the modern Scotch: he had in him the qualities required by both. Altering a little the words which Sir Walter Scott has put into the mouth of Rob's own wife when speaking to her sons, Rob in his tartan, and with the bonnet on his head, was a different man from Rob when he put on the Lowland broad-cloth. Rob Roy was a respectable drover up to the age of fifty, and he might

have died without ever having been anything else, but for the failure of his cattle speculation. The change is finely shaded off by the worthy Bailie Nicol Jarvie. "Rob and me were gude friens ance," said the bailie, "but we hae seen little o' ilk ither since he gae up the cattle line o' dealing. Puir fellow, he was hardly guided by them wha might hae used him better; and they haena made their plack a bawbee o't neither. There's mony ane this day wad rather they had never chased puir Robin frae the cross of Glasgow; there's mony ane wad rather see him again at the tail o' three hundred kyloes than at the head o' thirty waur cattle."

Rob, now a Highland chieftain, with all the Macgregors about Glengyle and Glenfalloch at his beck, withdrew from Inversnaid a few miles farther into the Highlands, finding a place of retreat at one time in the lands belonging to the Duke of Argyle, at another in those belonging to the Earl of Breadalbane. Both these noblemen were Campbells; and the Campbells, as our readers know, had always been the greatest enemies of the Macgregors; but now they had received many of the persecuted race into the number of their tenants; and as the Grahams and the Campbells were at mortal enmity ever since the great struggle of the civil war, both Argyle and Breadalbane would be very willing to disoblige the Duke of Montrose by protecting his runaway debtor.

The duke, however, adopted legal measures for the recovery of his money, and seized on Rob's property of Craigroystan, selling his stock and furniture. In the execution of the distress, it is also said that the officers insulted his wife, Helen Macgregor, a woman of bold and masculine temper. These accumulated injuries at the hands of the Duke of Montrose made Rob vow eternal vengeance against him; and as long as he lived, he carried on a war of depredation against the duke's property. The duke, however, was not the only landed proprietor who suffered from Rob's predatory visits; all those noblemen or gentlemen, whether Highland or Lowland, who took the opposite side from Rob in politics, or who were unpopular in the neighbourhood, were included in his list.

The chief of a bold band of his own clansmen, inhabiting a labyrinth of valleys amid rocks and forests, Rob was no mean modern robber. He was a true Highland cearnach—a robber of the same school as the English Robin Hood. In person, according to the description given of him by the hand of a master, he was singularly adapted for his profession. "His stature was not of the tallest, but his body was exceedingly strong and compact. The greatest peculiarities of his frame were the breadth of his shoulders, and the great and almost disproportionate length of his arms—so remarkable, indeed, that it is said he could, without stooping, tie the garters of his Highland hose, which are placed two inches below the knee. His countenance

was open, manly, stern at periods of danger, but frank and cheerful in his hours of festivity. His hair was dark-red, thick, and frizzled, and curled short around the face. His fashion of dress showed of course the knees and upper part of the leg, which was described to me as resembling that of a Highland bull—hirsute with red hair, and evincing enormous muscular strength. The qualities of his mind were equally well adapted to his circumstances. He inherited none of his ancestor Ciar Mohr, the Great Mouse-coloured Man's ferocity; on the contrary, he is said to have avoided every appearance of cruelty. He was a kind and gentle robber; and while he took from the rich, was liberal in relieving the poor. All whom I have conversed with (and I have in my youth seen some who knew Rob Roy personally), gave him the character of a benevolent and humane man 'in his way.'”\*

One of Rob's sources of revenue was the levying of what was called *black-mail*. Black-mail was a sum of money paid stately to a band of marauders, on condition that they should neither touch the property of the person paying it, nor permit any other to touch it. This kind of compact with freebooters was common in Scotland in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries; the peaceable farmer in these disorderly times finding it more his interest to be on good terms with his lawless neighbours, than to run the risk of being ruined by their depredations. The lifters of the black-mail, however, were shrewd enough to see that the only way of keeping up the practice from which they derived such advantage, was to keep the farmers in constant alarm; consequently, it was usual for a captain of marauders to divide his band into two parties, employing one party to steal the cattle, the other to recover them when stolen, and restore them to the owner. Those who refused to pay black-mail were mercilessly plundered, and the stolen cattle sold. The Scottish government had, indeed, prohibited this strange mode of dealing, and even made it a capital crime either to pay or receive black-mail; but as it had no power to protect its subjects in a legal way, the statute against levying black-mail became a dead letter; and in 1713 and 1714, the last year of the reign of Queen Anne, and the first of the reign of George I., the practice was still in active operation.

There are few anecdotes of Rob during the first two years of his life as an outlaw; we merely know that he kept the district in alarm, and levied black-mail. On the outbreak of the rebellion of 1715, Rob, being a Jacobite, took the side of the Stuarts, notwithstanding that his protector, the Duke of Argyle, was the leader on the opposite side. Any hopes, however, which the Macgregors might entertain of being once more placed in their ancient position as an independent Highland clan, were

connected with the restoration of the exiled royal family ; and Rob therefore forsook for a while his vocations as a robber, and plunged into the rebellion as an officer in the rebel army, commanded by the Earl of Marr ; hoping, no doubt, if his party should triumph, to emerge from the general confusion with his character washed and purified. While his nephew, Macgregor, or, as he called himself, Graham of Glengyle, acted as chief of the Macgregors on the banks of Loch Lomond, Rob himself was sent by the Earl of Marr on a mission to Aberdeen, for the purpose, it is said, of raising a fragment of the Macgregor clan which had settled itself in that neighbourhood in the year 1624. In the town of Aberdeen, strangely enough, Rob found a clansman and a kinsman in a man whose pursuits were very different from his own—no other than Dr James Gregory, professor of medicine in King's College, son of James Gregory, the inventor of the reflecting telescope, and progenitor of a race of Gregories, all professors, and all distinguished for their scientific attainments. Civil war, says Sir Walter Scott, who received his account of Rob's visit from the grandson of the Professor Gregory in question, introduces men to strange bedfellows ; and the professor thought it prudent to be on good terms with his cousin Rob, not knowing what course things might take. Accordingly, Rob was invited to the professor's house, and treated with extraordinary kindness by the whole family. Affected at such a hearty and kinsmanlike reception, Rob's heart warmed towards the good professor, and he did not know in what way sufficiently to show his gratitude. The day of his departure, he took the professor aside, and said to him, " Now, really, cousin, you have been so kind to me, that I don't know what to say. I have been thinking what return I can make to you, and I have fixed on a plan. There's your son Jamie ; he is a stout spirited fellow to be only nine years of age, and you are ruining him by cramming all that book-learning into his head : I'll take him with me to the hills, and make a man of him." The poor professor was horrified ; but Rob was evidently in earnest, and it would not do to let him see what he really thought of the offer. He therefore brought out one excuse after another, as fast as they occurred to him. " Very kind of you, indeed, Rob ; but I am afraid it would be too much trouble. Jamie, you see, is—" " Trouble !" interrupted the grateful Rob ; " never mind that. There's nothing I wouldn't do for you." " Oh, but his mother," began the professor—" But I can carry him away without her knowing anything about it," replied his ready cousin. In fact it seemed that Rob would carry his point, till the professor urged the plea of the boy's ill health as a reason for at least deferring for another year or two his apprenticeship to a life on the hills. Rob reluctantly yielded ; and bidding good-by to his cousin, with a promise to come back some time or other for Jamie, took his departure, much to the professor's relief. The boy who thus escaped

becoming Rob Roy's henchman was afterwards his father's successor in the chair of medicine; and being of a somewhat hasty and irritable temper, his friends used to say on any occasion when he displayed it, "Ah, Rob Roy would have taken that out of him if he had got him to educate!"

Rob, with all his strength and boldness, was a cool, cautious man, not fond of exposing himself to needless danger. Old men who knew him used to say that he seemed to like a scuffle within doors better than an actual battle. He appears also to have been able to bridle his temper and bear with insults when there was no means of avenging them; and on one occasion, when a gentleman threatened to break his neck, Rob shrugged his shoulders, and seemed quite pleased. His conduct throughout the rebellion of 1715 was marked by this caution. Upon the whole, his own interests and those of his clan inclined him to the side of the exiled family. Still, was it not the Stuarts who had broken and disgraced his clan? and at this moment was it not to the Duke of Argyle, the leader of King George's army, that he and his men were indebted for house-room and protection? As he afterwards said himself, it was only the fear of being imprisoned for his debt to the Duke of Montrose that prevented him from being a loyal subject of King George. Rob was therefore slow in committing himself, especially as it was not very clear which side would win. He acted as guide, however, to the insurgent army in its march from Perth to Dumblane; and was present at the battle of Sheriffmuir, where the Earl of Marr met the Duke of Argyle. His conduct at this battle was at least characteristic; we leave our readers to judge whether it was creditable. Rob was stationed on a hill, having the Macgregors, and also a party of the Macphersons, whose own chief was too old to take the field, under his command. At the very crisis of the battle, he received an order from Marr to attack the enemy. "No, no," said Rob; "if they cannot do it without me, they cannot do it with me;" and he kept his post. One of the Macphersons, however, a strong active man, who, having formerly been a drover, was an acquaintance of Macgregor, became furious at the delay, and throwing off his plaid, called to his clansmen to follow him. "No, no, Sandie," said the cool commander; "if it was Highland stots or kyloes that we were speaking about driving, I would yield to you at once; but as it respects the leading of men, you must allow me to be a better judge." "Ay," retorted Sandie sarcastically; "but if it were Highland stots or kyloes, you would be quick enough, Rob." Even Macgregor fired at this; and there was every probability that a duel would be fought, when the general concerns of the battle called off the attention of the disputants. Owing, it is said, to Rob's holding back, the victory was undecided, although all the fruits of the battle were reaped by Argyle. From the following verse in the old ballad commemorating the battle of Sheriffmuir, it will be seen that

Rob's conduct on this important occasion has not escaped poetical censure :—

“ Rob Roy he stood watch  
On a hill for to catch  
The booty, for aught that I saw, man ;  
For he never advanced  
From the place where he stanced,  
Till nae mair was to do there at a', man.”

When the rebellion was suppressed, Rob was included with the rest in the act of attainder, and had his house in Breadalbane burnt by the king's troops sent to patrol the Highlands ; but having made a mock surrender of himself to Colonel Campbell of Fannah, who of course could not deal hardly with a client of his own chief, the Duke of Argyle, he was allowed to resume his old mode of life on the banks of Loch Lomond. Undistracted now by any political duties, he devoted himself with fresh zeal to the task of tormenting the Duke of Montrose. Followed by a band of fifty or sixty men, he made incursions into the estates of such of the local gentry as he chose to select as his victims, until he had compelled them to compound with him by the payment of black-mail ; so that by the year 1716 or 1717, he was in receipt of a handsome revenue. We have no information as to the precise rate of Rob's charges ; but in 1741, his nephew, Macgregor of Glengyle—who, however, does not appear to have prosecuted his uncle's occupation of cattle-stealing—made a contract with the gentry of the same neighbourhood, insuring the safety of their cattle from depredators, or the payment of their full value if stolen and not recovered, in consideration of the receipt of five per cent. insurance-money ; and as Rob united in himself the two characters of cattle-lifter and insurer against cattle-lifting, it is not probable that his charges were less. The transactions between Rob and his customers were conducted openly in the face of government, and in the most grave and business-like manner ; the latter coming statedly to some appointed place of meeting, like tenants on a term day, bringing the required amount of black-mail with them, and receiving in return regular discharges signed by Rob ; and the goods and cattle of defaulters being instantly seized, and sold by public roup. Rob, in fact, acted as a supreme magistrate in the district ; and the revenue which he derived in the manner above stated, he employed partly to pay the necessary expenses of his government—that is, to support himself and his men—and partly also to distribute the comforts of life more equally over his district. He kept a strict eye on all the proceedings of the various ranks and orders over which he had established himself superintendent ; and wherever wrong or injustice was going on, wherever an act of oppression was perpetrated, for which the imperfect legal arrangements of the time afforded no remedy, there Rob was sure to interfere. Nor was Rob a niggard of his money

when the case demanded a little outlay on his own part. Many cases are recorded in which he made a draught on his private purse. Thus the Rev. Mr Robison, minister of the parish of Balquidder, threatening to pursue his parish for an increase of stipend, Rob, who considered this a clear case of clerical extortion, gave the reverend gentleman to understand that he had better be content with what he had. Mr Robison, accordingly, desisted from his demand; and Rob, to show his sense of this prompt obedience, sent him every year afterwards a present of an excellent milch cow and a fine fat sheep. It will be evident that Rob's peculiar position gave him a power of rectifying a thousand similar local grievances, both great and small, which the limited power of an ordinary magistrate would not enable him to reach or meddle with. English readers will no doubt be surprised that such a state of things as that we have been describing could have existed under the same government as that which protected the literary leisure of Pope and Addison; but it should be remembered that it was long after the period we are now speaking of, before the law extended its powerful energies over the northern extremity of the kingdom. Twenty years later, there was a riot in the metropolis of Scotland itself, in which the mob broke into the jail, dragged out a prisoner whom the government had respited, and hanged him with their own hands. Nay, Sir Walter Scott tells that in his own youth, when he was a writer's apprentice or attorney's clerk, going to execute a summons for debt on a Highland family residing in the Braes of Balquidder, he was accompanied by a party of six soldiers and a sergeant, for fear of resistance being offered. It is told of a Highlander of Dornoch, about the end of last century, that, returning from a short journey southward, he met his acquaintances with a rueful countenance; and being asked what was the matter, replied, "Oh, the *law* is quite close upon us; it has come as far north as Tain!" speaking of the law as if it had been the cholera morbus.

Rob's personal enemy, we have said, was the Duke of Montrose; and with him he made no terms, but waged an incessant warfare. The duke, goaded beyond endurance by the impudent attacks on his property, and the property of all his clansmen, applied to the military authorities of the neighbourhood for their protection, and thus involved Rob and his men in a feud with the neighbouring garrisons of Glasgow, Dumbarton, and Stirling. On one occasion parties of men marched simultaneously from the three garrisons, hoping to surprise the outlaw at Craigroystan; but missing him, they contented themselves with setting fire to his house. This was in 1716; and Rob, whose original grudge at the duke, on account of the sale of his effects, was far from being mollified by this second outrage, determined on a signal revenge. In the middle of the month of November, John Graham of Killearn, the duke's factor, was at a place called Chapellairoch collecting the duke's rents. The

factor had collected rents to the amount of £300, when Macgregor opened the door, and walking in at the head of his men, took the money and the account-book; and after receiving the rents which were not yet paid, and compelling the factor to grant receipts to the tenants in the duke's name, pocketed the whole, saying that the duke and he would reckon with each other afterwards, the duke being considerably in his debt for the burning of his house. He then walked off, taking the factor along with him; carried him, without any ill usage, to an island in Loch Katrine; detained him a prisoner there, and caused him to write a letter to the duke. In this letter the factor, after stating that he is "so unfortunate as to be Robert Roy's prisoner," informs his Grace that Rob demands, as his ransom, a discharge in the duke's hand from his former debts, the sum of 3400 merks by way of damages for the burning of his house, and the duke's further promise never afterwards to prosecute or molest him. On receiving this epistle from his incarcerated factor, the duke wrote to the lord-advocate, giving him an account of this "very remarkable instance of the insolence of that very notorious rogue, Rob Roy;" inveighing against the clan Macgregor as a "race in all ages distinguished beyond any other by robberies, depredations, and murders;" stating his anxiety about his factor, but that, as of course he could not degrade himself so far as to make a treaty with Rob, he must "leave his release to chance and his own management;" and hinting the propriety of establishing forts and barracks in the district infested by the outlaws. But Rob, finding that he had made nothing by his audacious scheme, dismissed the factor quietly, after detaining him seven days.

This was not the only occasion on which Rob had dealings with the duke's factor. On another term-day, at the same place, Rob entered the room where Mr Graham was collecting the duke's rents, and took the money-bags away with him, after seeing that all the tenants had got their receipts; because, said he, it is not from them I take the money, but from the duke, who is in my debt. Nor was it only by carrying away the rent-bag that Rob made the duke suffer. By carrying away the cattle of such of the duke's tenant-clansmen as refused to pay him black-mail, he prevented them from being able to pay their rents; and "as the rents of the lower farms were partly paid in grain and meal, which was generally lodged in a storehouse or granary, called a *girnal*, near the Loch of Monteath, it was customary for Macgregor to pay the girnal a visit after it had been replenished, and carry away a great many horse-loads of meal, leaving with the storekeeper his receipt for the quantity taken."\* In whatever way his depredations were committed, Rob contrived to make the duke the ultimate sufferer.

\* General Stewart's Sketches of the Highlanders.—Appendix.



The duke's suggestion of establishing military forts in the district which Rob infested, was partly carried into effect, and a small fort, with a garrison, was established on Rob's old estate at Inversnaid. Rob and his men, however, attacked and dispersed the garrison; and it was not re-established till shortly before the rebellion of 1745.\* The duke also tried to obtain an advantage over his troublesome adversary by distributing firearms among his tenants; but in the course of a few weeks Rob had possessed himself of every musket sent into the neighbourhood. Except, therefore, for the chance of an occasional rencontre with marching parties of the king's troops, or after some specially daring exploit, Rob led a life of tolerable security. Not only was he free to wander at will through the extensive possessions of his patron the Duke of Argyle, but he could also—confident in his own coolness and sagacity, the popularity of his character, and the power of his noble protector, the duke—be absent for days on distant excursions into various parts of the Lowlands.

Rob had many hair'sbreadth escapes from being taken. About the year 1719, when the duke seems to have been particularly zealous in the pursuit of his tormentor, but without success, Rob, by way of joke, composed a challenge to the duke, copies of which he circulated among his friends, in order, he says, that they might "divert themselves and comrades with it when taking their bottle." The challenge is addressed to the "Hie and Mighty Prince, James, Duke of Montrose;" it is written in a good hand, and the spelling and grammar are such as would have been highly creditable to any Scotch laird of the early part of the eighteenth century.

Rob, however, was actually once a prisoner in the duke's hands, and in great danger of a speedy conclusion to his career. The story of his capture and escape is told by Sir Walter Scott both in the introduction to "Rob Roy" and in the novel itself; and as Sir Walter heard it from the grandson of the person who assisted Rob to escape, his version is likely to be the true one. Marching through Balquidder with a party of his tenants, the duke surprised Rob by himself, and making him prisoner, committed him to the charge of one of his followers, a large and powerful man, called in the novel Ewan of Brigglands.† Rob was mounted behind this man, and fastened to him by a horse-girth, and the party marched away with their prize. They had to cross the Forth at a place where the descent to the river was precipitous, and where only one could enter the river at a time. "While huddled together on the bank, Rob whispered to the man behind whom he was placed on horseback, 'Your father, Ewan,

\* The tourist passes the ruins of this fort in travelling along the wild Highland road between Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond; the surrounding district being still called Rob Roy's country.

† The real name of the man who had the charge of Rob was James Stewart.

wadna hae carried an auld friend to the shambles like a calf for a' the dukes in Christendom.' Ewan returned no answer, but shrugged his shoulders, as one who meant that what he was doing was none of his own choice. 'And when the Macgregors come down the glen,' continued Rob, 'and ye see empty folds, and a bloody hearthstane, and the fire flashing out between the rafters o' your house, ye may be thinking then, Ewan, that were your friend Rob alive, you would hae had that safe which it will make your heart sair to lose.' Ewan of Brigglands again shrugged and groaned, but remained silent. 'It's a sair thing,' continued Rob, 'that Ewan o' Brigglands, whom Roy Macgregor has helped with hand, sword, and purse, should mind a gloomy look from a great man mair than a friend's life.' Ewan seemed sorely agitated, but was silent. The duke's voice was now heard from the opposite bank, 'Bring over the prisoner.' Ewan put his horse in motion, and just as Rob said, 'Never weigh a Macgregor's blood against a broken whang o' leather, for there will be another accounting to give for it baith here and hereafter,' they dashed into the water. Many had crossed, some were in the water, and the rest were preparing to follow, when a sudden splash showed that Macgregor's eloquence had prevailed on Ewan to give him a chance of escape. The duke heard the sound, and instantly guessed its meaning; 'Dog!' he exclaimed to Ewan as he landed, 'where is your prisoner?' and before Ewan could falter out an apology, he drew a steel pistol, and struck him down with a blow on the head. 'Disperse and pursue,' he then cried; 'a hundred guineas for Rob Roy!'"\* but Rob had escaped.

This was not the only time when Rob and death shook hands. Once his band, dispersed by a party of dragoons, were baffling their pursuers by running off in different directions. A well-mounted dragoon dashed after Rob, and struck him a blow on the head with his broadsword, which, but for the plate of iron which he had in his bonnet, would have killed him. As it was, Rob was stunned, and fell. At this moment Rob's lieutenant or sergeant appeared with a gun in his hand. "Oh, Macanaleister," cried Rob from the ground, "is there naething in her?" (in the gun). "Your mother never wrought that nightcap," cried the dragoon, and was coming down with a second stroke, when a ball whistled from Macanaleister's gun, and he fell, shot through the heart.

At the very time when Rob was thus defying the law, the Duke of Montrose, and the military, he seems to have entertained a hankering after a more quiet and respectable mode of life. The spirit of the Highland cearnach never appears to have been so strong in him as to make him prefer the bonnet and the kilt to the Lowland broad-cloth, if only he had been free to choose between them. Gladly, now that he was getting an old man,

\* "Rob Roy."

would he have resumed his old profession of cattle-dealing. Accordingly, in the year 1720, we find old Rob addressing a letter to Field-Marshal Wade, who was then marching through the Highlands, receiving the submission of such clans as had been concerned in the rebellion of 1715, offering to become once more a good subject of King George. The letter is very humble and submissive, and by no means ill-written; alluding, however, more to his conduct as a rebel in the year 1715, than to the lawless exploits for which subsequently to that time he had become notorious. No notice seems to have been taken of this letter; and Rob appears to have come to the conclusion that he must die as he had lived—an outlaw.

From this time our information about his movements becomes more scanty; and the probability is, that his joints were growing stiff, and his arm less powerful than before, and that he began to feel a rough and violent occupation less fitted to his strength and years. His fame had already extended far enough. He was known in England as well as in Scotland. In London he had been made the subject of a catch-penny tract, entitled "The Highland Rogue," full of the most extravagant stories of his strength and sagacity; and it is not impossible but his name may have even figured in conversation in circles where Pope and Addison were present. But Rob's days of activity and enterprise were over; and even his unmatched skill as a swordsman could not always avail him when his antagonist had youth on his side. For the last ten or twelve years, therefore, of his life, he refrained as much as possible from his former habits. During the first period of his long life, and down to the time of his absconding, he had been a Protestant, and, it is said, a regular attendant at the parish church. After turning cearnach, his visits to church, though they were not altogether given up, became fewer; but now, in his old age, beginning to think of serious subjects, he saw fit to give up attendance on the Presbyterian worship, and became a Roman Catholic. Rob, however, never appears to have clung with any remarkable tenacity to the faith which he professed.

This remarkable, and, as we must call him, unfortunate personage, died a very old man about the year 1738. When he was on his deathbed, one of his enemies, a Maclaren, came to see him. Before admitting him, the old man insisted on being lifted up, with his plaid put round him, and his broadsword, pistols, and dirk placed beside him; for, said he, "No Maclaren shall ever see Rob Macgregor unarmed." He received his foeman's inquiries coldly and civilly. As they were together the priest came in. Taking the opportunity afforded him by the meeting of the two hostile clansmen on so solemn an occasion, the priest exhorted Rob to forgive his enemies, and quoted the appropriate passage in the Lord's Prayer. "Ay," says Rob, "ye hae gien me baith law and gospel for it. It's a hard law, but I ken it's gospel." Then turn-

ing to his son Robert, who was standing near, "My sword and dirk lie there, Rob: I forgive my enemies; but see you to them, or may——" The priest checked the rest, and Rob grew calm. When Maclaren had left the house, the dying man—the Highland spirit burning brighter in him at this the last moment than it had ever done before—said, after a little pause, "Now it is all over; tell the piper to play *Ha til mi tulidh!*—[We return no more!]" The piper obeyed. With the music of this Gaelic dirge in his ears Rob Roy breathed his last. He was buried in the churchyard of Balquidder. His grave is covered with a simple tombstone, without an inscription, but with a broadsword rudely carved on it.

#### ROB ROY'S SONS, JAMES AND ROBERT.

Rob had five sons—Coll, Ronald, James, Duncan, and Robert. Of these, James and Robert had the most singular history. It does not appear that they followed their father's lawless mode of life after his death. All the five were engaged, with the rest of their clan, in the rebellion of 1745. James, who was a tall and very handsome man, held a major's or captain's commission in the Pretender's army, and particularly distinguished himself by his bravery and ability. At the battle of Prestonpans, when advancing to the charge at the head of his company, not a few of whom had belonged to his father's band, he fell to the ground with his thigh-bone broken. Immediately lifting himself up, by resting his head on his elbow, he cried out, "I am not dead, my lads, and I shall see who among you does not do his duty!" After the suppression of the rebellion, James and his brothers contrived to elude the penalties inflicted by the government, although James was at first included in the list of the attainted. At this time James was a married man, and had fourteen children. Robert, who had married a daughter of Graham of Drunkie, was now a widower.

Robert, of all the brothers, seems to have been the most wild and reckless. He was described by one who knew him as "mad and quarrelsome, and given to pranks." Shortly after his father's death, he killed one of the Maclarens, was outlawed for it, and had gone abroad; and now that, in consequence of the inefficient administration of justice at that period, he was allowed to resume his place in society, he resolved on another Macgregor-like outrage on its laws. Instigated partly by passion, partly by a desire of retrieving his fallen fortunes, he determined to carry off Jean Key or Wright, a young woman nineteen years of age, whose husband was just dead, leaving her a property of 16,000 merks. The practice of carrying off women and marrying them, which we know to have been not uncommon among the ancient nations, and of which we have instances of not very late date in Ireland, was quite consistent with old Highland manners, and is celebrated in many ballads. In fact, when a Highlander was

smitten by the charms of a Lowland lass, carrying her away by force was in many cases the only way of obtaining her; and the abduction of a girl seems to have been regarded not as a crime, but as a bold and manly action. In many cases, too, the parties had agreed beforehand; and the violence used by the bridegroom was only a make-believe, to increase the piquancy and *éclat* of the marriage; or, at most, a means of overcoming the maiden's scruples about disobeying her parents when they disliked the match. Nor even where the abduction was entirely without the knowledge, and against the will of the bride, was the transaction regarded as very blameworthy. Sir Walter Scott was once severely taken to task by an old lady for expressing his disapprobation of the practice in a particular instance. "I assure you," said the venerable lady, "they made the happiest marriages these carryings awa o' lasses—far happier than folk mak now-a-days. My mither never saw my father till the nicht that he carried her awa wi' ten head o' black cattle, and there wasna a happier couple in a' the Highlands."

In Rob Oig's case, however, there seems to have been none of those redeeming circumstances alluded to by the worthy lady. On the night of the 8th of December 1750, he went, accompanied by his brothers James and Duncan, to the house of Edinbelly, in Balfroon, Stirlingshire, where Jean Key was residing with her mother. Rushing in with pistols and dirks, the brothers terrified the males of the family into submission, and dragging the poor girl out, placed her on horseback, and rode away, stopping at several houses on the road. Next day the marriage between Rob Oig and his victim was performed at Rowerdennan by a priest named Smith, who had been brought from Glasgow for the purpose, the bride being forced by threats to give her assent. The brothers seem to have expected that the unfortunate woman would soon become reconciled to her condition, and that in this way they would escape the punishment annexed by law to the crime of which they had been guilty; but the continued manifestation of repugnance and aversion on her part, and the assiduity of her relations, began to alarm them. Their cousin, Macgregor of Glengyle, too, would give them no countenance; and the property of their victim had been sequestered by a warrant of the supreme civil court. Extracting a solemn promise that she would never appear in a court of law to prosecute them, James Macgregor conveyed her to Edinburgh, where he remained for some time, both to prevent her from adopting the legal steps which he knew her relations would advise, and also to see whether it were possible to get the sequestration of her effects removed. But at length the Court of Session interfered, and took her in charge, and Macgregor left town. Free now from the restraint which the presence of the Macgregors had put upon her, Jean Key reluctantly yielded to the solicitations of her friends, and made an affidavit or written

declaration of her wrongs, which could be used in a court of law. She did not live, however, to take any part in the subsequent proceedings which her relations set on foot; for her health and spirits had been completely broken, and having been removed to Glasgow, she died there on the 4th of October 1751. Her husband, Robert Oig, made several attempts to see her, but was not admitted.

It is probable that, if she had lived, the matter would have been allowed to drop; but after her death, her relations redoubled their efforts to bring the culprits to justice. James Macgregor was apprehended at Stirling on the 19th of May 1752, and brought up before the Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh on the 13th of July. The indictment was drawn up against James Macgregor, *alias* Drummond, *alias* James More, and charged him with the crimes of *hamesucken* and *forcible abduction*. The case went to trial on the 4th of August, and witnesses were examined on both sides. The fact of forcible abduction was clearly proved by the testimony of a great many persons; but, in opposition to this, the prisoner set up the plea that Jean Key was herself privy and consenting to the outrage. Several witnesses, principally of the Macgregor clan, swore that, having seen her after she had been carried away from Edinbelly, she seemed to be "very content;" "in very good-humour, no way displeased, and very merry;" so that they understood, from her conduct, that violence had been used merely for form's sake, her relations being averse to the match, and her former husband being but six weeks dead.

The verdict returned by the jury was one finding the forcible abduction of Jean Key from her own house proved, but the charge of subsequent violence and compulsory marriage not proved; and this verdict was accompanied by an expression of the anxiety of the jury that the case should be taken out of the class of capital offences. This occasioned a great deal of arguing and consultation among the judges and lawyers of Edinburgh; and in the meantime the prisoner was sent back to his place of confinement in the castle. About two months and a half had elapsed, and the lawyers were still employed in clearing up this difficult case, when one morning, before breakfast, the news ran through the town that James Macgregor had made his escape. The affair is detailed in the Scots Magazine for November 1752. "James Macgregor, *alias* Drummond," runs the paragraph, "under trial for carrying off Jean Key of Edinbelly, made his escape from Edinburgh castle on the 16th. That evening he dressed himself in an old tattered big-coat, put over his own clothes, an old nightcap, an old leathern apron, and old dirty shoes and stockings, so as to personate a cobbler. When he was thus equipped, his daughter, a servant-maid who assisted, and who was the only person with him in the room, except two of his young children, scolded the cobbler for having done his

work carelessly, and this with such an audible voice, as to be heard by the sentinels without the room door. About seven o'clock, while she was scolding, the pretended cobbler opened the room door, and went out with a pair of old shoes in his hand, muttering his discontent for the harsh usage he had received. He passed the guards unsuspected; but was soon missed, and a strict search made in the castle, and also in the city, the gates of which were shut; but all in vain." In the number of the same magazine for the following month, we are informed that, in consequence of an order from London, "the two lieutenants who commanded the guard the night Drummond escaped are broke; the sergeant who had the charge of locking up the prisoner is reduced to a private man; the porter has been whipped; and all the rest are released." On escaping from Edinburgh, James Macgregor had made direct for England; thence he made his way to the Isle of Man; and from that he escaped to France.

The affair, however, was not yet at an end. On the 15th of January 1753, Duncan Macgregor was brought to trial for his share in the crime of carrying away Jean Key. As Duncan was not so deeply implicated as his brothers, he was acquitted, and dismissed. Robert Macgregor, *alias* Campbell, *alias* Drummond, *alias* Robert Oig, was apprehended shortly after, and brought to trial on the 24th of December 1753; and his fate was not so happy as that of his brothers. The evidence adduced was pretty much the same as on the trial of James; but a distinct verdict of guilty having been returned, "the court decerned and adjudged the prisoner to be carried from the bar back to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, there to remain till Wednesday the 16th day of February next to come, and upon the said day, to be taken from the said Tolbooth to the Grassmarket of Edinburgh, and there, betwixt the hours of two and four o'clock of the said day, to be hanged by the neck by the common hangman, upon a gibbet, until he be dead." This sentence was duly carried into effect. The prisoner, on the day of execution, says a contemporary Edinburgh newspaper, "was very genteelly dressed, and read a volume of Gothe's works from the prison to the execution, and for a considerable time on the scaffold." He died professing the Roman Catholic faith, and expressing a hope that his fate would satisfy justice, and stay further proceedings against his brother James. His body was given to his friends, put into a coffin, and conveyed away to the Highlands. The justice of the punishment inflicted on him was generally acknowledged; but there were some who persisted in believing, that if the culprit had been anybody else than a Macgregor, he would have been less severely dealt with.

The remainder of James Macgregor's story is very melancholy; for, as Sir Walter Scott says, "it is melancholy to look on the dying struggles even of a wolf or tiger." He lived in Paris in a state of extreme misery and destitution. A letter has been

published which he wrote on the 25th of September 1754 to his chief, Macgregor of Bohaldie. "All that I have carried here," he says, "is about thirteen livres; and I have taken a room at my old quarters in Hotel St Pierre, Rue de Cordier. All I want," he adds, "is, if it was possible, you could contrive how I could be employed without going to entire beggary. This, probably, is a difficult point, yet you might think nothing of it, as your long head can bring about matters of much more difficulty and consequence than this. If you'd disclose this matter to your friend Mr Butler, it's possible he might have some employ wherein I could be of use, as I pretend to know as much of breeding and riding of horses as any in France. You may judge my reduction, as I propose the meanest things to lend a turn till better cast up." The postscript to the letter is extremely affecting:—"If you'd send your pipes by the bearer," says the poor exile, "and all the other little trinkims belonging to it, I would put them in order, and play some melancholy tunes, which I may now do with safety and real truth." He died about a week after writing this letter.

#### CONCLUSION.

We now draw to a conclusion the history of this remarkable clan. For five hundred years the Macgregors had been exposed to a succession of dire misfortunes, deprived of their lands, threatened with extirpation, constantly at war with their neighbours, often on the verge of starvation, accustomed to see more of their number die annually by violent means than by disease or old age, and denied even the use of their name; and yet they survived, and, like the goaded beast of the chase, made themselves objects of terror to their persecutors. Lamenting their errors, it is equally impossible to restrain our pity for their misfortunes, or admiration for their courage and power of endurance. This power was at length rewarded with a cessation of persecution; and yet, to the discredit of the British legislature, how tardy was this act of justice and mercy! It cannot but appear a curious revelation of a bygone state of things to mention, that not until 1774 were the laws proscribing the Macgregors repealed. When in that year their disabilities were legally removed, hundreds of persons cast off their assumed names of Gregory, Graham, Campbell, Murray, Buchanan, Drummond, &c. and gloried once more in the name of their royally-descended ancestors. To complete the reorganisation of the clan, eight hundred and twenty-six persons of the name of Macgregor signed a deed calling upon John Murray of Lanrick, afterwards Sir John Macgregor, the descendant of the principal chieftain-family then remaining, to assume the title and honours of the chief of the clan. In the present day, and in an entirely altered state of society, who could be named as more loyal or peaceful subjects than the descendants of the once-persecuted race of Macgregor?





## THERE IS NO HURRY!

A TALE OF LIFE-ASSURANCE, BY MRS S. C. HALL.\*

**I** DO not tell you whether the village of Repton, where the two brothers John and Charles Adams originally resided, is near or far from London: it is a pretty village to this day; and when John Adams, some five-and-thirty years ago, stood on the top of Repton Hill, and looked down upon the houses—the little church, whose simple gate was flanked by two noble yew-trees, beneath whose branches he had often sat—the murmuring river, in which he had often fished—the cherry orchards, where the ripe fruit hung like balls of coral; when he looked down upon all these dear domestic sights—for so every native of Repton considered them—John Adams might have been supposed to question if he had acted wisely in selling to his brother Charles the share of the well-cultivated farm, which had been equally divided at their father's death. It extended to the left of the spot on which he was standing, almost within a ring fence; the meadows fresh shorn of their produce, and fragrant with the perfume of new hay; the crops full of promise; and the lazy cattle laving themselves in the standing pond of the abundant farm-yard. In a

\* This interesting little story appeared originally in Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, for which it was written by the amiable and gifted authoress. It has been issued in the present convenient form, for the purpose of universal distribution by all who are anxious to promote that most desirable practice—the insuring of lives for the benefit of surviving families.

paddock, set apart for his especial use, was the old blind horse his father had bestrode during the last fifteen years of his life: it leant its sightless head upon the gate, half upturned, he fancied, towards where he stood. It is wonderful what small things will sometimes stir up the hearts of strong men, ay, and, what is still more difficult, even of ambitious men. Yet he did not feel at that moment a regret for the fair acres he had parted with; he was full of the importance which the possession of a considerable sum of money gives a young man, who has been fagging almost unsuccessfully in an arduous profession, and one which requires a certain appearance of success to command success—for John Adams even then placed M.D. after his plain name; yet still, despite the absence of sorrow, and the consciousness of increased power, he continued to look at poor old Ball until his eyes swam in tears.

With the presence of his father, which the sight of the old horse had conjured up, came the remembrance of his peculiarities, his habits, his expressions; and he wondered, as they passed in review before him, how he could ever have thought the dear old man testy or tedious. Even his frequent quotations from "Poor Richard" appeared to him, for the first time, the results of common prudence; and his rude but wise rhyme, when, in the joy of his heart, he told his father he had absolutely received five guineas as one fee from an ancient dame who had three middle-aged daughters (he had not, however, acquainted his father with *that* fact), came more forcibly to his memory than it had ever done to his ear—

"For want and age save while you may;  
No morning sun shines all the day."

He repeated the last line over and over again, as his father had done; but as his "morning sun" was at that moment shining, it is not matter of astonishment that the remembrance was evanescent, and that it did not make the impression upon him his father had desired long before.

A young, unmarried, handsome physician, with about three thousand pounds in his pocket, and "good expectations," might be excused for building "*des châteaux en Espagne*." A very wise old lady once said to me, "Those who have none on earth, may be forgiven for building them in the air; but those who have them on earth should be content therewith." Not so, however, was John Adams; he built and built, and then by degrees descended to the realities of his position. What power would not that three thousand pounds give him! He wondered if Dr Lee would turn his back upon him now, when they met in consultation; and Mr Chubb, the county apothecary, would he laugh, and ask him if he could read his own prescriptions? Then he recurred to a dream—for it was so vague at that time as to be little more—whether it would not be better to abandon altogether

country practice, and establish himself in the metropolis—London. A thousand pounds, advantageously spent, with a few introductions, would do a great deal in London, and that was not a third of what he had. And this great idea banished all remembrance of the past, all sense of the present—the young aspirant thought only of the future.

\* \* \* \*

Five years have passed. Dr John Adams was “settled” in a small “showy” house in the vicinity of Mayfair; he had, the world said, made an excellent match. He married a very pretty girl, “highly connected,” and was considered to be possessed of personal property, because, for so young a physician, Dr Adams lived in “a superior style.” His brother Charles was still residing in the old farm-house, to which, beyond the mere keeping it in repair, he had done but little, except, indeed, adding a wife to his establishment—a very gentle, loving, yet industrious girl, whose dower was too small to have been her only attraction. Thus both brothers might be said to be fairly launched in life.

It might be imagined that Charles Adams—having determined to reside in his native village, and remain, what his father and grandfather had been, a simple gentleman farmer, and that rather on a small than a large scale—was altogether without that feeling of ambition which stimulates exertion and elevates the mind. Charles Adams had quite enough of this—which may be said, like fire, to be “a good servant, but a bad master”—but he made it subservient to the dictates of prudence—and a forethought, the gift, perhaps, that above all others we should most earnestly covet for those whose prosperity we would secure. To save his brother’s portion of the freehold from going into the hands of strangers, he incurred a debt; and wisely—while he gave to his land all that was necessary to make it yield its increase—he abridged all other expenses, and was ably seconded in this by his wife, who resolved, until principal and interest were discharged, to live quietly and carefully. Charles contended that every appearance made beyond a man’s means was an attempted fraud upon the public; while John shook his head, and answered that it might do very well for Charles to say so, as no one expected the sack that brought the grain to market to be of fine Holland, but that no man in a profession could get on in London without making “an appearance.” At this Charles shrugged his shoulders, and thanked God he lived at Repton.

The brothers, as years moved rapidly on—engaged as they were by their mutual industry and success in their several fields of action—met but seldom. It was impossible to say which of the two continued the most prosperous. Dr Adams made several lucky hits; and having so obtained a position, was fortunate in having an abundance of patients in an intermediate sort of state—that is, neither very well nor very ill. Of a really bland and courteous nature, he was kind and attentive to all, and it was

certain that such of his patients as were only in moderate circumstances, got well long before those who were rich. His friends attributed this to his humanity as much as to his skill; his enemies said he did not like "poor patients." Perhaps there was a mingling of truth in both statements. The money he had received for his portion of the land was spent, certainly, before his receipts equalled his expenditure; and, strangely enough, by the time the farmer had paid off his debt, the doctor was involved, not to a large amount, but enough to render his "appearance" to a certain degree fictitious. This embarrassment, to do him justice, was not of long continuance; he became the fashion; and before prosperity had turned his head by an influx of wealth, so as to render him careless, he got rid of his debt, and then his wife agreed with him "that they might live as they pleased."

It so happened that Charles Adams was present when this observation was made, and it spoke well for both the brothers that their different positions in society had not in the smallest degree cooled their boyhood's affection; not even the money transactions of former times, which so frequently create disunion, had changed them; they met less frequently, but they always met with pleasure, and separated with regret.

"Well!" exclaimed the doctor triumphantly, as he glanced around his splendid rooms, and threw himself into a *chaise longue*—then a new luxury—"well, it is certainly a charming feeling to be entirely out of debt."

"And yet," said his wife, "it would not be wise to confess it in our circle."

"Why?" inquired Charles.

"Because it would prove that we had been in it," answered the lady.

"At all events," said John, "now I shall not have to reproach myself with every extra expense, and think I ought to pay my debts first; now I may live exactly as I please."

"I do not think so," said Charles.

"Not think so!" repeated Mrs Adams in a tone of astonishment.

"Not think so!" exclaimed John. "Do I not make the money myself?"

"Granted, my dear fellow; to be sure you do," said Charles.

"Then why should I not spend it as pleases me best? Is there any reason why I should not?"

As if to give the strongest dramatic effect to Charles's opinion, the nurse at that moment opened the drawing-room door, and four little laughing children rushed into the room.

"There—are four reasons against your spending your income exactly as you please; unless, indeed, part of your plan be to provide for them," answered Charles very seriously.

"I am sure," observed Mrs Adams with the half-offended air of a weak woman when she hears the truth, "John need not be

told his duty to his children; he has always been a most affectionate father."

"A father may be fond and foolish," said Charles, who was peculiarly English in his mode of giving an opinion. "For my part, I could not kiss my little Mary and Anne when I go to bed at night, if I did not feel I had already formed an accumulating fund for their future support—a support they will need all the more when their parents are taken from them, as they must be in the course of time."

"They must marry," said Mrs Adams.

"That is a chance," replied Charles; "women hang on hands now-a-days. At all events, by God's blessing, I am resolved that, if they are beauties, they shall never be forced by poverty to accept unworthy matches; if they are plain, they shall have enough to live upon without husbands."

"That is easy enough for you, Charles," said the doctor, "who have had your broad acres to support you, and no necessity for expenditure or show of any kind; who might go from Monday morning till Saturday night in home-spun, and never give anything beyond home-brewed and gooseberry wine, with a chance bottle of port to your visitors; while I—Heaven help me—was obliged to dash in a well-appointed equipage, entertain, and appear to be doing a great deal in my profession, when a guinea would pine in solitude for a week together in my pocket."

"I do not want to talk with you of the past, John," said Charles; "our ideas are more likely to agree now than they were ten or twelve years ago; I will speak of the future and present. You are now out of debt, in the very prime of life, and in the receipt of a splendid income; but do not, let me intreat you, spend it as it comes; lay by something for those children; provide for them either by insurance, or some of the many means that are open to us all. Do not, my dear brother, be betrayed by health, or the temptation for display, to live up to an income the nature of which is so essentially precarious."

"Really," murmured Mrs Adams, "you put one into very low spirits."

Charles remained silent, waiting his brother's reply.

"My dear Charles," he said at last, "there is a great deal of truth in what you say—certainly a great deal; but I cannot change my style of living, strange as it may seem. If I did, I should lose my practice. And then I must educate my children; that is an imperative duty, is it not?"

"Certainly it is; it is a part of the provision I have spoken of, but not the whole—a portion only. If you have the means to do both, it is your duty to do both; and you have the means. Nay, my dear sister, do not seem angry or annoyed with me; it is for the sake of your children I speak; it is to prevent their ever knowing practically what we do know theoretically—that the world is a hard world; hard and unfeeling to those who

need its aid. It is to prevent the possibility of their feeling a reverse."

Mrs Adams burst into tears, and walked out of the room. Charles was convinced that she would not uphold his opinion.

"Certainly," said John, "I intend to provide for my children; but there is no hurry, and——"

"There should be no hesitation in the case," interrupted Charles; "every man *intends* to provide for his children. God forbid that I should imagine any man to be sufficiently wicked to say, 'I have been the means of bringing this child into existence—I have brought it up in the indulgence of all the luxuries with which I indulged myself; and now I intend to withdraw them all from it, and leave it to fight its own way through the world.' No man could look on the face of the innocent child nestling in your bosom and say that; but if you do not appropriate a portion of the means you possess to save that child from the 'hereafter,' you act as if you had resolved so to cast it on the wild waters of a turbulent world."

"But, Charles, I intend to do all that you counsel; no wonder poor Lucy could not bear these words, when I, your own and only brother, find them stern and reproachful; no wonder that such should be the case; of course I *intend* to provide for my children."

"Then DO IT," said Charles.

"Why, so I will; but cannot in a moment. I have already said there is no hurry. You must give a little time."

"The time may come, my dear John, when TIME will give you no time. You have been spending over and above your debt—more than, as the father of four children, you have any right to spend. The duty parents owe their children in this respect has preyed more strongly on my mind than usual, as I have been called on lately to witness its effects—to see its misery. One family at Repton, a family of eight children, has been left entirely without provision, by a man who enjoyed a situation of five hundred a-year in quarterly payments."

"That man is, however, guiltless. What could he save out of five hundred a-year? How could he live on less?" replied the doctor.

"Live upon four, and insure his life for the benefit of those children. Nay," continued Charles in the vehemence of his feelings, "the man who does not provide means of existence for his helpless children, until they are able to provide for themselves, cannot be called a reasonable person; and the legislature ought to oblige such to contribute to a fund to prevent the spread of the worst sort of pauperism—that which comes upon well-born children from the carelessness or selfishness of their parents. God in his wisdom, and certainly in his mercy, removed the poor broken-hearted widow of the person I alluded to a month after his death; and the infant, whose nourishment from its birth had

been mingled with bitterness, followed in a few days. I saw myself seven children crowd round the coffin that was provided by charity; I saw three taken to the workhouse, and the elder four distributed amongst kind-hearted hard-working people, who are trying to inure the young soft hands, accustomed to silken idleness, to the toils of homely industry. I ask you, John Adams, how the husband of that woman, the father of those children, can meet his God, when it is required of him to give an account of his stewardship?"

"It is very true—very shocking indeed," observed Dr Adams. "I certainly will do something to secure my wife and children from the possibility of anything like that, although, whatever were to happen to me, I am sure Lucy's family would prevent——"

Charles broke in upon the sentence his brother found it difficult to complete—"And can you expect distant or even near relatives to perform what you, whose duty it is, neglect? Or would you leave those dear ones to the bitterness of dependence, when, by the sacrifice or curtailment of those luxurious habits which, if not closely watched, increase in number, and at last become necessities, you could leave them in comfort and independence? We all hope for the leisure of a deathbed—awful enough, come as it may—awful, even when beyond its gloom we see the risen Sun of Righteousness in all his glory—awful, though our faith be strong in Him who is our strength; but if the consciousness of having neglected those duties which we were sent on earth to perform be with us then, dark, indeed, will be the valley of the Shadow of Death. I do not want, however, to read a homily, my dear brother, but to impress a truth; and I do hope that you will prevent the possibility of these dear children feeling what they must feel, enduring what they must endure, if you passed into another world without performing your duty towards them, and through them to society, in this."

Mrs Adams met her brother-in-law that day (people five-and-twenty years ago did dine by day) at dinner with an air of offence. She was, of course, lady-like and quiet, but it was evident she was displeased. Everything at table was perfect, according to its kind. There was no guest present who was not superior in wealth and position to the doctor himself, and each was quite aware of the fact. Those who climb boldly, sometimes take a false step, but at all times make dangerous ones. When Charles looked round upon the splendid plate and stylish servants—when the children were ushered in after dinner, and every tongue was loud in praises of their beauty—an involuntary shudder passed through his heart, and he almost accused himself of selfishness, when he was comforted by the remembrance of the provision made for his own little ones, who were as pretty, as well educated, and as happy in their cheerful country home.

The next morning he was on his return to Repton, happy in the assurance his brother had given him before they parted, that he would really lay by a large sum for the regular insurance of his life.

"My dear John," said the doctor's wife, "when does the new carriage come home? I thought we were to have had it this week. The old chariot looked so dull to-day, just as you were going out, when Dr Fitzlane's new chocolate-colour passed; certainly that chocolate-coloured carriage, picked out with blue, and those blue liveries, are very, very pretty."

"Well, Lucy, I think them too gay—the liveries I mean—for an M.D.; quieter colours do best: and as to the new carriage, I had not absolutely ordered it. I don't see why I cannot go on with the jobs; and I almost think I shall do so, and appropriate the money I intended for my own carriage to another purpose."

"What purpose?"

"Why, to effect an insurance on my life. There was a great deal of truth in what Charles said the other day, although he said it coarsely, which is not usual with him; but he felt the subject, and I feel it also; so I think of, as I said, going quietly on with the jobs—at all events till next year—and devoting this money to the insurance."

It is difficult to believe how any woman, situated as Mrs Adams was, could have objected to a plan so evidently for her advantage and the advantage of her family; but she was one of those who never like to think of the possibility of a reverse of fortune—who thrust care off as long as they can—and who feel more pleasure in being lavish as to the present than in saving for the future.

"I am sure," she answered in the half-petted, half-peevish tone that evinces a weak mind—"I am sure if anything was to happen to you, I would break my heart at once, and my family of course would provide for the children. I could not bear the idea of reaping any advantage by your death; and really the jobs are so very inferior to what they used to be—and Dr Leeswor, next door but one, has purchased such a handsome chariot—you have at least twice his practice; and— Why, dear John, you never were in such health; there will be no necessity for this painful insurance. And after you have set up your own carriage, you can begin and lay by, and in a few years there will be plenty for the children; and I shall not have the galling feeling that any living thing would profit by your death. Dear John, pray do not think of this painful insurance; it may do very well for a man like your brother—a man without refinement; but just fancy the mental torture of such a provision!"

Much more Mrs Adams talked; and the doctor, who loved display, and had no desire to see Dr Leeswor, his particular rival, or even Dr Fitzlane, better appointed than himself, felt



strongly inclined towards the new carriage, and thought it would certainly be pleasanter to save than to insure, and resolved to begin immediately *after* the purchase of his new equipage.

When persons are very prosperous, a few ten or twenty pounds do not much signify, but the principle of careless expenditure is hard to curb.

Various things occurred to put off the doctor's plan of laying by. Mrs Adams had an illness, that rendered a residence abroad necessary for a winter or two. The eldest boy must go to Eton. As their mamma was not at home, the little girls were sent to school. Bad as Mrs Adams's management was, it was better than no management at all. If the doctor had given up his entertainments, his "friends" would have said he was going down in the world, and his patients would have imagined him less skilful; besides, notwithstanding his increased expenditure, he found he had ample means, not to lay by, but to spend on without debt or difficulty. Sometimes his promise to his brother would cross his mind, but it was soon dispelled by what he had led himself to believe was the impossibility of attending to it then. When Mrs Adams returned, she complained that the children were too much for her nerves and strength, and her husband's tenderness induced him to yield his favourite plan of bringing up his girls under his own roof. In process of time two little ones were added to the four, and still his means kept pace with his expenses; in short, for ten years he was a favourite with the class of persons who render favouritism fortune. It is impossible, within the compass of a tale, to trace the minutiae of the brothers' history: the children of both were handsome, intelligent, and, in the world's opinion, well educated. John's eldest daughter was one amongst a thousand for beauty of mind and person; hers was no glaring display of figure or information. She was gentle, tender, and affectionate; of a disposition sensitive, and attuned to all those rare virtues in her sphere which form at once the treasures of domestic life and the ornaments of society. She it was who soothed the nervous irritability of her mother's sick chamber and perpetual peevishness, and graced her father's drawing-room by a presence that was attractive to both old and young, from its sweetness and unpretending modesty; her two younger sisters called forth all her tenderness, from the extreme delicacy of their health; but her brothers were even greater objects of solicitude—handsome, spirited lads—the eldest waiting for a situation, promised, but not given; the second also waiting for a cadetship; while the youngest was still at Eton. These three young men thought it incumbent on them to evince their belief in their father's prosperity by their expenditure, and accordingly they spent much more than the sons of a professional man ought to spend under any circumstances. Of all waitings, the waiting upon patronage is the most tedious and the most

enervating to the waiter. Dr Adams felt it in all its bitterness when his sons' bills came to be paid; but he consoled himself, also, for his dilatoriness with regard to a provision for his daughters—it was impossible to lay by while his children were being educated; but the moment his eldest sons got the appointments they were promised, he would certainly save, or insure, or do something.

People who only *talk* about doing something, generally end by doing nothing. Another year passed: Mrs Adams was still an invalid; the younger girls more delicate than ever; the boys waiting, as before, their promised appointments, and more extravagant than ever; and Miss Adams had made a conquest which even her father thought worthy of her.

The gentleman who had become really attached to this beautiful girl was of a high family, who were sufficiently charmed with the object of his affections to give their full sanction, as far as person and position were concerned; but the prudent father of the would-be bridegroom thought it right to take an early opportunity of waiting upon the doctor, stating his son's prospects, and frankly asking what sum Dr Adams proposed settling on his daughter. Great, indeed, was his astonishment at the reply—"He should not be able to give his daughter anything *immediately*, but at his death." The doctor, for the first time for many years, felt the bitterness of his false position. He hesitated, degraded by the knowledge that he must sink in the opinion of the man of the world by whom he was addressed; he was irritated at his want of available funds being known; and though well aware that the affections of his darling child were bound up in the son of the very gentlemanly, but most prudent person who sat before him, he was so high and so irritable in his bearing, that the fathers parted, not in anger, but in anything but good feeling.

Sir Augustus Barry was not slow to set before his son the disadvantages of a union where the extravagant habits of Miss Adams had no more stable support than her father's life. He argued that a want of forethought in the parents would be likely to produce a want of forethought in the children; and knowing well what could be done with such means as Dr Adams had had at his command for years, he was not inclined to put a kind construction upon so total a want of the very quality which he considered the best a man could possess; so, after some delay, and much consideration of the matter, he told his son that he really could not consent to his marriage with a penniless bride. And Dr Adams, finding that the old gentleman, with a total want of that delicacy which monied men do not frequently possess, had spoken of what he termed too truly and too strongly his heartless want of forethought, and characterised as a selfishness the indulgence of a love for display and extravagance, when children were to be placed in the world and portioned—insulted

the son for the fault of the father, and forbade his daughter to receive him.

Mary Adams endeavoured to bear this as meekly as she had borne the flattery and tenderness which had been lavished on her since her birth. The bitter, bitter knowledge that she was considered by her lover's family as a girl who, with the chance of being penniless, lived like a princess, was inconceivably galling; and though she had dismissed her lover, and knew that her father had insulted him, still she wondered how he could so soon forget her, and never write even a line of farewell. From her mother she did not expect sympathy; she was too tender and too proud to seek it; and her father, more occupied than ever, was seldom in his own house. Her uncle, who had not been in town for some years, at last arrived, and was not less struck by the extreme grace and beauty of his niece than by the deep melancholy which saddened her voice and weighed down her spirits. He was evidently anxious to mention something which made him joyous and happy; and when the doctor entered the library with him, he said, "And may not Mary come in also?" Mary did come in; and her gentle presence subdued her uncle's spirits. "I had meant to tell the intended change in my family only to you, brother John; but it has occurred to me we were all wrong about my niece. They said at home, 'Do not invite my cousin; she is too fine, too gay to come to a country wedding; she would not like it:' but I think, surrounded as she is by luxuries, that the fresh air of Repton, the fresh flowers, fresh fields, and fresh smiles of her cousins, would do my niece good, great good; and we shall be quite gay in our own homely way—the gaiety that upsprings from hearts grateful to the Almighty for his goodness. The fact is, that in about three weeks my Mary is to be married to our rector's eldest son. In three weeks. As he is only his father's curate, they could not have afforded to marry for five or six years, if I had not been able to tell down a handsome sum for Mary's fortune. It was a proud thing to be able to make a good child happy by care in time. 'Care in time'—that's my stronghold! How glad we were to look back, and think that, while we educated them properly, we denied ourselves to perform our duty to the children God had given to our care! We have not been as gay as our neighbours, whose means were less than ours; we could not be so, seeing we had to provide for five children; but our pleasure has been to elevate and render those children happy and prosperous. Mary will be so happy, dear child—so happy! Only think, John, she will be six years the sooner happy from our care in time!" This was more than his niece could bear. The good father was so full of his daughter's happiness, and the doctor so overwhelmed with self-reproach—never felt so bitterly as at that moment—that neither perceived the death-like paleness that overspread the less fortunate Mary's face.

She got up to leave the room, staggered, and fell at her father's feet.

"We have murdered her between us," muttered Dr Adams, while he raised her up; "murdered her; but I struck the first blow! God forgive me!—God forgive me!"

That night the brothers spent in deep and earnest converse. The certainty of his own prosperity, the self-gratulation that follows a just and careful discharge of duties imposed alike by reason and religion, had not raised Charles above his brother in his own esteem. Pained beyond description at the suffering he had so unconsciously inflicted on his niece—horror-struck at the fact that thousands upon thousands had been lavished, yet nothing done for hereafter, the hereafter that must come—he urged upon John the danger of delay, the uncertainty of life. Circumstances increased his influence. Dr Adams had been made painfully aware that gilding was not gold. The beauty, position, and talents of his beloved child, although fully acknowledged, had failed to establish her in life. "Look, Charles," he said, after imparting all to his brother, absolutely weeping over the state of uncomplaining but deep sorrow to which his child was reduced—"if I could command the necessary funds, I would to-morrow insure my life for a sum that would place them beyond the possible reach of necessity of any kind."

"Do not wait for that," was the generous reply of Charles Adams; "I have some unemployed hundreds at this moment. Come with me to-morrow; do not delay a day, no, nor an hour; and take my word for it, you will have reason to bless your resolve. Only imagine what would be the case if God called you to give an account of your stewardship!" But he checked himself; he saw that more was not necessary; and the brothers separated for a few hours, both anxious for the morning. It was impossible to say which of the two hurried over breakfast with the greatest rapidity. The carriage was at the door; and Dr Adams left word with his butler that he was gone into the city on urgent business, and would be back in two hours.

"I don't think," exclaimed Charles, rubbing his hands gleefully—"I don't think that, if my dear niece were happy, I should ever have been so happy in all my life as I am at this moment."

"I feel already," replied John, "as if a great weight were removed from my heart; and were it not for the debt which I have contracted to you— Ah, Charles, I little dreamt, when I looked down from the hill over Repton, and thought my store inexhaustible, that I should be obliged to you thus late in life. And yet I protest I hardly know where I could have drawn in; one expense grows so out of another. These boys have been so very extravagant; but I shall soon have the two eldest off; they cannot keep them much longer waiting."

"Work is better than waiting; but let the lads fight their way; they have had, I suppose, a good education; they ought

to have had professions. There is something to me awfully lazy in your 'appointments:' a young man of spirit will appoint himself; but it is the females of a family, brought up as yours have been, who are to be considered. Women's position in society is changed from what it was some years ago: it was expected that they must marry; and so they were left, before their marriage, dependent upon fathers and brothers, as creatures that could do nothing for themselves. Now, poor things, I really don't know why, but girls do not marry off as they used. They become old, and frequently—owing to the expectation of their settling—without the provision necessary for a comfortable old age. This is the parent of those despicable tricks and arts which women resort to to get married, as they have no acknowledged position independent of matrimony. Something ought to be done to prevent this. And when the country steadies a little from the great revolution of past years, I suppose something may be thought of by improved teaching—and systems to enable women to assist themselves, and be recompensed for the assistance they yield others. Now, imagine your dear girls, those younger ones particularly, deprived of you——”

“Here is the patient upon whom I must call *en route*,” interrupted the doctor.

The carriage drew up.

“I wish,” said Charles, “you had called here on your return. I wanted the insurance to have been your first business to-day.”

“I shall not be five minutes,” was the reply. The servant let down the step, and the doctor bounded up towards the open door. In his progress he trod upon a bit, a mere shred, of orange-peel; it was the mischief of a moment; he slipped, and his temple struck against the sharp column of an iron-scraper. Within one hour Dr John Adams had ceased to exist.

What the mental and bodily agony of that one hour was, you can better understand than I can describe. He was fully conscious that he was dying, and he knew all the misery that was to follow.

“Mary—my dear niece,” said Charles Adams as he seated himself by her side; “my dear, dear niece, can you fix your thoughts, and give me your attention for half an hour, now that all is over, and that the demands of the world press upon us. I want to speak about the future. Your mother bursts into such fits of despair that I can do nothing with her; and your brother is so ungovernable—talks as if he could command the Bank of England—and is so full of his mother's connexions and their influence, that I have left him to himself. Can you, my dear Mary, restrain your feelings, and give me your attention?”

Mary Adams looked firmly in her uncle's face, and said, “I will try. I have been thinking and planning all the morning, but I do not know how to begin being useful. If I once began,

I could go on. The sooner we are out of this huge expensive house the better; if I could get my mother to go with the little girls to the sea-side. Take her away altogether from this home—take her——”

“Where?” inquired Mr Adams. “She will not accept shelter in my house.”

“I do not know,” answered his niece, relapsing into all the helplessness of first grief; “indeed I do not know. Her brother-in-law, Sir James Ashbrooke, invited her to the Pleasaunce; but my brother objects to her going there, his uncle has behaved so neglectfully about his appointment.”

“Foolish boy!” muttered Charles; “this is no time to quarrel about trifles. The fact is, Mary, that the sooner you are all out of this house the better: there are one or two creditors, not for large sums certainly, but still men who will have their money; and if we do not quietly sell off, they will force us. The house might have been disposed of last week by private contract, but your mother would not hear of it, because the person who offered was a medical rival of my poor brother.”

Mary did not hear the concluding observation; her eyes wandered from object to object in the room—the harp—the various things known from childhood. “Anything you and your mother wish, my dear niece,” said her kind uncle, “shall be preserved: the family pictures—your harp, your piano—they are all hallowed memorials, and shall be kept sacred.”

Mary burst into tears. “I do not,” she said, “shrink from considering those instruments the means of my support; but although I know the necessity for so considering, I feel I cannot tell what at quitting the home of my childhood. People are all kind; you, my dear uncle, from whom we expected so little, the kindest of all; but I see, even in these early days of a first sorrow, indications of falling off. My aunt’s husband has really behaved very badly about the appointment of my eldest brother; and as to the cadetship for the second—we had such a brief, dry letter from our Indian friend—so many first on the list, and the necessity for waiting, that I do not know how it will end.”

“I wish, my dear, you could prevail on your mother, and sister, and all, to come to Repton,” said Mr Adams. “If your mother dislikes being in my house, I would find her a cottage near us; I will do all I can. My wife joins me in the determination to think that we have six additional children to look to. We differ from you in our habits, but our hearts and affections are no less true to you all. My Mary and you will be as sisters.”

His niece could bear no more kindness. She had been far more bitterly disappointed than she had confessed even to her uncle; and yet the very bitterness of the disappointment had been the first thing that had driven her father’s dying wail from her ears—that cry repeated so often, and so bitterly, in the brief moments left after his accident—“My children! My children!”

He had not sufficient faith to commit them to God's mercy. He knew he had not been a faithful steward; and he could not bring himself, from the depths of his spiritual blindness, to call upon the Fountain that is never dried up to those who would humbly and earnestly partake of its living waters.

It was all a scene as of another world to the young, beautiful, petted, and fêted girl; it had made her forget the disappointment of her love, at least for a time. While her brothers dared the thunder-cloud that burst above their heads, her mother and sisters wept beneath its influence. Mary had looked forth, and if she did not hope, she thought, and tried to pray. Now, she fell weeping upon her uncle's shoulder: when she could speak, she said, "Forgive me; in a little time I shall be able to conquer this; at present, I am overwhelmed. I feel as if knowledge and sorrow came together: I seem to have read more of human nature within the last three days than in all my past life."

"It all depends, Mary, upon the person you meet," said Mr Adams, "as upon the book you read. If you choose a foolish book or a bad book, you can expect nothing but vice or foolishness; if you choose a foolish companion, surely you cannot expect kindness or strength." The kind-hearted man repeated to her all he had before said. "I cannot," he added, "be guilty of injustice to my children; but I can merge all my own luxuries into the one of being a father to the fatherless."

But to all the plans of Charles Adams objections were raised by his eldest nephew and his mother: the youth could not brook the control of a simple straight-minded country man, whose only claim to be considered a gentleman, in his opinion, arose from his connexion with "his family." He was also indignant with his maternal uncle for his broken promise, and these feelings were strengthened by his mother's folly. Two opportunities for disposing of the house and its magnificent furniture were missed; and when Mrs Adams complained to her nearest and most influential connexions that her brother-in-law refused to make her any allowance unless she consented to live at Repton—expecting that they would be loud in their indignation at his hardness—they advised her by all means to do what he wished, as he was really the only person she had to depend upon. Some were lavish of their sympathy, but sympathy wears out quickly; others invited her to spend a month with them at their country seat, for change of air; and one hinted how valuable Miss Adams's exquisite musical talent would be now. Mary coloured, and said "Yes," with the dignity of proper feeling. But her mother asked the lady what she meant, and a little scene followed which caused the lady to visit all the families in town of her acquaintance, for the purpose of expressing her sympathy with "those poor dear Adamsses, who were so proud, poor things, that really there was nothing but starvation and the workhouse before them!" Another of those well-meaning persons—strong-minded

and kind-hearted, but without a particle of delicacy—came to poor Mary with all the *prestige* of conferring a favour.

“My dear young lady, it is the commonest thing in the world—very painful, but very common: the families of professional men are frequently left without provision. Such a pity!—because, if they cannot save, they can insure. We all can do that, but they do not do it, and consequently everywhere the families of professional men are found in distress. So, as I said, it is common; and I wanted you to suggest to your mother that, if she would not feel hurt at it, the thing being so common—dear Dr Adams having been so popular, so very popular—that, while every one is talking about him and you all, a very handsome subscription could be got up. I would begin it with a sum large enough to invite still larger. I had a great regard for him—I had indeed.”

Mary felt her heart sink and rise, and her throat swell, so that she could not speak. She had brought herself to the determination of employing her talents for her own support, but she was not prepared to come with her family before the world as paupers. “We have no claim upon the public,” she said at last. “I am sure you mean us kindly, but we have no claim. My dear father forwarded no public work—no public object; he gave his advice, and received his payment. If we are not provided for, it is no public fault. Besides, my father’s children are able and willing to support themselves. I am sure you mean us kindly, but we have no claim upon public sympathy, and an appeal to it would crush us to the earth. I am very glad you did not speak first to my mother. My uncle Charles would not suffer it, even suppose she wished it.”

This friend also departed to excite new speculations as to the pride and poverty of “poor dear Dr Adams’s family.” In the world, however—the busy, busy London world—it is idle to expect anything to create even a nine days’ wonder. When the house and furniture were at last offered for sale, the feeling was somewhat revived; and Mary, whose beauty, exquisite as it was, had so unobtrusive a character as never to have created a foe, was remembered with tears by many. Even the father of her old lover, when he was congratulated by one more worldly-minded than himself on the escape of his son in not marrying a portionless girl, reproved the unfeeling speaker with a wish that he only hoped his son might have as good a wife as Mary Adams would have been.

The bills were taken down, the house purified from the auction-mob—everything changed; a new name occupied the doctor’s place in the “Court Guide;” and in three months the family seemed as completely forgotten amongst those of whom they once formed a prominent part, as if they had never existed. When one sphere of life closes against a family, they find room in another. Many kind-hearted persons in Mrs Adams’s first



circle would have been rejoiced to be of service to her and hers, but they were exactly the people upon whom she had no claim. Of a high, but poor family, her relatives had little power. What family so situated ever had any influence beyond what they absolutely needed for themselves? With an ill grace, she at last acceded to the kind offer made by Mr Charles Adams, and took possession of the cottage he fixed upon, until something could be done for his brother's children. In a fit of proud despair, the eldest son enlisted into a regiment of dragoons; the second was fortunate enough to obtain a cadetship through a stranger's interference; and his uncle thought it might be possible to get the youngest forward in his father's profession. The expense of the necessary arrangements was severely felt by the prudent and careful country gentleman. The younger girls were too delicate for even the common occupations of daily life; and Mary, instead of receiving the welcome she had been led to expect from her aunt and cousins, felt that every hour she spent at the Grange was an intrusion.

The sudden death of Dr Adams had postponed the intended wedding of Charles Adams's eldest daughter; and although her mother agreed that it was their duty to forward the orphan children, she certainly felt, as most affectionate mothers whose hearts are not very much enlarged would feel, that much of their own savings—much of the produce of her husband's hard labour—labour during a series of years when her sister-in-law and her children were enjoying all the luxuries of life—would now be expended for their support. This, to an all-sacrificing mother, despite her sense of the duty of kindness, was hard to bear. As long as they were not on the spot, she theorised continually, and derived much satisfaction from the sympathising observations of her neighbours, and was proud, very proud, of the praise bestowed upon her husband's benevolence; but when her sister-in-law's expensive habits were in daily array before her (the cottage being close to the Grange); when she knew, to use her own expression, "that she never put her hand to a single thing;" that she could not live without port wine, when she herself never drank even gooseberry, except on Sundays; never ironed a collar, never dusted the mantel-piece, or ate a shoulder of mutton—roast one day, cold the next, and hashed the third—while each day brought some fresh illustration of her thoughtlessness to the eyes of the wife of the wealthy tiller of the soil, the widow of the physician thought herself in the daily practice of the most rigid self-denial. "I am sure," was her constant observation to her all-patient daughter—"I am sure I never thought it would come to this. I had not an idea of going through so much. I wonder your uncle and his wife can permit me to live in the way I do—they ought to consider how I was brought up." It was in vain Mary represented that they were existing upon charity; that they ought to be most grateful for what they received, coming

as it did from those who, in their days of prosperity, professed nothing, while those who professed all things had done nothing. Mary would so reason, and then retire to her own chamber to weep alone over things more hard to bear.

It is painful to observe what bitterness will creep into the heart and manner of really kind girls where a lover is in the case, or even where a commonplace dangling sort of flirtation is going forward; this depreciating ill nature, one of the other, is not confined by any means to the fair sex. Young men pick each other to pieces with even more fierceness, but less ingenuity; they deal in a cut-and-hack sort of sarcasm, and do not hesitate to use terms and insinuations of the harshest kind when a lady is in the case. Mary (to distinguish her from her high-bred cousin, she was generally called Mary Charles) was certainly disappointed when her wedding was postponed in consequence of her uncle's death; but a much more painful feeling followed when she saw the admiration her lover, Edwin Lechmere, bestowed upon her beautiful cousin. Mary Charles was herself a beauty—fair, open-eyed, warm-hearted—the beauty of Repton; but though feature by feature, inch by inch, she was as handsome as Mary, yet in her cousin was the grace and spirit given only by good society; the manners elevated by a higher mind, and toned down by sorrow; a gentle softness, which a keen observer of human nature told me once no woman ever possessed unless she had deeply loved, and suffered from disappointed affection; in short, she was far more refined, far more fascinating, than her country cousin. Besides, she was unfortunate, and that at once gave her a hold upon the sympathies of the young curate. It did no more; but Mary Charles did not understand these nice distinctions, and nothing could exceed the change of manner she evinced when her cousin and her betrothed were together.

Mary thought her cousin rude and petulant; but the true cause of the change never occurred to her. Accustomed to the high-toned courtesy of well-bred men, which is so little practised in the middle class of English society, it never suggested itself that placing her chair, or opening the door for her to go out, or rising courteously when she came into a room, was more than, as a lady, she had a right to expect; in truth, she did not notice it at all; but she did notice, and feel deeply, her cousin's alternate coldness and snappishness of manner. "I would not," thought Mary, "have behaved so to her if she had been left desolate; but in a little time, when my mother is more content, I will leave Repton, and become independent by my talents." Never did she think of the power delegated to her by the Almighty without feeling herself raised—ay, higher than she had ever been in the days of her splendour—in the scale of moral usefulness; as every one must feel whose mind is rightly framed. She had not yet known what it was to have her abilities trampled on

or insulted; she had never experienced the bitterness consequent upon having the acquirements—which, in the days of her prosperity, commanded silence and admiration—sneered at or openly ridiculed. She had yet to learn that the Solons, the lawgivers of English society, lavish their attentions and praise upon those who learn, not upon those who teach.

Mary had not been six months fatherless, when she was astonished first by a letter, and then by a visit, from her former lover. He came to renew his engagement, and to wed her even then, if she would have him. But Mary's high principle was stronger than he imagined. "No," she said; "you are not independent of your father, and whatever I feel, I have no right to draw you down into poverty. You may fancy now that you could bear it; but a time would come—if not to you, to me—when the utter selfishness of such conduct would goad me to a death of early misery." The young man appealed to her uncle, who thought her feelings overstrained, but respected her for it nevertheless; and, in the warmth of his admiration, he communicated the circumstance to his wife and daughter.

"Refuse her old lover under present circumstances!" repeated her cousin to herself as she left the room; "there must be some other reason than that; she could not be so foolish as to reject such an offer at such a time." Unfortunately, she saw Edwin Lechmere walking by Mary's side under the shadow of some trees. She watched them until the foliage screened them from her sight, and then she shut herself into her own room, and yielded to a long and violent burst of tears. "It is not enough," she exclaimed in the bitterness of her feelings, "that the comforts of my parents' declining years should be abridged by the overwhelming burden to their exertions—another family added to their own; it is not enough that an uncomfortable feeling has grown between my father and mother on this account, and that cold looks and sharp words have come where they never came before, but my peace of mind must be destroyed. Gladly would I have taken a smaller portion, if I could have kept the affections which I see but too plainly my cousin has stolen from me. And my thoughtless aunt to say, only yesterday, that 'at all events her husband was no man's enemy but his own.' Has not his want of prudent forethought been the ruin of his own children? and will my parents ever recover the anxiety, the pain, the sacrifices, brought on by one man's culpable neglect? Oh, uncle, if you could look from your grave upon the misery you have caused!"—and then, exhausted by her own emotion, the affectionate but jealous girl began to question herself as to what she should do. After what she considered mature deliberation, she made up her mind to upbraid her cousin with treachery; and she put her design into execution that same evening.

It was no easy matter to oblige her cousin to understand what she meant; but at last the declaration that she had refused her

old lover because she had placed her affections upon Edwin Lechmere, whom she was endeavouring to "entrap," was not to be mistaken; and the country girl was altogether unprepared for the burst of indignant feeling, mingled with much bitterness, which repelled the untruth. A strong fit of hysterics into which Mary Charles worked herself was terminated by a scene of the most painful kind—her father being upbraided by her mother with "loving other people's children better than his own," while the curate himself knelt by the side of his betrothed, assuring her of his unaltered affection. From such a scene Miss Adams hastened with a throbbing brow and a bursting heart. She had no one to counsel or console her; no one to whom she could apply for aid. For the first time since she had experienced her uncle's tenderness, she felt she had been the means of disturbing his domestic peace; the knowledge of the burden she was, and the burden she and hers were considered, weighed her to the earth; and in a paroxysm of anguish she fell on her knees, exclaiming, "Oh! why are the dependent born into the world? Father, father! why did you leave us, whom you so loved, to such a fate!" And then she reproached herself for having uttered a word reflecting on his memory. One of the every-day occurrences of life—so common, as to be hardly observed—is to find really kind good-natured people weary of well-doing. "Oh, really I was worn out with so and so; they are so decidedly unfortunate that it is impossible to help them," is a general excuse for deserting those whose continuing misfortunes ought to render them greater objects of sympathy.

Mr Charles Adams was, as has been shown in our little narrative, a kind-hearted man. Estranged as his brother and himself had been for a number of years, he had done much to forward, and still more to protect, his children. At first this was a pleasure; but somehow his "benevolence," and "kindness," and "generosity" had been so talked about, so eulogised, and he had been so seriously inconvenienced by the waywardness of his nephews, the thoughtless pride of his sister-in-law, the helplessness of his younger nieces, as to feel seriously oppressed by his responsibility. And now the one who had never given him aught but pleasure, seemed, according to his daughter's representations, to be the cause of increased sorrow—the destroyer of his dear child's happiness. What to do he could not tell. His daughter, wrought upon by her own jealousy, had evinced under its influence so much temper she had never displayed before, that it seemed more than likely the cherished match would be broken off. His high-minded niece saved him any farther anxiety as far as she was concerned. She sent for, and convinced him fully and entirely of her total freedom from the base design imputed to her. "Was it likely," she said, "that I should reject the man I love lest I should drag him into poverty, and plunge at once with one I do not care for into the abyss I dread? This is the common-sense

view of the case; but there is yet another. Is it to be borne that I would seek to rob your child of her happiness? The supposition is an insult too gross to be endured. I will leave my mother to-morrow. An old schoolfellow, older and more fortunate than myself, wished me to educate her little girl. I had one or two strong objections to living in her house; but the desire to be independent and away has overcome them." She then, with many tears, intreated her uncle still to protect her mother; urged how she had been sorely tried; and communicated fears, she had reason to believe were too well founded, that her eldest brother, feeling the reverse more than he could bear, had deserted from his regiment.

Charles Adams was deeply moved by the nobleness of his niece, and reproved his daughter more harshly than he had ever done before for the feebleness that created so strong and unjust a passion. This had the contrary effect to what he had hoped for: she did not hesitate to say that her cousin had endeavoured to rob her both of the affection of her lover and her father. The injured cousin left Repton, bowed beneath an accumulation of troubles, not one of which was of her own creating, not one of which she deserved; and all springing from the unproviding nature of him who, had he been asked the question, would have declared himself ready to sacrifice his own life for the advantage of that daughter, now compelled to work for her own bread. To trace the career of Mary Adams in her new calling would be to repeat what I have said before. The more refined, the more informed the governess, the more she suffers. Being with one whom she had known in better days, made it even more hard to bend; yet she did her duty, and that is one of the highest privileges a woman can enjoy.

Leaving Mary for a moment, let us return to Repton. Here discord, having once entered, was making sad ravages, and all were suffering from it. It was but too true that the eldest of the Adamsses had deserted: his mother, clinging with a parent's fondness to her child, concealed him, and thus offended Charles Adams beyond all reconciliation. The third lad, who was walking the London hospitals, and exerting himself beyond his strength, was everything that a youth could be; but his declining health was represented to his uncle, by one of those whom his mother's pride had insulted, as a cloak for indolence. In short, before another year had quite passed, the family of the once rich and fashionable Dr Adams had shared the fate of all dependents—worn out the benevolence, or patience, or whatever it really is, of their best friends. Nor was this the only consequence of the physician's neglect of a duty due alike to God and society: his brother had really done so much for the bereaved family, as to give what the world called just grounds to Mrs Charles Adams's repeated complaints, "that now her husband was ruining his industrious family to keep the lazy

widow of his spendthrift brother and her favourite children in idleness. Why could she not live upon the 'fine folk' she was always throwing in her face?" Their daughter, too, of whose approaching union the fond father had been so proud, was now, like her cousin whom she had wronged by her mean suspicions, deserted; the match broken off after much bickering; one quarrel having brought on another, until they separated by mutual consent. Her temper and her health were both materially impaired, and her beauty was converted into hardness and acidity.

Oh how utterly groundless is the idea, that in our social state, where one human being must so much depend upon another, any man, neglecting his positive duties, can be called only "his own enemy!" What misery had not Dr Adams's neglect entailed, not alone on his immediate family, but on that of his brother! Besides, there were ramifications of distress; he died even more embarrassed than his brother had at first believed, and some tradespeople were consequently embarrassed; but the deep misery fell upon his children. Meanwhile, Mrs Dr Adams had left Repton with her younger children, to be the dependents of Mary in London.

It was not until a fatal disease had seized upon her mother, that Mary ventured to appeal again to her uncle's generosity. "My second brother," she said, "has, out of his small means, remitted her five pounds. My eldest brother seems altogether to have disappeared from amongst us: finding that his unhappy presence had occasioned so fatal a separation between his mother and you—a disunion which I saw was the effect of many small causes, rather than one great one—he left us, and we cannot trace him. This has broken my poor mother's heart; he was the cherished one of all her children. My youngest brother has been for the last month an inmate of one of the hospitals which my poor father attended for so many years, and where his word was law. My sister Rosa, she upon whom my poor father poured, if possible, more of his affection than he bestowed upon me—my lovely sister, of whom, even in our poverty, I was so proud—so young, only upon the verge of womanhood—has, you already know, left us. Would to God that it had been for her grave, rather than her destroyer!—a fellow-student of that poor youth, who, if he dreamt of her dishonour, would stagger like a spectre from what will be his deathbed to avenge her. Poverty is one of the surest guides to dishonour; those who have not been tempted know nothing of it. It is one thing to see it, another to feel it. Do not think her altogether base, because she had not the strength of a heroine. I have been obliged to resign my situation to attend my mother, and the only income we have is what I earn by giving lessons on the harp and piano. I give, for two shillings, the same instruction for which my father paid half-a-guinea a lesson; if I did not, I should have no pupils. It is more than a month

since my mother left her bed ; and my youngest sister, bending beneath increased delicacy of health, is her only attendant. I know her mind to be so tortured, and her body so convulsed by pain, that I have prayed to God to render her fit for Heaven, and take her from her sufferings. Imagine the weight of sorrow that crushed me to my knees with such a petition as that ! I know all you have done, and yet I ask you now, in remembrance of the boyish love that bound you and my father together, to lessen her bodily anguish by the sacrifice of a little more ; that she, nursed in the lap of luxury, may not pass from life with starvation as her companion. My brother's gift is expended ; and during the last three weeks I have earned but twelve shillings ; my pupils are out of town. Do, for a moment, remember what I was, and think how humbled I must be to frame this supplication ; but it is a child that petitions for a parent, and I know I have never forfeited your esteem. In a few weeks, perhaps in a few days, my brother and my mother will meet my poor father face to face. Oh that I could be assured that reproach and bitterness for the past do not pass the portals of the grave ! Forgive me this, as you have already forgiven me much. Alas ! I know too well that our misfortunes drew misfortunes upon others. I was the unhappy but innocent cause of much sorrow at the Grange ; but oh ! do not refuse the last request that I will ever make !” The letter was blotted by tears.

Charles Adams was from home when it arrived, and his wife, knowing the handwriting, and having made a resolution never to open a letter “from that branch of the family,” did not send it after her husband, “lest it might tease him.” Ten days elapsed before he received it ; and when he did, he could not be content with writing, but lost not a moment in hastening to the address. Irritated and disappointed that what he really had done should have been so little appreciated, when every hour of his life he was smarting in one way or other from his exertions—broken-hearted at his daughter's blighted health and happiness—angered by the reckless wildness of one nephew, and what he believed was the idleness of another—and convinced that Rosa's fearful step was owing to the pampering and mismanagement of her foolish mother—Charles Adams satisfied himself that, as he did not hear to the contrary from Mary, all things were going on well, or at least not ill. He thought as little about them as he possibly could, no people in the world being so conveniently forgotten (when they are not importunate) as poor relations ; but the letter of his favourite niece spoke strongly to his heart, and in two hours after his return home, he set forth for the London suburb from whence the letter was dated. It so chanced that, to get to that particular end of the town, he was obliged to pass the house his brother had occupied so splendidly for a number of years ; the servants had lit the lamps, and were drawing the curtains of the noble dining-room ; and a party of ladies were

descending from a carriage, which prevented two others from setting down. It looked like old times. "Some one else," thought Charles Adams, "running the same career of wealth and extravagance. God grant it may not lead to the same results!" He paused, and looked up the front of the noble mansion; the drawing-room windows were open, and two beautiful children were standing on an ottoman placed between the windows, probably to keep them apart. He thought of Mary's childhood, and how she was occupied at that moment, and hastened onward. There are times when life seems one mingled dream, and it is not easy to become dispossessed of the idea when some of its frightful changes are brought almost together under our view.

"Is Miss Adams at home?" inquired her uncle of a woman leaning against the door of a miserable house.

"I don't know; she went to the hospital this morning; but I'm not sure she's in. It's the second pair back; it's easy known, for the sob has not ceased in that room these two nights; some people do take on so——"

Charles Adams did not hear the concluding sentence, but sought the room: the door would not close, and he heard a low sobbing sound from within. He paused; but his step had aroused the mourner. "Come in, Mary—come in. I know how it is," said a young voice; "he is dead. One grave for mother and son—one grave for mother and son! I see your shadow, dark as it is. Have you brought a candle? It is very fearful to be alone with the dead—even one's own mother—in the dark."

Charles Adams entered the room; but his sudden appearance in the twilight, and evidently not knowing him, overcame the girl, his youngest niece, so much, that she screamed, and fell on her knees by her mother's corpse. He called for lights, and was speedily obeyed, for he put a piece of gold in the woman's hand: she turned it over, and as she hastened from the room, muttered, "If this had come sooner, she'd not have died of starvation, or burdened the parish for a shroud: it's hard the rich can't look to their own."

When Mary returned, she was fearfully calm. "No; her brother was not dead," she said. "The young were longer dying than those whom the world had worn out; the young knew so little of the world, they thought it hard to leave it;" and she took off her bonnet, and sat down; and while her uncle explained why he had not written, she looked at him with eyes so fixed and cold, that he paused, hoping she would speak, so painful was their stony expression. But she let him go on, without offering one word of assurance of any kind feeling or remembrance; and when she stooped to adjust a portion of the coarse plaiting of the shroud—that mockery of "the purple and fine linen of living days"—her uncle saw that her hair, her luxuriant hair, was striped with white.



"There is no need for words now," she said at last; "no need. I thought you would have sent; she required but little—but very little; the dust rubbed from the gold she once had would have been riches. But the little she did require she had not, and so she died. But what weighs heaviest upon my mind was her calling so continually on my father, to know why he had deserted her. She attached no blame latterly to any one, only called day and night upon him. Oh! it was hard to bear—it was very hard to bear!"

"I will send a proper person in the morning, to arrange that she may be placed with my brother," said Charles.

Mary shrieked almost with the wildness of a maniac. "No, no; as far from him as possible! Oh! not with him! She was to blame in our days of splendour as much as he was; but she could not see it; and I durst not reason with her. Not with him! She would disturb him in his grave!"

Her uncle shuddered, while the young girl sobbed in the bitter wailing tone their landlady complained of.

"No," resumed Mary; "let the parish bury her; even its officers were kind; and if you bury her, or they, it is still a pauper's funeral. I see all these things clearly now. Death, while it closes the eyes of some, opens the eyes of others; it has opened mine."

But why should I prolong this sad story. It is not the tale of one, but of many. There are dozens, scores, hundreds of instances of the same kind, arising from the same cause, in our broad islands. In the lunatic asylum where that poor girl, even Mary Adams, has found refuge during the past two years, there are many cases of insanity arising from change of circumstances, where a fifty pounds' insurance would have set such maddening distress at defiance. I know that her brother died in the hospital within a few days; and the pale, sunken-eyed girl, whose damp yellow hair and thin white hand are so eagerly kissed by the gentle maniac when she visits her, month by month, is the youngest, and, I believe, the last of her family—at least the last in England. Oh that those who foolishly boast that their actions only affect themselves, would look carefully abroad, and, if they doubt what I have faithfully told, examine into the causes which crowd the world with cases even worse than I have here recorded!

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NOTE.—The evil consequences of a neglect or postponement of life-assurance, such as are portrayed in the foregoing tale, are very far from being of uncommon occurrence; and as much may arise from ignorance, we have, in a preceding tract (No. 44), presented every requisite information on the subject.—ED.

# ABBY'S YEAR IN LOWELL.\*

## A TALE OF SELF-DENIAL.

### I.

"MR ATKINS, I say! Husband, why can't you speak? Do you hear what Abby says?"

"Anything worth hearing?" was the responsive question of Mr Atkins; and he laid down the New Hampshire Patriot, and peered over his spectacles with a look which seemed to say, that an event so uncommon deserved particular attention.

"Why, she says that she means to go to Lowell, and work in the factory."

"Well, wife, let her go;" and Mr Atkins took up the Patriot again.

"But I do not see how I can spare her; the spring cleaning is not done, nor the soap made, nor the boys' summer clothes; and you say that you intend to board your own 'men-folks,' and keep two more cows than you did last year; and Charley can scarcely go alone. I do not see how I can get along without her."

"But you say she does not assist you any about the house."

"Well, husband, she *might*."

"Yes, she might do a great many things which she does not think of doing; and as I do not see that she means to be useful here, we will let her go to the factory."

"Father! are you in earnest? May I go to Lowell?" said Abby; and she raised her bright black eyes to her father's with a look of exquisite delight.

"Yes, Abby, if you will promise me one thing; and that is, that you will stay a whole year without visiting us, excepting in case of sickness, and that you will stay but one year."

"I will promise anything, father, if you will only let me go; for I thought you would say that I had better stay at home and pick rocks, and weed the garden, and drop corn, and rake hay; and I do not want to do such work any longer. May I go with the Slater girls next Tuesday, for that is the day they have set for their return?"

\* Lowell is a manufacturing town in Massachusetts, to which young women, the daughters of farmers and others, resort for employment in the factories. The generally excellent conduct of these "factory girls," also their taste and literary abilities, are spoken of by travellers from England as a kind of wonder. Amongst them are contributed a series of papers in prose and verse, which form an annual, entitled the Lowell Offering; and it is from one of these interesting publications that the present story, which appears under the signature of *Lucinda*, is extracted.—ED.

"Yes, Abby, if you will remember that you are to stay a year, and only one year."

Abby retired to rest that night with a heart fluttering with pleasure; for ever since the visit of the Slater girls with new silk dresses, and Navarino bonnets trimmed with flowers, and lace veils, and gauze handkerchiefs, her head had been filled with visions of fine clothes; and she thought if she could only go where she could dress like them, she should be completely happy. She was naturally very fond of dress, and often, while a little girl, had she sat on the grass bank by the roadside watching the stage which went daily by her father's retired dwelling; and when she saw the gay ribbons and smart shawls, which passed like a bright phantom before her wondering eyes, she had thought that, when older, she too would have such things; and she looked forward to womanhood as to a state in which the chief pleasure must consist in wearing fine clothes. But as years passed over her, she became aware that this was a source from which she could never derive any enjoyment whilst she remained at home; for her father was neither able nor willing to gratify her in this respect, and she had begun to fear that she must always wear the same brown cambric bonnet, and that the same calico gown would always be her "go-to-meeting dress." And now what a bright picture had been formed by her ardent and uncultivated imagination! Yes, she would go to Lowell, and earn all that she possibly could, and spend those earnings in beautiful attire; she would have silk dresses—one of grass green, and another of cherry red, and another upon the colour of which she would decide when she purchased it; and she would have a new Navarino bonnet, far more beautiful than Judith Slater's; and when at last she fell asleep, it was to dream of satin and lace, and her glowing fancy revelled all night in a vast and beautiful collection of milliners' finery.

But very different were the dreams of Abby's mother; and when she awoke the next morning, her first words to her husband were, "Mr Atkins, were you serious last night when you told Abby that she might go to Lowell? I thought at first that you were vexed because I interrupted you, and said it to stop the conversation."

"Yes, wife, I was serious, and you did not interrupt me, for I had been listening to all that you and Abby were saying. She is a wild, thoughtless girl, and I hardly know what it is best to do with her; but perhaps it will be as well to try an experiment, and let her think and act a little while for herself. I expect that she will spend all her earnings in fine clothes; but after she has done so, she may see the folly of it; at all events, she will be rather more likely to understand the value of money when she has been obliged to work for it. After she has had her own way for one year, she may possibly be willing to return home and become a little more steady, and be willing to devote her active

energies (for she is a very capable girl) to household duties, for hitherto her services have been principally out of doors, where she is now too old to work. I am also willing that she should see a little of the world, and what is going on in it; and I hope that, if she receives no benefit, she will at least return to us uninjured."

"Oh, husband, I have many fears for her," was the reply of Mrs Atkins, "she is so very giddy and thoughtless; and the Slater girls are as hairbrained as herself, and will lead her on in all sorts of folly. I wish you would tell her that she must stay at home."

"I have made a promise," said Mr Atkins, "and I will keep it; and Abby, I trust, will keep hers."

Abby flew round in high spirits to make the necessary preparations for her departure, and her mother assisted her with a heavy heart.

## II.

The evening before she left home, her father called her to him, and fixing upon her a calm, earnest, and almost mournful look, he said, "Abby, do you ever think?" Abby was subdued and almost awed by her father's look and manner. There was something unusual in it—something in his expression which was unexpected in him, but which reminded her of her teacher's look at the Sabbath school, when he was endeavouring to impress upon her mind some serious truth.

"Yes, father," she at length replied, "I have thought a great deal lately about going to Lowell."

"But I do not believe, my child, that you have had one serious reflection upon the subject, and I fear that I have done wrong in consenting to let you go from home. If I were too poor to maintain you here, and had no employment about which you could make yourself useful, I should feel no self-reproach, and would let you go, trusting that all might yet be well; but now I have done what I may at some future time severely repent of; and, Abby, if you do not wish to make me wretched, you will return to us a better, milder, and more thoughtful girl."

That night Abby reflected more seriously than she had ever done in her life before. Her father's words, rendered more impressive by the look and tone with which they were delivered, had sunk into her heart as words of his had never done before. She had been surprised at his ready acquiescence in her wishes, but it had now a new meaning. She felt that she was about to be abandoned to herself, because her parents despaired of being able to do anything for her; they thought her too wild, reckless, and untameable to be softened by aught but the stern lessons of experience. I will surprise them, said she to herself; I will show them that I have some reflection; and after I come home, my

father shall never ask me if I *think*. Yes, I know what their fears are, and I will let them see that I can take care of myself, and as good care as they have ever taken of me. I know that I have not done as well as I might have done; but I will begin *now*, and when I return, they shall see that I am a better, milder, and more thoughtful girl. And the money which I intended to spend in fine dress shall be put into the bank; I will save it all, and my father shall see that I can earn money, and take care of it too. Oh how different I will be from what they think I am; and how very glad it will make my father and mother to see that I am not so very bad after all!

New feelings and new ideas had begotten new resolutions, and Abby's dreams that night were of smiles from her mother, and words from her father, such as she had never received nor deserved.

When she bade them farewell the next morning, she said nothing of the change which had taken place in her views and feelings, for she felt a slight degree of self-distrust in her own firmness of purpose.

Abby's self-distrust was commendable and auspicious; but she had a very prominent development in that part of the head where phrenologists locate the organ of firmness; and when she had once determined upon a thing, she usually went through with it. She had now resolved to pursue a course entirely different from that which was expected of her, and as different from the one she had first marked out for herself. This was more difficult, on account of her strong propensity for dress, a love of which was freely gratified by her companions. But when Judith Slater pressed her to purchase this beautiful piece of silk, or that splendid piece of muslin, her constant reply was, "No, I have determined not to buy any such things, and I will keep my resolution."

Before she came to Lowell, she wondered, in her simplicity, how people could live where there were so many stores, and not spend all their money; and it now required all her firmness to resist being overcome by the tempting display of beauties which met her eyes whenever she promenaded the illuminated streets. It was hard to walk by the milliners' shops with an unwavering step; and when she came to the confectionaries, she could not help stopping. But she did not yield to the temptation; she did not spend her money in them. When she saw fine strawberries, she said to herself, "I can gather them in our own pasture next year;" when she looked upon the nice peaches, cherries, and plums which stood in tempting array behind their crystal barriers, she said again, "I will do without them *this* summer;" and when apples, pears, and nuts were offered to her for sale, she thought that she would eat none of them till she went home. But she felt that the only safe place for her earnings was the savings' bank, and there they were regularly deposited, that it

might be out of her power to indulge in momentary whims. She gratified no feeling but a newly-awakened desire for mental improvement, and spent her leisure hours in reading useful books.

Abby's year was one of perpetual self-contest and self-denial; but it was by no means one of unmitigated misery. The ruling desire of years was not to be conquered by the resolution of a moment; but when the contest was over, there was for her the triumph of victory. If the battle was sometimes desperate, there was so much more merit in being conqueror. One Sabbath was spent in tears, because Judith Slater did not wish her to attend their meeting with such a dowdy bonnet; and another fellow-boarder thought her gown must have been made in "the year one." The colour mounted to her cheeks, and the lightning flashed from her eyes, when asked if she had "*just come down*;" and she felt as though she should be glad to be away from them all, when she heard their sly innuendos about "bush-whackers." Still she remained unshaken. It is but for a year, said she to herself, and the time and money that my father thought I should spend in folly shall be devoted to a better purpose.

### III.

At the close of a pleasant April day, Mr Atkins sat at his kitchen fireside, with Charley upon his knee. "Wife," said he to Mrs Atkins, who was busily preparing the evening meal, "is it not a year since Abby left home?"

"Why, husband, let me think: I always clean up the house thoroughly just before fast-day, and I had not done it when Abby went away. I remember speaking to her about it, and telling her that it was wrong to leave me at such a busy time; and she said, 'Mother, I will be at home to do it all next year.' Yes, it is a year, and I should not be surprised if she should come this week."

"Perhaps she will not come at all," said Mr Atkins with a gloomy look; "she has written us but few letters, and they have been very short and unsatisfactory. I suppose she has sense enough to know that no news is better than bad news; and having nothing pleasant to tell about herself, she thinks she will tell us nothing at all. But if I ever get her home again, I will keep her here. I assure you her first year in Lowell shall also be her last."

"Husband, I told you my fears, and if you had set up your authority, Abby would have been obliged to stay at home; but perhaps she is doing pretty well. You know she is not accustomed to writing, and that may account for the few and short letters we have received; but they have all, even the shortest, contained the assurance that she would be at home at the close of the year."

"Pa, the stage has stopped here," said little Charley, and he bounded from his father's knee. The next moment the room rang with the shout of "Abby has come! Abby has come!" In a few moments more she was in the midst of the joyful throng. Her father pressed her hand in silence, and tears gushed from her mother's eyes. Her brothers and sisters were clamorous with delight, all but little Charley, to whom Abby was a stranger, and who repelled with terror all her overtures for a better acquaintance. Her parents gazed upon her with speechless pleasure, for they felt that a change for the better had taken place in their once wayward girl. Yes, there she stood before them, a little taller and a little thinner, and, when the flush of emotion had faded away, perhaps a little paler; but the eyes were bright in their joyous radiance, and the smile of health and innocence was playing around the rosy lips. She carefully laid aside her new straw-bonnet, with its plain trimming of light-blue ribbon, and her dark merino dress showed to the best advantage her neat symmetrical form. There was more delicacy of personal appearance than when she left them, and also more softness of manner; for constant collision with so many young females had worn off the little asperities which had marked her conduct while at home.

"Well, Abby, how many silk gowns have you got?" said her father as she opened a large new trunk.

"Not *one*, father," said she, and she fixed her dark eyes upon him with an expression which told all. "But here are some little books for the children, and a new calico dress for mother; and here is a nice black silk handkerchief for you to wear around your neck on Sundays. Accept it, dear father, for it is your daughter's first gift."

"You had better have bought me a pair of spectacles, for I am sure I cannot see anything." There were tears in the rough farmer's eyes, but he tried to laugh and joke, that they might not be perceived. "But what did you do with all your money?"

"I thought I had better leave it there," said Abby, and she placed her bank-book in her father's hand. Mr Atkins looked a moment, and the forced smile faded away. The surprise had been too great, and tears fell thick and fast from the father's eyes.

"It is but a little," said Abby.

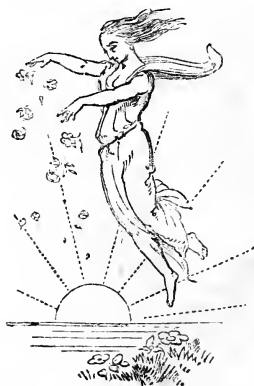
"But it was all you could save," replied her father, "and I am proud of you, Abby; yes, proud that I am the father of such a girl. It is not this paltry sum which pleases me so much, but the prudence, self-command, and real affection for us which you have displayed. But was it not sometimes hard to resist temptation?"

"Yes, father, *you* can never know how hard; but it was the thought of *this* night which sustained me through it all. I knew how you would smile, and what my mother would say

and feel; and though there have been moments, yes, hours, that have seen me wretched enough, yet this one evening will repay for all. There is but one thing now to mar my happiness, and that is the thought that this little fellow has quite forgotten me," and she drew Charley to her side. But the new picture-book had already effected wonders, and in a few moments he was in her lap, with his arms around her neck, and his mother could not persuade him to retire that night until he had given "Sister Abby" a hundred kisses.

"Father," said Abby as she arose to retire when the tall clock struck eleven, "may I not some time go back to Lowell? I should like to add a little to the sum in the bank, and I should be glad of *one* silk gown."

"Yes, Abby, you may do anything you wish. I shall never again be afraid to let you spend a year in Lowell. You have shown yourself to be possessed of a virtue, without which no one can expect to gain either respect or confidence—SELF-DENIAL."







## SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

### LABOUR.

**P**AUSE not to dream of the future before us;  
 Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;  
 Hark how Creation's deep musical chorus,  
 Unintermitting, goes up into Heaven!  
 Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;  
 Never the little seed stops in its growing;  
 More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,  
 Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labour is worship!"—the robin is singing;  
 "Labour is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing;  
 Listen! that eloquent whisper, upspringing,  
 Speaks to thy soul from out nature's heart.  
 From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;  
 From the rough sod comes the soft-breathing flower;  
 From the small insect the rich coral bower;  
 Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.

Labour is life! 'Tis the still water faileth;  
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth:  
 Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;  
 Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.

Labour is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;  
 Only the waving wing changes and brightens;  
 Idle hearts only the dark future frightens:

Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune.

Labour is rest—from the sorrows that greet us ;  
 Rest from all petty vexations that meet us ;  
 Rest from sin-promptings that ever intreat us ;  
 Rest from world-syrens that lure us to ill.  
 Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow ;  
 Work—thou shalt ride over care's coming billow ;  
 Lie not down wearied 'neath wo's weeping willow :  
 Work with a stout heart and resolute will !

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee ;  
 Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee ;  
 Look on yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee ;  
 Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod.  
 Work for some good—be it ever so slowly ;  
 Cherish some flower—be it ever so lowly ;  
 Labour !—all labour is noble and holy :  
 Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

—MRS FRANCES OSGOOD.

#### WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

THY neighbour? It is he whom thou  
 Hast power to aid and bless,  
 Whose aching heart or burning brow  
 Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor,  
 Whose eye with want is dim,  
 Whom hunger sends from door to door—  
 Go thou and succour him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis that weary man,  
 Whose years are at their brim,  
 Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain—  
 Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the heart bereft  
 Of every earthly gem ;  
 Widow and orphan, helpless left—  
 Go thou and shelter them.

Thy neighbour? Yonder toiling slave,  
 Fettered in thought and limb,  
 Whose hopes are all beyond the grave—  
 Go thou and ransom him.

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form  
 Less favoured than thine own,  
 Remember 'tis thy neighbour worm,  
 Thy brother, or thy son.

Oh pass not, pass not heedless by ;  
 Perhaps thou canst redeem  
 The breaking heart from misery—  
 Go, share thy lot with him.

—ANON.

THE SKIES.

AY ; gloriously thou standest there,  
 Beautiful, boundless firmament !  
 That, swelling wide o'er earth and air,  
 And round the horizon bent,  
 With that bright vault and sapphire wall,  
 Dost overhang and circle all.

Far, far below thee, tall gray trees  
 Arise, and piles built up of old,  
 And hills, whose ancient summits freeze  
 In the fierce light and cold.  
 The eagle soars his utmost height ;  
 Yet far thou stretchest o'er his flight.

Thou hast thy frowns : with thee, on high,  
 The storm has made his airy seat ;  
 Beyond thy soft blue curtain lie  
 His stores of hail and sleet :  
 Thence the consuming lightnings break ;  
 There the strong hurricanes awake.

Yet art thou prodigal of smiles—  
 Smiles sweeter than thy frowns are stern :  
 Earth sends, from all her thousand isles,  
 A song at their return ;  
 The glory that comes down from thee  
 Bathes in deep joy the land and sea.

The sun, the gorgeous sun, is thine,  
 The pomp that brings and shuts the day,  
 The clouds that round him change and shine,  
 The airs that fan his way.  
 Thence look the thoughtful stars, and there  
 The meek moon walks the silent air.

The sunny Italy may boast  
 The beauteous tints that flush her skies ;  
 And lovely, round the Grecian coast,  
 May thy blue pillars rise :  
 I only know how fair they stand  
 About my own beloved land.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

And they are fair: a charm is theirs,  
That earth—the proud, green earth—has not,  
With all the hues, and forms, and airs  
That haunt her sweetest spot.  
We gaze upon thy calm, pure sphere,  
And read of Heaven's eternal year.

Oh when, amid the throng of men,  
The heart grows sick of hollow mirth,  
How willingly we turn us then  
Away from this cold earth,  
And look into thy azure breast  
For seats of innocence and rest!

—BRYANT.

HYMN OF THE CITY.

Not in the solitude  
Alone may man commune with Heaven, or see  
Only in savage wood  
And sunny vale the present Deity;  
Or only hear His voice  
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold  
Thy steps, Almighty!—here, amidst the crowd  
Through the great city rolled,  
With everlasting murmur deep and loud—  
Choking the ways that wind  
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of humankind.

Thy golden sunshine comes  
From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies,  
And lights their inner homes;  
For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,  
And givest them the stores  
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy spirit is around,  
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;  
And this eternal sound—  
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—  
Like the resounding sea,  
Or like the rainy tempests, speaks of Thee.

And when the hours of rest  
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,  
Hushing its billowy breast,  
The quiet of that moment too is thine;  
It breathes of Him who keeps  
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

—IBID.

## A SIMILE.

EARTH's children cleave to earth—her frail,  
 Decaying children dread decay :  
 Yon mist that rises from the vale,  
 And lessens in the morning ray—

Look, how by mountain rivulet  
 It lingers as it upward creeps,  
 And clings to fern and copsewood set  
 Along the green and dewy steeps ;

Clings to the flowery kalmia, clings  
 To precipices fringed with grass,  
 Dark maples, where the woodthrush sings,  
 And bowers of fragrant sassafras.

Yet, all in vain—it passes still  
 From hold to hold—it cannot stay ;  
 And in the very beams that fill  
 The world with gladness, wastes away ;

Till, parting from the mountain's brow,  
 It vanishes from human eye,  
 And that which sprung of earth is now  
 A portion of the glorious sky.

—IBID.

## THE PRAIRIES.

THESE are the gardens of the desert, these  
 The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,  
 For which the speech of England has no name—  
 The Prairies. I behold them for the first,  
 And my heart swells while the dilated sight  
 Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo ! they stretch,  
 In airy undulations, far away,  
 As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,  
 Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed,  
 And motionless for ever. Motionless ?—  
 No—they are all unchained again. The clouds  
 Sweep over with their shadows, and, beneath,  
 The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye ;  
 Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase  
 The sunny ridges. Breezes of the South !  
 Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,  
 And pass the prairie hawk, that, poised on high,  
 Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not—ye have played  
 Among the palms of Mexico and vines

Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid brooks  
 That from the fountains of Senora glide  
 Into the calm Pacific—have ye fanned  
 A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?  
 Man hath no part in all this glorious work:  
 The Hand that built the firmament hath heaved  
 And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown their slopes  
 With herbage, planted them with island groves,  
 And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor  
 For this magnificent temple of the sky—  
 With flowers whose glory and whose multitude  
 Rival the constellations! The great heavens  
 Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love—  
 A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue  
 Than that which bends above the eastern hills.

As o'er the verdant waste I guide my steed,  
 Among the high rank grass that sweeps his sides,  
 The hollow beating of his footstep seems  
 A sacrilegious sound. I think of those  
 Upon whose rest he tramples. Are they here,  
 The dead of other days?—and did the dust  
 Of these fair solitudes once stir with life  
 And burn with passion? Let the mighty mounds  
 That overlook the rivers, or that rise  
 In the dim forest crowded with old oaks,  
 Answer. A race, that long has passed away,  
 Built them—a disciplined and populous race  
 Heaped with long toil the earth, while yet the Greek  
 Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms  
 Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock  
 The glittering Parthenon. These ample fields  
 Nourished their harvests; here their herds were fed,  
 When haply by their stalls the bison lowed,  
 And bowed his maned shoulder to the yoke.  
 All day this desert murmured with their toils,  
 Till twilight blushed, and lovers walked, and wooed  
 In a forgotten language; and old tunes,  
 From instruments of unremembered form,  
 Gave the soft winds a voice.

The red man came—  
 The roaming hunter-tribes, warlike and fierce;  
 And the mound-builders vanished from the earth—  
 The solitude of centuries untold  
 Has settled where they dwelt. The prairie wolf  
 Hunts in their meadows, and his fresh dug den  
 Yawns by my path. The gopher mines the ground  
 Where stood their swarming cities. All is gone—  
 All, save the piles of earth that hold their bones—  
 The platforms where they worshipped unknown gods—

The barriers which they builded from the soil  
 To keep the foe at bay—till o'er the walls  
 The wild beleaguerer broke, and one by one  
 The strongholds of the plain were forced, and heaped  
 With corpses. The brown vultures of the wood  
 Flocked to those vast uncovered sepulchres,  
 And sat, unscared and silent, at their feast.  
 Haply some solitary fugitive,  
 Lurking in marsh and forest till the sense  
 Of desolation and of fear became  
 Bitterer than death, yielded himself to die.  
 Man's better nature triumphed. Kindly words  
 Welcomed and soothed him; the rude conquerors  
 Seated the captive with their chiefs; he chose  
 A bride among their maidens, and at length  
 Seemed to forget—yet ne'er forgot—the wife  
 Of his first love, and her sweet little ones  
 Butchered, amid their shrieks, with all his race.

Thus change the forms of being. Thus arise  
 Races of living things, glorious in strength,  
 And perish, as the quickening breath of God  
 Fills them, or is withdrawn. The red man, too,  
 Has left the blooming wilds he ranged so long,  
 And, nearer to the Rocky Mountains, sought  
 A wider hunting-ground. The beaver builds  
 No longer by these streams, but far away,  
 On waters whose blue surface ne'er gave back  
 The white man's face. Among Missouri's springs,  
 And pools whose issues swell the Oregon,  
 He rears his little Venice. In these plains  
 The bison feeds no more. Twice twenty leagues  
 Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp  
 Roams the majestic brute, in herds that shake  
 The earth with thundering steps—yet here I meet  
 His ancient footprints stamped beside the pool.

Still this great solitude is quick with life.  
 Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers  
 They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,  
 And birds that scarce have learned the fear of man,  
 Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground,  
 Startingly beautiful. The graceful deer  
 Bounds to the wood at my approach. The bee,  
 A more adventurous colonist than man,  
 With whom he came across the eastern deep,  
 Fills the savannas with his murmurings,  
 And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,  
 Within the hollow oak. I listen long  
 To his domestic hum, and think I hear  
 The sound of that advancing multitude

Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the ground -  
 Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice  
 Of maidens, and the sweet solemn hymn  
 Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds  
 Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain  
 Over the dark-brown furrows. All at once  
 A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my dream,  
 And I am in the wilderness alone.

—IBID.

### THE CROCUS'S SOLILOQUY.

Down in my solitude under the snow,  
 Where nothing cheering can reach me;  
 Here, without light to see how to grow,  
 I'll trust to nature to teach me.

I will not despair, nor be idle, nor frown,  
 Locked in so gloomy a dwelling;  
 My leaves shall run up, and my roots shall run down,  
 While the bud in my bosom is swelling.

Soon as the frost will get out of my bed,  
 From this cold dungeon to free me,  
 I will peer up with my little bright head;  
 All will be joyful to see me.

Then from my heart will young petals diverge,  
 As rays of the sun from their focus;  
 I from the darkness of earth will emerge,  
 A happy and beautiful Crocus!

Gaily arrayed in my yellow and green,  
 When to their view I have risen,  
 Will they not wonder how one so serene  
 Came from so dismal a prison?

Many, perhaps, from so simple a flower  
 This little lesson may borrow—  
 Patient to-day, through its gloomiest hour,  
 We come out the brighter to-morrow!

—MISS H. F. GOULD.

### FROST.

THE Frost looked forth one still, clear night,  
 And he said, "Now I shall be out of sight,  
 So through the valley and over the height,  
 In silence, I'll take my way;



I will not go on like that blustering train,  
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,  
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,  
But I'll be as busy as they!"

Then he went to the mountain, and powdered its crest,  
He climbed up the trees, and their boughs he dressed  
With diamonds and pearls, and over the breast  
Of the quivering lake he spread  
A coat of mail, that it need not fear  
The downward point of many a spear  
That he hung on its margin, far and near,  
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,  
And over each pane like a fairy crept;  
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,  
By the light of the moon, were seen  
Most beautiful things. There were flowers and trees—  
There were beves of birds, and swarms of bees—  
There were cities, thrones, temples, and towers!—and these  
All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair;  
He went to the cupboard, and finding there  
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,  
"Now, just to set them a-thinking,  
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he;  
"This bloated pitcher I'll burst in three!  
And the glass of water they've left for me  
Shall 'tchick,' to tell them I'm drinking!"

—IBID.

## THE CONSTANCY OF NATURE CONTRASTED WITH THE CHANGES IN HUMAN LIFE.

How like eternity doth nature seem  
To life of man—that short and fitful dream!  
I look around me; nowhere can I trace  
Lines of decay that mark our human race.  
These are the murmuring waters, these the flowers  
I mused o'er in my earlier, better hours.  
Like sounds and scents of yesterday they come.  
Long years have passed since this was last my home!  
And I am weak, and toil-worn is my frame;  
But all this vale shuts in is still the same:  
'Tis I alone am changed; they know me not:  
I feel a stranger—or as one forgot.

The breeze that cooled my warm and youthful brow,  
 Breathes the same freshness on its wrinkles now.  
 The leaves that flung around me sun and shade,  
 While gazing idly on them as they played,  
 Are holding yet their frolic in the air;  
 The motion, joy, and beauty still are there—  
 But not for me! I look upon the ground:  
 Myriads of happy faces throng me round,  
 Familiar to my eye; yet heart and mind  
 In vain would now the old communion find.  
 Ye were as living, conscious beings then,  
 With whom I talked—but I have talked with men!  
 With uncheered sorrow, with cold hearts I've met;  
 Seen honest minds by hardened craft beset;  
 Seen hope cast down, turn deathly pale its glow;  
 Seen virtue rare, but more of virtue's show.

—DANA.

### RETROSPECTION.

THERE are moments in life that are never forgot,  
 Which brighten, and brighten, as time steals away;  
 They give a new charm to the happiest lot,  
 And they shine on the gloom of the loneliest day.  
 These moments are hallowed by smiles and by tears;  
 The first look of love, and the last parting given;  
 As the sun, in the dawn of his glory, appears,  
 And the cloud weeps and glows with the rainbow in heaven.

There are hours, there are minutes, which memory brings,  
 Like blossoms of Eden, to twine round the heart;  
 And as time rushes by on the might of his wings,  
 They may darken a while, but they never depart:  
 Oh! these hallowed remembrances cannot decay,  
 But they come on the soul with a magical thrill;  
 And in days that are darkest they kindly will stay,  
 And the heart, in its last throb, will beat with them still.

They come, like the dawn in its loveliness, now,  
 The same look of beauty that shot to my soul;  
 The snows of the mountain are bleached on her brow,  
 And her eyes in the blue of the firmament roll.  
 The roses are dim by her cheeks' living bloom,  
 And her coral lips part like the opening of flowers;  
 She moves through the air in a cloud of perfume,  
 Like the wind from the blossoms of jessamine bowers.

From her eye's melting azure there sparkles a flame  
 That kindled my young blood to ecstasy's glow;  
 She speaks—and the tones of her voice are the same  
 As would once, like the wind-harp, in melody flow:

That touch, as her hand meets and mingles with mine,  
Shoots along to my heart with electrical thrill;  
'Twas a moment for earth too supremely divine,  
And while life lasts, its sweetness shall cling to me still.

We met—and we drank from the crystalline well  
That flows from the fountain of science above;  
On the beauties of thought we would silently dwell,  
Till we looked, though we never were talking of love.  
We parted—the tear glistened bright in her eye,  
And her melting hand shook as I dropped it for ever;  
Oh! that moment will always be hovering by;  
Life may frown, but its light shall abandon me—never.

—PERCIVAL.

“AS THY DAY, SO SHALL THY STRENGTH BE.”

WHEN adverse winds and waves arise,  
And in my heart despondence sighs;  
When life her throng of care reveals,  
And weakness o'er my spirit steals;  
Grateful I hear the kind decree,  
That “as my day, my strength shall be.”

When, with sad footstep, memory roves  
Mid smitten joys and buried loves;  
When sleep my tearful pillow flies,  
And dewy morning drinks my sighs;  
Still to thy promise, Lord, I flee,  
That “as my day, my strength shall be.”

One trial more must yet be past,  
One pang—the keenest, and the last;  
And when, with brow convulsed and pale,  
My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail,  
Redeemer, grant my soul to see  
That “as her day, her strength shall be.”

—LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

POWER OF MATERNAL PIETY.

WHY gaze ye on my hoary hairs,  
Ye children, young and gay?  
Your locks, beneath the blast of cares,  
Will bleach as white as they.

I had a mother once, like you,  
Who o'er my pillow hung,  
Kissed from my cheek the briny dew,  
And taught my faltering tongue.

She, when the nightly couch was spread,  
 Would bow my infant knee,  
 And place her hand upon my head,  
 And, kneeling, pray for me.

But then there came a fearful day ;  
 I sought my mother's bed,  
 Till harsh hands tore me thence away,  
 And told me she was dead.

I plucked a fair white rose, and stole  
 To lay it by her side,  
 And thought strange sleep enchained her soul,  
 For no fond voice replied.

That eve I knelt me down in wo,  
 And said a lonely prayer ;  
 Yet still my temples seemed to glow  
 As if that hand were there.

Years fled, and left me childhood's joy,  
 Gay sports and pastimes dear ;  
 I rose a wild and wayward boy,  
 Who scorned the curb of fear.

Fierce passions shook me like a reed ;  
 Yet, ere at night I slept,  
 That soft hand made my bosom bleed,  
 And down I fell, and wept.

Youth came—the props of virtue reeled ;  
 But oft, at day's decline,  
 A marble touch my brow congealed—  
 Blessed mother ! was it thine ?

In foreign lands I travelled wide,  
 My pulse was bounding high,  
 Vice spread her meshes at my side,  
 And pleasure lured my eye ;

Yet still *that hand*, so soft and cold,  
 Maintained its mystic sway,  
 As when, amid my curls of gold,  
 With gentle force it lay.

And with it breathed a voice of care,  
 As from the lowly sod,  
 “ My son—my only one—beware !  
 Nor sin against thy God.”

Ye think, perchance, that age hath stole  
 My kindly warmth away,  
 And dimmed the tablet of the soul;  
 Yet when, with lordly sway,

This brow the plumed helm displayed  
 That guides the warrior throng,  
 Or beauty's thrilling fingers strayed  
 These manly locks among,

That hallowed touch was ne'er forgot!  
 And now, though time hath set  
 His frosty seal upon my lot,  
 These temples feel it yet.

And if I e'er in Heaven appear,  
 A mother's holy prayer,  
 A mother's hand, and gentle tear,  
 That pointed to a Saviour dear,  
 Have led the wanderer there.

—IBID.

# SOLITUDE.

DEEP solitude I sought. There was a dell  
 Where woven shades shut out the eye of day,  
 While, towering near, the rugged mountains made  
 Dark background 'gainst the sky. Thither I went,  
 And bade my spirit drink that lonely draught  
 For which it long had languished 'mid the strife  
 And fever of the world. I thought to be  
 There without witness. But the violet's eye  
 Looked up upon me, the fresh wild-rose smiled,  
 And the young pendent vine-flower kissed my cheek;  
 And there were voices too. The garrulous brook,  
 Untiring, to the patient pebbles told  
 Its history; up came the singing breeze,  
 And the broad leaves of the cool poplar spake  
 Responsive every one. Even busy life  
 Woke in that dell. The tireless spider threw  
 From spray to spray her silver-tissued snare.  
 The wary ant, whose curving pincers pierced  
 The treasured grain, toiled toward her citadel.  
 To the sweet hive went forth the loaded bee,  
 And from the wind-rocked nest, the mother-bird  
 Sang to her nurslings.

Yet I strangely thought  
 To be alone, and silent in thy realm,  
 Spirit of life and love! It might not be!

There is no solitude in thy domains  
 Save what man makes, when, in his selfish breast,  
 He locks his joys, and bars out others' grief.  
 Thou hast not left thyself to nature's round  
 Without a witness. Trees, and flowers, and streams,  
 Are social and benevolent; and he  
 Who oft communeth in their language pure,  
 Roaming among them at the cool of day,  
 Shall find, like him who Eden's garden dressed,  
 His Maker there, to teach his listening heart.

—IBID.

#### BETTER MOMENTS.

My mother's voice! how often creeps  
 Its cadence on my lonely hours!  
 Like healing sent on wings of sleep,  
 Or dew to the unconscious flowers.  
 I can forget her melting prayer  
 While leaping pulses madly fly,  
 But in the still unbroken air  
 Her gentle tone comes stealing by,  
 And years, and sin, and manhood flee,  
 And leave me at my mother's knee.  
 The book of nature, and the print  
 Of beauty on the whispering sea,  
 Give aye to me some lineament  
 Of what I have been taught to be.  
 My heart is harder, and perhaps  
 My manliness hath drunk up tears,  
 And there's a mildew in the lapse  
 Of a few miserable years—  
 But nature's book is even yet  
 With all my mother's lessons writ.  
 I have been out at eventide  
 Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,  
 When earth was garnished like a bride,  
 And night had on her silver wing—  
 When bursting leaves and diamond grass,  
 And waters leaping to the light,  
 And all that makes the pulses pass  
 With wilder fleetness, thronged the night—  
 When all was beauty, then have I  
 With friends on whom my love is flung  
 Like myrrh on winds of Araby,  
 Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung.  
 And when the beautiful spirit there  
 Flung over me its golden chain,  
 My mother's voice came on the air  
 Like the light dropping of the rain—

And resting on some silver star  
 The spirit of a bended knee,  
 I've poured her low and fervent prayer  
 That our eternity might be  
 To rise in heaven like stars at night,  
 And tread a living path of light!  
 I have been on the dewy hills,  
 When night was stealing from the dawn,  
 And mist was on the waking rills,  
 And tints were delicately drawn  
 In the gray east—when birds were waking  
 With a low murmur in the trees,  
 And melody by fits was breaking  
 Upon the whisper of the breeze,  
 And this when I was forth, perchance,  
 As a worn reveller from the dance—  
 And when the sun sprang gloriously  
 And freely up, and hill and river  
 Were catching upon wave and tree  
 The arrows from his subtle quiver—  
 I say a voice has thrilled me then,  
 Heard on the still and rushing light,  
 Or, creeping from the silent glen,  
 Like words from the departing night,  
 Hath stricken me; and I have pressed  
 On the wet grass my fevered brow,  
 And pouring forth the earliest  
 First prayer, with which I learned to bow,  
 Have felt my mother's spirit rush  
 Upon me as in by-past years,  
 And yielding to the blessed gush  
 Of my ungovernable tears,  
 Have risen up—the gay, the wild—  
 As humble as a very child.

—WILLIS.

## HYMN OF NATURE.

God of the earth's extended plains!  
 The dark green fields contented lie;  
 The mountains rise like holy towers,  
 Where man might commune with the sky;  
 The tall cliff challenges the storm  
 That lowers upon the vale below,  
 Where shaded fountains send their streams  
 With joyous music in their flow.  
 God of the dark and heavy deep!  
 The waves lie sleeping on the sands  
 Till the fierce trumpet of the storm  
 Hath summoned up their thundering bands;

Then the white sails are dashed like foam,  
 Or hurry, trembling, o'er the seas,  
 Till, calmed by thee, the sinking gale  
 Serenely breathes, Depart in peace.

God of the forest's solemn shade!  
 The grandeur of the lonely tree,  
 That wrestles singly with the gale,  
 Lifts up admiring eyes to thee;  
 But more majestic far they stand,  
 When, side by side, their ranks they form,  
 To weave on high their plumes of green,  
 And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air!  
 Where summer breezes sweetly flow,  
 Or, gathering in their angry might,  
 The fierce and wintry tempests blow;  
 All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,  
 That hardly lifts the drooping flower,  
 To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry—  
 Breathe forth the language of thy power.

God of the fair and open sky!  
 How gloriously above us springs  
 The tented dome of heavenly blue,  
 Suspended on the rainbow's rings!  
 Each brilliant star that sparkles through,  
 Each gilded cloud that wanders free  
 In evening's purple radiance, gives  
 The beauty of its praise to thee.

God of the rolling orbs above!  
 Thy name is written clearly bright  
 In the warm day's unvarying blaze,  
 Or evening's golden shower of light.  
 For every fire that fronts the sun,  
 And every spark that walks alone  
 Around the utmost verge of heaven,  
 Were kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world! the hour must come,  
 And nature's self to dust return;  
 Her crumbling altars must decay,  
 Her incense fires shall cease to burn;  
 But still her grand and lovely scenes  
 Have made man's warmest praises flow;  
 For hearts grow holier as they trace  
 The beauty of the world below.



ON SEEING A DECEASED INFANT.

AND this is death ! how cold and still,  
 And yet how lovely it appears ;  
 Too cold to let the gazer smile,  
 But far too beautiful for tears.  
 The sparkling eye no more is bright,  
 The cheek hath lost its rose-like red ;  
 And yet it is with strange delight  
 I stand and gaze upon the dead.

But when I see the fair wide brow,  
 Half shaded by the silken hair,  
 That never looked so fair as now,  
 When life and health were laughing there,  
 I wonder not that grief should swell  
 So wildly upward in the breast,  
 And that strong passion once rebel  
 That need not, cannot be suppressed.

I wonder not that parents' eyes,  
 In gazing thus, grow cold and dim,  
 That burning tears and aching sighs  
 Are blended with the funeral hymn :  
 The spirit hath an earthly part,  
 That weeps when earthly pleasure flies ;  
 And Heaven would scorn the frozen heart  
 That melts not when the infant dies.

And yet why mourn ? That deep repose  
 Shall never more be broke by pain ;  
 Those lips no more in sighs unclosed ;  
 Those eyes shall never weep again.  
 For think not that the blushing flower  
 Shall wither in the churchyard sod ;  
 'Twas made to gild an angel's bower  
 Within the paradise of God.

Once more I gaze—and swift and far  
 The clouds of death in sorrow fly,  
 I see thee, like a new-born star,  
 Move up thy pathway in the sky :  
 The star hath rays serene and bright,  
 But cold and pale compared with thine ;  
 For thy orb shines with heavenly light,  
 With beams unfailing and divine.

Then let the burthened heart be free,  
 The tears of sorrow all be shed,  
 And parents calmly bend to see  
 The mournful beauty of the dead ;

Thrice happy, that their infant bears  
 To Heaven no darkening stains of sin ;  
 And only breathed life's morning airs  
 Before its evening storms begin.

Farewell ! I shall not soon forget !  
 Although thy heart hath ceased to beat,  
 My memory warmly treasures yet  
 Thy features calm and mildly sweet.  
 But no ; that look is not the last ;  
 We yet may meet where seraphs dwell,  
 Where love no more deplores the past,  
 Nor breathes that withering word—farewell.

—IBID.

## MORAL BEAUTY.

'Tis not alone in the flush of morn,  
 In the cowslip-bell, or the blossom thorn,  
 In noon's high hour, or twilight's hush,  
 In the shadowy stream, or the rose's blush,  
 Or in aught that bountiful nature gives,  
 That the delicate Spirit of Beauty lives.

Oh no ; it lives, and breathes, and lies  
 In a home more pure than the morning skies,  
 In the innocent heart it loves to dwell,  
 When it comes with a sigh or a tear to tell  
 Sweet visions that flow from a fount of love,  
 To mingle with all that is pure above.

It dwells with the one whose pitying eye  
 Looks out on the world in charity ;  
 Whose generous hand delights to heal  
 The wounds that suffering mourners feel,  
 Without a wish, or a hope, or thought,  
 That light should shine on the deeds it wrought.

It dwells in the heart that naught inspires  
 But manly feelings and high desires ;  
 Where nothing can come like a selfish dream,  
 When visions of glory around it gleam ;  
 Proud visions that show to the gifted mind  
 The boundless sphere of the human kind.

Sweet Spirit of Beauty ! my dreams are thine ;  
 But I lose thee not when the day-beams shine ;  
 Thy image is still to my constant gaze,  
 At midnight hour or noontide blaze ;

And none but one with a heart unsold,  
Can know the bliss which thy lovers hold.

—RUFUS DAWES.

### THE BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood!  
When fond recollection presents them to view;  
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,  
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;  
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,  
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;  
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,  
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure,  
For often at noon, when returned from the field,  
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,  
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.  
How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,  
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell,  
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,  
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well!  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,  
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!  
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,  
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.  
And now, far removed from the loved situation,  
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,  
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,  
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well.  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in his well.

—S. WOODWORTH.

### TO MY MOTHER.

OH thou whose care sustained my infant years,  
And taught my prattling lip each note of love;  
Whose soothing voice breathed comfort to my fears,  
And round my brow hope's brightest garland wove;

To thee my lay is due, the simple song  
Which nature gave me at life's opening day;  
To thee these rude, these untaught strains belong,  
Whose heart indulgent will not spurn my lay.

Oh say, amid this wilderness of life,  
What bosom would have throbbed like thine for me?  
Who would have smiled responsive?—who in grief  
Would ere have felt, and, feeling, grieve like thee?

Who would have guarded, with a falcon eye,  
Each trembling footstep, or each sport of fear?  
Who would have marked my bosom bounding high,  
And clasped me to her heart with love's bright tear?

Who would have hung around my sleepless couch,  
And fanned, with anxious hand, my burning brow?  
Who would have fondly pressed my fevered lip  
In all the agony of love and wo?

None but a mother—none but one like thee,  
Whose bloom has faded in the midnight watch,  
Whose eye, for me, has lost its witchery,  
Whose form has felt disease's mildew touch.

Yes, thou hast lighted me to health and life  
By the bright lustre of thy youthful bloom;  
Yes, thou hast wept so oft o'er every grief,  
That wo hath traced thy brow with marks of gloom.

Oh then, to thee, this rude and simple song,  
Which breathes of thankfulness and love for thee—  
To thee, my mother, shall this lay belong,  
Whose life is spent in toil and care for me.

—LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON.

### THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy stands;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;  
His face is like the tan;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat;  
He earns whate'er he can;  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow ;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door ;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a thrashing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys ;  
He hears the parson pray and preach ;  
He hears his daughter's voice  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice  
Singing in Paradise !  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies ;  
And with his hard rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes ;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees its close :  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught !  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought ;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought !

—LONGFELLOW.

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

My boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair,  
And thy spirit will sigh to roam ;  
And thou must go—but never, when there,  
Forget the light of home.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,  
It dazzles to lead astray ;  
Like the meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the night,  
When thou treadest the lonely way.

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,  
And pure as vestal fire ;  
'Twill burn, 'twill burn for ever the same,  
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest tost,  
And thy hopes may vanish like foam ;  
But when sails are shivered, and rudder lost,  
Then look to the light of home.

And there, like a star through the midnight cloud,  
Thou shalt see the beacon bright ;  
For never, till shining on thy shroud,  
Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame 'twill gild the name,  
But the heart ne'er felt its ray ;  
And fashion's smiles, that rich ones claim,  
Are but beams of a wintry day.

And how cold and dim those beams must be,  
Should life's wretched wanderer come !  
But my boy, when the world is dark to thee,  
Then turn to the light of home.

—MRS HALE.

CONSOLATIONS OF RELIGION TO THE POOR.

THERE is a mourner, and her heart is broken ;  
She is a widow ; she is old and poor ;  
Her only hope is in that sacred token  
Of peaceful happiness when life is o'er.  
She asks nor wealth nor pleasure ; begs no more  
Than Heaven's delightful volume, and the sight  
Of her Redeemer. Sceptics, would you pour  
Your blasting vials on her head, and blight  
Sharon's sweet rose, that blooms and charms her  
being's night ?

She lives in her affections ; for the grave  
Has closed upon her husband, children ; all  
Her hopes are with the Arm she trusts will save  
Her treasured jewels. Though her views are small,

Though she has never mounted high to fall  
And writhe in her debasement, yet the spring  
Of her meek tender feelings cannot pall  
Her unperverted palate, but will bring  
A joy without regret, a bliss that has no sting.

Even as a fountain whose unsullied wave  
Wells in the pathless valley, flowing o'er  
With silent waters, kissing as they lave  
The pebbles with light rippling, and the shore  
Of matted grass and flowers—so softly pour  
The breathings of her bosom when she prays,  
Low-bowed before her Maker; then no more  
She muses on the griefs of former days;  
Her full heart melts, and flows in Heaven's dissolving  
rays.

And faith can see a new world; and the eyes  
Of saints look pity on her. Death will come:  
A few short moments over, and the prize  
Of peace eternal waits her, and the tomb  
Becomes her fondest pillow: all its gloom  
Is scattered. What a meeting there will be  
To her and all she loved here! and the bloom  
Of new life from those cheeks shall never flee:  
Theirs is the health which lasts through all eternity.

—PERCIVAL.

## AN INDIAN'S GRATITUDE.

### AN OLD LEGEND.

Now had the autumn day gone by,  
And evening's yellow shade  
Had wrapt the mountains and the hills,  
And lengthened o'er the glade.  
The honey-bee had sought her hive,  
The bird her sheltered nest,  
And in the hollow valley's gloom  
Both wind and wave had rest.

And to a cottar's hut that eve  
There came an Indian chief;  
And in his frame was weariness,  
And in his face was grief.  
The feather o'er his head that danced  
Was weather-soiled and rent,  
And broken were his bow and spear,  
And all his arrows spent.

And meek and humble was his speech ;  
 He knew the white man's hand  
 Was turned against those wasted tribes,  
 Long scourgèd from the land.  
 He prayed but for a simple draught  
 Of water from the well,  
 And a poor morsel of the food  
 That from his table fell.

He said that his old frame had toiled  
 A wide and weary way,  
 O'er the sunny lakes and savage hills,  
 And through the lakes that day.  
 Yet when he saw they scoffed his words,  
 He turned away in wo,  
 And cursed them not, but only mourned  
 That they should shame him so.

When many years had flown away,  
 That herdsman of the hill  
 Went out into the wilderness  
 The wolf and bear to kill—  
 To scatter the red deer, and slay  
 The panther in his lair,  
 And chase the rapid moose that ranged  
 The sunless forests there.

And soon his hounds lay dead with toil,  
 The deer were fierce and fleet,  
 And the prairie tigers kept aloof  
 Where they heard his hostile feet.  
 No bread was in that desert place,  
 Nor crystal rivulet  
 To slake the torment of his thirst,  
 Or his hot brow to wet.

He feared—he feared to die—yet knew  
 That nought on earth could save ;  
 For none might catch his parting breath  
 And lay him in his grave.  
 But lo ! while life's dim taper still  
 Burned feebly in his breast,  
 A ministering angel came—  
 His hated Indian guest !

He shared his wheaten loaf with him,  
 His cup of water shared,  
 And bore the sick man unto those  
 For whom his heart most cared.



## SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

"I cursed you not," the Indian said,  
"When thou wast stern to me,  
And I have had my vengeance now;  
White man! farewell to thee!"

—M'LELLAN.

## THE INFLUENCE OF THE AFFECTIONS.

THE beautiful humanities  
Of nature, in the humblest dress,  
Speak to our sweetest sympathies  
Far more than language can express.

I saw a ragged little boy  
Run to a withered dame's embrace,  
To welcome her with bounding joy,  
And fondly press her haggard face.

Her shabby garment to his eyes  
Is rich, her withered face is fair,  
For they are hers—and she supplies  
His perished mother's love and care.

This world is full of pain and harm,  
And life at best is little worth;  
Yet pure affection is a charm  
That almost makes a heaven of earth.

—J. NACK.

## SONG OF THE OWL.

TU-WHOO! Tu-whoo!—In my ancient hall,  
In my old gray turret high,  
Where the ivy waves o'er the crumbling wall,  
A king—a king reign I!  
Tu-whoo!

I wake the woods with my startling call  
To the frightened passer-by.

The gadding vines in the chinks that grow,  
Come clambering up to me;  
And the newt, the bat, and the toad, I throw  
A right merry band are we.  
Tu-whoo!

Oh, the cofined monks in their cells below  
Have no goodlier company!

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

Let them joy in their brilliant sun-lit skies,  
And their sunset hues, who may;  
But how softer far than the tints they prize  
Is the dim of the twilight gray!  
Tu-whoo!

Oh, a weary thing to an owlet's eyes  
Is the garish blaze of day!

When the sweet dew sleeps in the midnight cool,  
Some tall tree-top I win;  
And the toad leaps up on her throne-shaped stool,  
And our revels loud begin—

Tu-whoo!

While the bull-frog croaks o'er his stagnant pool,  
Or plunges sportive in.

As the last lone ray from the hamlet fades  
In the dark and still profound,  
The night-bird sings in the cloister shades,  
And the glow-worm lights the ground—

Tu-whoo!

And fairies trip o'er the broad green glades,  
To the fire-flies circling round.

Tu-whoo! Tu-whoo!—All the livelong night  
A right glad some life lead we;  
While the starry ones from their jewelled height  
Bend down approvingly.

Tu-whoo!

They may bask who will in the noonday light,  
But the midnight dark for me!

—MRS HEWITT.

L I G H T.

FROM the quickened womb of the primal gloom  
The sun rolled black and bare,  
Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiop breast  
Of the threads of my golden hair;  
And when the broad tent of the firmament  
Arose on its airy spars,  
I pencilled the hue of its matchless blue,  
And spangled it round with stars:

I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers,  
And their leaves of living green;  
And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes  
Of Eden's virgin queen.

And when the fiend's art on her trustful heart  
 Had fastened its mortal spell,  
 In the silvery sphere of the first-born tear:  
 To the trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er a world accursed  
 Their work of wrath had sped,  
 And the ark's lone few, the tried and true,  
 Came forth among the dead,  
 With the wondrous gleams of my braided beams  
 I bade their terrors cease,  
 As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll  
 God's covenant of peace.

Like a pall at rest on a pulseless breast,  
 Night's funeral shadow slept,  
 Where shepherd swains on the Bethlehem plains  
 Their lonely vigils kept;  
 When I flashed on their sight the heralds bright  
 Of Heaven's redeeming plan,  
 As they chanted the morn' of a Saviour born,  
 Joy, joy to the outcast Man!

Equal favour I show to the lofty and low,  
 On the just and unjust I descend;  
 E'en the blind, whose vain spheres roll in darkness and tears,  
 Feel my smile the blest smile of a friend.  
 Nay, the flower of the waste by my love is embraced,  
 As the rose in the garden of kings;  
 At the chrysalis bier of the worm I appear,  
 And lo! the gay butterfly's wings!

The desolate Morn, like a mourner forlorn,  
 Conceals all the pride of her charms,  
 Till I bid the bright Hours chase the Night from her bowers,  
 And lead the young Day to her arms;  
 And when the gay rover seeks Eve for his lover,  
 And sinks to her balmy repose,  
 I wrap their soft rest, by the zephyr-famed west,  
 In curtains of amber and rose.

From my sentinel steep, by the night-brooded deep,  
 I gaze with unslumbering eye,  
 When the cynosure star of the mariner  
 Is blotted from the sky;  
 And guided by me through the merciless sea,  
 Though sped by the hurricane's wing,  
 His compassless bark, lone, weltering, dark,  
 To the haven-home safely he brings.

## SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

I waken the flowers in their dew-spangled bowers,  
The birds in their chambers of green,  
And mountain and plain glow with beauty again,  
As they bask in my matinal sheen.  
Oh, if such the glad worth of my presence to earth,  
Though fitful and fleeting the while,  
What glories must rest on the home of the blest,  
Ever bright with the DEITY'S smile!

—W. P. PALMER.

## INDIAN NAMES.

“How can the red men be forgotten, while so many of our states and territories, rivers and lakes, are designated by their names?”

YE say they all have passed away,  
That noble race and brave,  
That their light canoes have vanishèd  
From off the crested wave;  
That 'mid the forest where they roamed  
There rings no hunter's shout;  
But their name is on your waters—  
Ye may not wash it out.

Yes, where Ontario's billow  
Like ocean's surge is curled,  
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake  
The echo of the world;  
Where red Missouri bringeth  
Rich tribute from the west,  
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps  
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their cone-like cabins,  
That clustered o'er the vale,  
Have disappeared as withered leaves  
Before the autumn gale;  
But their memory liveth on your hills,  
Their baptism on your shore,  
Your everlasting rivers speak  
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it  
Within her lordly crown,  
And broad Ohio bears it  
Amid his young renown.  
Connecticut hath wreathed it  
Where her quiet foliage waves,  
And bold Kentucky breathed it hoarse  
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides their lingering voice  
 Within his rocky heart,  
 And Alleghany graves its tone  
 Throughout his lofty chart.  
 Monadnock on his forehead hoar  
 Doth seal the sacred trust,  
 Your mountains build their monument,  
 Though ye give the winds their dust.

—ANON.

TO MY BROTHER.

WE are but two—the others sleep  
 Through death's untroubled night ;  
 We are but two—oh let us keep  
 The link that binds us bright.  
 Heart leaps to heart—the sacred flood  
 That warms us is the same ;  
 That good old man—his honest blood  
 Alike we fondly claim.  
 We in one mother's arms were locked—  
 Long be her love repaid !  
 In the same cradle we were rocked,  
 Round the same hearth we played.  
 Our boyish sports were all the same,  
 Each little joy and wo ;  
 Let manhood keep alive the flame  
 Lit up so long ago.  
 We are but one—be that the bond  
 To hold us till we die ;  
 Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,  
 Till side by side we lie.

—CHARLES SPRAGUE.

“WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?”

“WHAT is that, mother?”

The lark, my child !

The moon has but just looked out and smiled,  
 When he starts from his humble grassy nest,  
 And is up and away, with the dew on his breast  
 And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure bright sphere,  
 To warble it out in his Maker's ear :  
 Ever, my child, be thy morning lays  
 Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

“What is that, mother?”

The dove, my son !

And that low sweet voice, like a widow's moan,

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

Is flowing out from her gentle breast,  
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,  
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,  
For her distant dear one's quick return :  
    Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,  
    In friendship as faithful, as constant in love !

“What is that, mother ?”

    The eagle, boy !  
Proudly careering his course of joy ;  
Firm, on his own mountain vigour relying,  
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying ;  
His wing on the wind, and his eye in the sun,  
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on :  
    Boy ! may the eagle's flight ever be thine,  
    Onward, and upward, and true to the line !

“What is that, mother ?”

    The swan, my love !  
He is floating down from his native grove ;  
No loved one now, no nestling nigh,  
He is floating down by himself to die ;  
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,  
Yet his sweetest song is the last he sings :  
    Live so, my love, that when death shall come,  
    Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home !

—G. W. DOANE.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I LOVE to look on a scene like this,  
Of wild and careless play,  
And persuade myself that I am not old,  
And my locks are not yet gray ;  
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,  
And makes his pulses fly,  
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,  
And the light of a pleasant eye.  
I have walked the world for fourscore years,  
And they say that I am old ;  
That my heart is ripe for the reaper Death,  
And my years are well-nigh told.  
It is very true—it is very true—  
I'm told, and I “bide my time ;”  
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,  
And I half renew my prime.  
Play on ! play on ! I am with you there,  
In the midst of your merry ring ;  
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,  
And the rush of the breathless swing.

I hide with you in the fragrant hay,  
And I whoop the smothered call,  
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,  
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,  
And I shall be glad to go,  
For the world, at best, is a weary place,  
And my pulse is getting low ;  
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail  
In treading its gloomy way ;  
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness,  
To see the young so gay.

—N. P. WILLIS.

### MY NATIVE LAND.

THERE lies my loved, my native land—  
A land with every gift replete—  
All perfect from its Maker's hand,  
An empire's glorious seat !  
And far removed from thrones and slaves,  
There Freedom's banner proudly waves.

The frigid and the torrid clime,  
The temperate and the genial beam ;  
The vale, the mountain-top sublime,  
The arid plain, the swelling stream :  
There linked in union's golden chain,  
Bear witness to her vast domain.

Her mountains look o'er realms serene,  
O'er waving fields and cities free ;  
And mightiest rivers roll between,  
And bear her wealth from sea to sea :  
While o'er old Ocean's farthest deep  
Her banner'd navies proudly sweep.

On Plymouth's rock the pilgrim lands,  
His comrades few, and faint with toil ;  
While warring tribes in countless bands  
Roam lawless o'er the uncultured soil.  
A few brief years have rolled away,  
And those dark warriors—where are they ?

And where are those, the heroic few,  
That landed on that rocky shore ?  
Their voice still rings—their spirit too  
Still breathes, and will for evermore !  
For in their sons still burn those fires  
That freedom kindled in their sires.

'Tis something, though it be not fame,  
 To know we spring from noble race;  
 To feel no secret blush of shame  
 For those we love suffuse our face:  
 Then let us to our sons transmit  
 A land and name unsullied yet.

To us was left, in deathless trust,  
 A realm redeemed, a glorious name,  
 The ashes of the brave and just,  
 Fair freedom and immortal fame!  
 And in our hearts the courage dwells  
 Which human power with scorn repels.

We've not to weep o'er glory fled;  
 We've not to brood o'er servile wo;  
 We call not on the illustrious dead  
 To shield us from a living foe.  
 And should our pride be e'er o'erthrown,  
 'Twill be by native swords alone.

The standard which our sires unfurled,  
 And which through peril's path they bore,  
 Now floats o'er half the western world,  
 And waves on many a distant shore!  
 And long shall wave, triumphant, free,  
 O'er dome and tower, o'er land and sea!

For me—whatever be my fate,  
 Wherever cast—my country still  
 Shall o'er each thought predominate,  
 And through each pulse unceasing thrill.  
 My prayer, with life's last ebbing sand,  
 Shall be for thee, my native land!

—ANON.





CHAMBERS'S MISCELLANY.

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CHAMBERS'S  
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OF  
USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING  
TRACTS



EDINBURGH  
WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS



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**G** T is proposed in the present sheet to offer a brief history of what is more frequently heard of than understood—"the famous thirty years' war"—a war which, in the seventeenth century, devastated central Europe, and has left, to the present day, melancholy traces of its frightful progress. In this mortal struggle England was fortunately not concerned, although deeply interested in the contest. At that period the British islands were under the sovereignty of James I. and his son Charles I.; the one too peaceful, and the other having too many troubles of his own to allow of his interference in the great German war. The struggle was therefore strictly continental, but it involved principles of universal concern. To give the war its proper character

in the fewest words, it should be described as a great, if not the only regular, stand-up fight between the two leading forms of Christianity—Roman Catholicism and Protestantism. That the adherents of these forms of belief should have gone the monstrous length of slaughtering each other during a space of thirty years, in order to determine which should be uppermost, and which faith should be considered the true one, may well fill every one now with horror and astonishment. At that period, however, all questions were settled by the sword. Whilst the inhabitants of Germany were butchering each other, sacking towns, and laying countries waste, on the broad dispute of Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, the English and Scotch were lashing themselves into a frenzy on the similar but more narrow questions of Episcopalianism, Presbyterianism, Independentism, Muggletonianism, and other departments of opinion. The seventeenth was essentially the century of religious fighting. Differences which began to operate in the sixteenth, came now to a head. Mutual concession and toleration were generally denounced by each party as sinful. While, however, from various circumstances, religious discord was protracted for a century and upwards in England and Scotland, “the thirty years’ war” brought matters speedily to a crisis in central Europe, and may be said to have quashed, as if by a single blow, all disposition to quarrel seriously on the score of religion.

Such was the general character of this remarkable war, in which were engaged the most distinguished generals of the age—men whose names are frequently seen scattered about in literature—Gustavus Adolphus, Tilly, Wallenstein, Pappenheim, Turenne, besides others of lesser note. The greatest of these personages was Gustavus Adolphus, more familiarly known as the “Lion of the North, and Bulwark of the Protestant Faith.” We shall first introduce this extraordinary man to our readers.

#### GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

Gustavus Adolphus was the son of Charles IX., king of Sweden, and grandson of Gustavus Vasa. He was born at Stockholm in 1594. From his earliest years, Gustavus gave promise of his future greatness, and much care was bestowed on his education. Under competent masters he acquired the French, Italian, and German languages, in addition to Latin, which he spoke with fluency; he was an eager student of mathematics, fortification, and other branches of the military art. By being accustomed to take an interest in public affairs, he soon became acquainted with the state of Europe, and attained a wonderful degree of political experience; and lastly, his hardy manner of living, and his daily practice of all the most laborious duties of a common soldier, gave him that familiarity with military affairs which it was easy to foresee he would require, in order to support with credit his part as the sovereign of a European state in times of convulsion



and warfare. It is to be remarked also, that from early youth Gustavus was distinguished by the strict morality of his conduct, the strength of his devotional feelings, and his resolute attachment to the Protestant faith, of which he was to be the champion.

Charles IX. died in 1611, at the age of sixty-one; and his son, Gustavus Adolphus, then in his eighteenth year, succeeded him. By a law made a short time before, he should have continued a minor till the attainment of his twenty-fourth year; but so fully-formed was his character, so great were his abilities, and so much confidence did the Swedes repose in him, that, two months after his accession, his guardians—among whom was the illustrious Oxenstiern, then a senator of the kingdom—voluntarily resigned their authority, and procured an act of the states recognising Gustavus as of full age. On this occasion Gustavus behaved with much modesty and dignity. Addressing the senate, he adverted in becoming terms to his youth and inexperience as disqualifications for undertaking so high a trust as that of governing a nation during times of such emergency, while at the same time he declared that, “if the states should persist in making him king, he would endeavour to acquit himself with honour, magnanimity, and fidelity.” He was accordingly, young as he was, publicly inaugurated king of Sweden, swearing to preserve the reformed religion as long as he lived, and to govern according to the laws.

The position of the young king of Sweden was indeed one of great difficulty, and demanding much ability and discretion. Although Sweden was but one of the minor kingdoms of Europe, and little heard of as yet in connexion with any of the great events which had been agitating the larger and southern states, its political situation with respect to one or two of the other countries of Europe was such as to involve it in considerable difficulties. During the whole reign of Charles IX., the nation had been engaged in hot disputes with Denmark, Russia, and Poland; and these disputes descended by inheritance to his son Gustavus. To conduct a threefold war to a successful termination, to reduce or conciliate three formidable enemies, and to prevent, in the meantime, the internal affairs of his kingdom from being deranged by these foreign quarrels—such were the tasks which fell to the young Swedish sovereign. His first step was one which augured well for the prudence of his character, and the probable success of his government. This was the appointment of the celebrated Axel Oxenstiern to be his prime minister and chancellor. Although Oxenstiern was yet only in his twenty-eighth or twenty-ninth year, he had already exhibited those wonderful political talents which enabled him ultimately to perform so distinguished a part in the affairs of Europe, and which have elevated him in the opinion of posterity into a rival, if not more than a rival, of his great contemporary Richelieu.

With the assistance of this able counsellor, Gustavus was for-

fortunate in bringing all his embarrassing wars to a conclusion, and on terms advantageous to his country. Much of this success was owing to the great discipline he maintained in his army, and to his skill in every species of military manœuvre. Governing his army as well as his kingdom with rigorous justice and paternal care, he was universally beloved by his subjects; and already, while still a young man, he was known all over the north of Europe as a genius of no ordinary kind, whom it would be dangerous to provoke.

#### ORIGIN OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, Germany consisted of numerous states, each of which, governed by a king, duke, or elector, as the case might be, possessed sovereign and independent jurisdiction within its own territories. The whole were united in a confederacy for general protection, and the united body, which had occasional diets or sittings, was headed by a personage styled Emperor of Germany. This emperor was elective, and the honour fell on any king who commanded most interest in the diet.

The Germanic confederacy never wrought well. It was (and still is) an ill-assorted association; the lesser states tyrannised over very much by the larger ones, and there being at all times causes of mutual jealousy and hatred. The Reformation of Luther, in the early part of the sixteenth century, had added a fertile source of discord. Some states embraced the doctrines of the reformers, others held pertinaciously to the principles and practice of the Roman Catholic church. Germany became now distracted with leagues and counter-leagues, and contentions had risen almost to open war, when the Emperor Charles V., in 1555, patched up a peace between the two great parties. By this treaty of pacification Roman Catholics and Protestants were to enjoy equal civil rights. Charles's immediate successors had the good sense to respect this peace; and for fifty years the empire enjoyed a tolerable degree of tranquillity. The peace proved ultimately to be only a hollow truce. At the close of the sixteenth century, bitter animosities and brawls began to break out. The growing strength of Protestantism was a provocation to measures for its suppression. These measures, adopted in the bishoprics of Würzburg and Bamberg, led to retaliations upon the Roman Catholics in the Protestant states. The idea of returning good for evil—a fundamental principle in the religion about which all were contending—seems never for a moment to have been entertained. From 1600 to 1618 there were many disturbances, much forming of confederacies and leagues, much oppression, much unchristian vengeance—no progress of a sound and temperate view of the matters in dispute.

Things came first to a head in Bohemia, where the reformed doctrines had taken deep root. Matthias, king of Bohemia and emperor of Germany, having thrown himself into the Catholic

league, gave great offence to his Protestant subjects by arbitrarily shutting up two of their churches. "A universal commotion among the Protestants," says Schiller, "was the consequence of this step. At the instigation of Henry Mathias, Count Thurn, proprietor of large estates in Bohemia, and a zealous Protestant, a meeting of deputies was called from every circle in the kingdom, to concert measures against the common danger. It was here resolved to petition the emperor. The emperor's reply reproached them with refractory and rebellious conduct, justified the shutting up of the churches by an imperial mandate, and contained some threatening passages. Count Thurn did not fail to increase the bad effect which this imperial edict had upon the states. He pointed out to them the danger to which all those who signed the petition were exposed. To rise in arms against the emperor was, as yet, too bold a step: by degrees, however, he led them to it. For this purpose he laid the blame first upon the emperor's counsellors. The public hatred was principally directed against the imperial deputy, Slavata, and Baron Martinitz, who, in the place of Count Thurn, had been elected burgrave of Carlstein. Among all the Catholic proprietors of estates, these two acted with most severity against their Protestant vassals. They were accused of hunting these unfortunate beings with dogs, and forcing them, by a renunciation of baptism, marriage, and the funeral service, to embrace Popery. On the 23d of May 1618, the deputies assembled in arms, and in great numbers, at the emperor's palace, and forcibly entered the room where the counsellors Sternburg, Martinitz, Lobkowitz, and Slavata were sitting. With a threatening tone they required a declaration from each of them whether they had a share in the emperor's proclamation, or had given their consent to it. Sternburg received them with moderation; Martinitz answered with disdain. This decided their fate. Sternburg and Lobkowitz, less hated, and more dreaded, were shown out of the room; while Slavata and Martinitz were dragged to a window, and flung down a height of eighty feet. The secretary Fabricius was thrown after them. This violent action—somewhat astonishing to civilised nations—the Bohemians justified as a mere national custom; and what surprised them most was, that the sufferers escaped with so little mischief. A dunghill, on which they had fallen, had saved their lives."

The incident here recorded was the commencement of "the thirty years' war." The rupture between Matthias and his Bohemian subjects was too wide to be healed; and, accordingly, the latter openly cast off their allegiance, organised a new government for Bohemia, and, in concert with the Protestant Union, levied forces to resist the emperor. Matthias, on the other hand, prepared to vindicate his authority, and to punish the insurgents; but before he could effect anything decisive, he was cut off by death on the 20th of March 1619. He was succeeded in the empire by Ferdinand II., who had previously

been nominated his heir to the Bohemian throne. At this time Ferdinand was in his forty-first year. As his character gave a tone to subsequent events, and, in fact, determined, more than any other cause, the progress and duration of the war, we shall here present a summary of it from the pen of Archdeacon Coxe in his *History of the House of Austria*. "We cannot but admire," he says, "in Ferdinand II. the great qualities which have distinguished the greatest men of every age and nation—penetration and sagacity, unbroken perseverance, irresistible energy of character, resignation and fortitude in adversity, and a mind never enervated with success. But these great qualities were sullied and disgraced by the most puerile superstition, inveterate bigotry, and unbounded ambition. In many features of his public character Ferdinand resembled his relative Philip II.: in his talents for the cabinet, no less than his incapacity for the field; in elevation of mind, as well as in bigotry, persecution, and cruelty; in fortitude in adverse, and arrogance in prosperous, circumstances. In his private character, however, he differed essentially from the gloomy tyrant of Spain. He was a good and affectionate father, a faithful and tender husband, an affable and indulgent master; he was easy of access to the meanest of his subjects; and compassionate and forgiving where his religious prejudices were not concerned. His failings may be attributed to the prejudices instilled into him by the Jesuits, which strengthened with his years, and grew up with his growth. Had he not been influenced by the narrow and jaundiced views of superstition and bigotry, he might have maintained the peace and happiness of his hereditary dominions; might have ruled the empire, not as the head of a sect or the chief of a party, but as the sovereign and the friend of all; and might have saved Germany and Europe from thirty years of anarchy, persecution and terror, devastation and carnage. In fine, the defects of education and erroneous principles rendered him the misfortune of his family, the enemy of his country, and the scourge of his age." This character of Ferdinand, we may mention, is more favourable than that given by other writers.

Justly fearing the consequences of admitting such a man as Ferdinand to the government of their country, the Bohemians formally declared their throne vacant, and looked about for some Protestant prince upon whom they might confer it. Their wishes rested upon Frederick V., the Elector Palatine, who had succeeded his father as the recognised head of the Protestant Union of Germany. This prince, whose misfortunes have rendered him famous, possessed good natural abilities, and had received an excellent education; but in accepting the throne of Bohemia, and thus defying the emperor to a contest, he was attempting to perform a part above his strength. Six years before this period, and while yet a mere youth, he had gone to England, and married Elizabeth, the daughter of James I.

"Universal joy," says Harte, "seized the English nation upon this occasion; the balls, carousals, and feastings were innumerable. The very poets were called in from every quarter; such magnificence hath rarely been beheld in the most expensive and extravagant times. Ben Jonson and Davenant held the pen; Lawes composed the music; Inigo Jones contrived the theatrical entertainments; and the best painters on this side the Alps garnished the scenes with their pencils. These honours, to which the Order of the Garter was added, lulled Frederick into a sort of dream, and rendered him a visionary in ambition. He forgot his own dominions, and caught incautiously, though honestly, and with some diffidence, at what he imagined to be a most plausible acquisition—the crown of Bohemia." In taking this step, he had no encouragement from his father-in-law, James I.; whose aversion to a drawn sword displayed itself through life in his keeping aloof from continental disputes, and who on this occasion assured Frederick in direct terms that he need expect no assistance from him. James's daughter, the wife of Frederick, was a woman of extraordinary parts and firmness, a devoted Protestant, and superior in genius and generosity of character to all the other children of James; but she was affected by an insatiable ambition, which contributed to ruin her husband. The Palatinate was a state of considerable size in Germany, its lower division lying on the Rhine, and the whole generally fertile. The title of Palatine, nearly equivalent to that of prince, was, however, distasteful to the proud Elizabeth. Born the daughter of a king, she resolved that she should also be the wife of one—she would be a *queen*.

Alas for the result of such miserable aspirations! The struggle between Ferdinand and Frederick for the crown of Bohemia was not of long duration. Assisted by Spain and the pope, and having the advantage of employing such able military commanders as Spinola and the celebrated Count Tilly, the Emperor Ferdinand speedily reduced the Bohemians, with their allies, to extremities; and on the 8th of November 1620, the last hopes of the Protestants were shattered by a total defeat which they sustained under the walls of Prague. Frederick fled from this city, and finally quitted his kingdom altogether, and took refuge in Holland, where he lived for many years on public charity; his father-in-law, in the quaint words of Harte, "supplying him only with peaceable advice and scholastic quotations instead of money and legions."

The Bohemians were severely punished by Ferdinand for their insurrection. Many of their nobles were beheaded; the estates of others were confiscated; the Lutheran and Calvinistic clergy were banished; and the Jesuits were appointed to the sole superintendence of the entire system of national education. The inhabitants of the Palatinate, the hereditary dominions of the unfortunate Frederick, shared these calamities. Frederick having been

put under the ban of the empire, his possessions were divided among those who had distinguished themselves by their zeal for the cause of the emperor. The larger part of them, with the dignity of Elector, was conferred on the Duke of Bavaria. Laterly, a portion of the Palatinate, including Heidelberg, a favourite residence of Elizabeth, has fallen to the share of the grand-dukedom of Baden.

The severities of Ferdinand, together with the dread that the influence of his bigotry would soon extend itself over the rest of the empire, occasioned a reaction in favour of Protestantism. Foreign nations too, both Catholic and Protestant, looked on with no small interest. One of the most general and most respected political doctrines of that time, was the doctrine of the balance of power in Europe; and for many years the utmost jealousy had prevailed in France, England, Denmark, &c. with respect to the perpetual growth and aggrandisement of the house of Austria, so fatal, it was imagined, to this balance of power. Consequently, there was a strong disposition throughout Europe to encourage and blow up any flame of disaffection within the empire, which would occupy the emperor, and prevent his power from becoming so gigantic in reality as it was in appearance. This is the secret of the perpetual interference of foreign powers in the affairs of Germany during the seventeenth century. Germany was, as it were, a huge conflagration, into which other nations were perpetually throwing fuel, sometimes apparently with no other motive than to keep up the blaze.

Scarcely was Bohemia subjugated, when Ferdinand found himself engaged in a war with others of the states, assisted by the king of Denmark. An army of sixty thousand men was raised by the Protestant party, and placed under the command of Christian, Duke of Brunswick, and the able Count Mansfeldt. The imperial forces under Tilly were unable, without reinforcements, to cope with such an enemy; and as Ferdinand's resources were exhausted by the expenses of former campaigns, his position was one of great difficulty. In this emergency the empire was saved by the prompt appearance on the stage of a man famous above almost all men of his time, Albrecht of Waldstein, more commonly known by the name of Wallenstein. This extraordinary man was the son of a German baron, and was born in 1583. By birth a Protestant, he was converted in early youth to the Catholic faith. He was remarkable from the first for his haughty, aspiring disposition, and his strange eccentricities. After serving for some time in the imperial armies against the Turks, he returned to Bohemia in 1606, and married a wealthy widow, somewhat advanced in life, who, dying in 1614, left him all her property. In 1617 he raised a body of horsemen, at his own expense, to assist Ferdinand of Gratz, then at war with the Venetians. In this war his munificence, the liberality with which he paid his soldiers, and his military abilities, obtained

for him a great reputation ; and the name of Wallenstein was in every one's lips. He was invited to Vienna by the Emperor Matthias, who created him a count, and bestowed other honours upon him. A second marriage, which he now contracted with a lady of rank and fortune, placed him high among the nobles of the empire. When the war with Bohemia broke out, Wallenstein declined an invitation from the Bohemians to make common cause with them, and devoted himself, heart and soul, to the interests of the emperor. On the overthrow of Frederick, Ferdinand amply repaid Wallenstein for his services, by allowing him to purchase many of the confiscated estates at a low price. These acquisitions, together with his former property, made Wallenstein's wealth absolutely enormous. To make his dignity correspond with his wealth, he was created by Ferdinand Count Palatine, and Duke of Friedland, with the right of issuing coin and granting patents of nobility. The most extravagant stories were current respecting his magnificent style of living. It was said, for instance, that his palace was built on the ruins of a hundred houses ; that each horse in his stables had a rack and manger of polished steel ; that the stalls were divided by intercolumniations of Bohemian marble ; and that behind each horse was placed its picture, painted by the best Italian and German masters. His palace was more like the court of a sovereign than the residence of a subject ; and to secure the patronage of Wallenstein was deemed the high road to fortune. Among other peculiarities of his character, it may be mentioned that he manifested an extraordinary antipathy to noise, insomuch that officers attending his levee used to silence the jingling of their spurs by tying them with silk twist before entering his presence ; and that he was a firm believer in astrology, conceiving the presiding star of his own fortunes to be the planet Jupiter, and maintaining at his court a famous astrologer, whom he consulted on all occasions. Such was the man who came to the relief of the empire in the year 1625, when it was hard-pressed by the chiefs of the Union, and their ally the king of Denmark. He offered to raise an army of fifty thousand men at his own expense, provided that, when raised, they should be allowed to support themselves by pillaging the hostile provinces through which he should lead them. After some delay, the proposal was accepted ; and in two months Wallenstein found himself at the head of thirty thousand men—Germans, Frenchmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Cossacks, Croats, Poles, and Hungarians—all attracted to the imperial service by the fame of Wallenstein and the prospect of a rich booty.

Fortune now again declared for the emperor. The Protestant allies were quite unable to cope with two such armies as those of Wallenstein and Tilly ; and after various defeats, the king of Denmark was obliged, in May 1629, to conclude a peace, and withdraw to his own dominions, leaving the Protestants of Ger-

many to their fate. The empire having thus been cleared of foreign troops, state after state submitted, paying the price of their past conduct by vast contributions for the support of the imperial troops. New titles and estates were conferred on the haughty soldier to whose energy the empire owed its deliverance. The subjugation of the Protestants was complete; and had Ferdinand chosen to act prudently and wisely, the wounds of war might have been healed, and Germany once more might have enjoyed peace. The religious bigotry of Ferdinand, however, would allow of no compromise for the sake of the general tranquillity. On the 6th of March 1629, he published an edict, called the Edict of Restitution, requiring the restoration to the church of all the ecclesiastical property which had been alienated to the Protestants, and authorising at the same time the use of stringent measures for the extirpation of Protestantism. The Catholic princes, generally, soon perceived the impolicy of such severities. They had another cause of complaint, likewise, in the licentiousness of the imperial army; which, instead of having been disbanded or diminished at the peace, was still in being, distributed over the empire—every regiment committing dreadful depredations and excesses alike on friend and foe, and proving an intolerable scourge to the locality where it chanced to be stationed. Moreover, the Catholic princes began to be jealous of the enormous influence of Wallenstein, whom they named an upstart and an ambitious schemer, and to demand his dismissal from the post of commander-in-chief. A powerful cabal was formed against him, consisting of the Duke of Bavaria, his political, and Tilly, his military rival; also the Catholic chiefs, who were suffering from the devastations of his army; and the priests and Jesuits, for whom he had always manifested a rooted dislike. Ferdinand was at length obliged to yield to the representations of this cabal, who told him that, unless this insolent dictator were dismissed, the empire was ruined; and accordingly, in 1630, Wallenstein was deprived of his command. Proudly and silently the dismissed general retired to his Bohemian estates, to lead, as before, a life of princely magnificence, taking no concern in the affairs of the empire.

Such was the position of affairs in Germany when Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, plunged into the struggle. Twelve years of "the thirty years' war" had already elapsed; Ferdinand and the Catholic party were victorious; and the Protestants of Germany lay at their feet crushed, timid, and apparently without hope. Gustavus appeared as their hero, their champion, and their deliverer.

#### INVASION OF GERMANY BY GUSTAVUS—HIS VICTORIES AND DEATH.

Wallenstein had early discovered the secret intentions of the king of Sweden to take part in the struggle which was distract-



ing Germany. "I beg you, sir," he wrote to one of his generals during the war with the king of Denmark, "to keep an eye upon the Swede, for he is a dangerous fellow. You must not trust Gustavus Adolphus, for every one says that he likes to lead people by the nose. I should wish to have the Swede for my friend, but that he should not be too strong; for love and power cannot agree." The motives which induced Gustavus to entertain the designs attributed to him were various. In the first place, he had been inevitably mixed up with German affairs during the progress of his Polish war. Again, he had a strong desire for the aggrandisement of Sweden; his favourite idea being, that the Swedish territories might be so extended as to make the Baltic but a Swedish lake. It is even hinted that he entertained the design of obtaining as much influence in Germany as possible, with the view to being elected emperor at some future period. Moreover, Gustavus was a little alarmed at the common bugbear of the age—the increasing power of Austria. Addressing this feeling in the mind of the Swedish monarch, Richelieu, then at the head of affairs in France, endeavoured to stimulate him to the contest; it being the interest no less of France than of Sweden that the power of the emperor should be curbed. But although all those reasons may have had their weight, it is not to be denied that the grand motives which animated Gustavus in the undertaking, were his attachment to the Protestant faith, and his desire to render assistance to millions of his fellow-men who were groaning under persecution. "I know," said he, discussing the propriety of engaging in the enterprise with his counsellors—"I know as well as any one person amongst my subjects the difficulty, the perils, the fatigues, and the duration of such an undertaking; yet neither the wealth of the house of Austria dismays me, nor her veteran forces. The imperial army subsists by rapine and military exactions; whereas, on the other hand, though the Swedish revenues are not considerable, yet they are paid with punctuality; and my soldiers are accustomed to temperance, frugality, and virtue. In the worst of cases, my retreat is secure, and my brave troops shall never want their daily subsistence, though it is transported to them from Sweden; and if it is the will of the Supreme Being that Gustavus should die in the defence of his country, he pays the tribute with thankful acquiescence. It is a king's duty and his religion both to obey the great Sovereign of kings without a murmur." It was in such a spirit that Gustavus, with no help from any other power, except, perhaps, some secret assurances from France, and without much encouragement even from those Protestant princes of Germany whose cause he was going to defend, resolved to invade Germany. The doctrine, it may here be observed, of the non-interference of one nation in the affairs of another, had not yet been recognised. Indeed that doctrine would have been totally out of place in the seventeenth century,

it arose only in the eighteenth; and although it still exists with very beneficial effects in certain cases, it is evident that the doctrine is essentially temporary in its nature, and that, as we advance in civilisation, it will be either greatly modified, or entirely superseded by a nobler principle.

The latter part of the year 1629, and the commencement of 1630, were employed by the Swedish king in making preparations for his enterprise; and when all things had been arranged for his departure, as well as for the government of the country in his absence, he assembled the states, and took a solemn farewell of them. Bearing in his arms his daughter Christina, then only four years of age, he presented her to the assembled diet, and caused them to renew their oath of allegiance to her. His manner was so affectingly serious, that the whole assembly were dissolved in tears, and it was some time before he himself could pronounce his farewell words. "No light or trivial cause," said he, "induces me to involve myself or you in this new and dangerous war. God is my witness that *I* have not sought the contest. But the emperor has supported my enemies, persecuted my friends and brethren, trampled my religion in the dust, and stretched his ambitious hand to grasp my crown. The oppressed states of Germany call loudly to us for aid, and, by the help of God, IT SHALL be afforded them." The brave and pious monarch then severally addressed the various orders of his people, and gave them his parting advice and blessing. "I feel a presentiment," he said, "that I shall die in defence of my country and religion. I commend you, then, to the protection of Heaven. Be just, be conscientious, act uprightly, and we shall meet again in eternity." With nobler sentiments a king never went to war. Having thus set his house in order, like a dying man, Gustavus left Sweden with a force of 15,000 men—an army not very formidable in numbers, but powerful from its valour, discipline, and unanimity, as well as from the dauntless spirit and military skill of him who commanded it. Conveyed by a fleet of transports, the Swedish troops landed, on the 24th of June 1630, on the isle of Rugen, in Pomerania. Gustavus himself was the first who sprung to land, where he knelt down, and thanked the Almighty for the safety of his army and fleet. Immediately afterwards he turned his attention to the performance of his great task. What was the degree of courage necessary to nerve him for entering on it, may be conceived from the fact, that the emperor had not less than 150,000 men on the field in various parts of Germany, independent of those in garrison; as well as from the fact, that the Protestant princes, from whom he might naturally have expected assistance, at first refused to co-operate with him. But the Snow King, as he was contemptuously called at Vienna, under the impression that he would speedily melt away, and be lost before the fiery powers of the south, knew neither fear nor hesitation. He overran Pomerania

without delay, and in doing so, exhibited a noble contrast to the conduct of the imperial generals. The Swedish soldier paid for all he required; no private property was molested on his march. The Imperialist garrisons fled before him on all sides; and it was not till he entered Brandenburg that an opponent worthy of his arms appeared on the scene. This adversary was Count Tilly, already mentioned, a man descended of a noble Flemish family, and who had long commanded the Bavarian armies without ever losing a decisive battle. Tilly was everyway a remarkable man. Stern, gloomy, and bigoted, yet loyal and trustworthy, his appearance was in unison with his character. Of low stature, thin, with hollow cheeks, a long nose, wrinkled forehead, large whiskers, and a pointed chin, formed the chief features in his terrible and vulture-like countenance; while his dress was of a fantastic Spanish order—a long red feather, which hung down his back, being the most notable point in it. Tilly was the first who pointed out to the emperor the truly dangerous character of Gustavus as an enemy. "This is a player," said the old marshal, "from whom we gain much if we merely lose nothing." With about 30,000 men, Tilly hurried to the scene of the Swedish king's successes. It was some time before they met, and in the interval the Imperialists attacked the strong and rich city of Magdeburg, which had declared for Gustavus. Before the latter could relieve it, the city was taken, and suffered the most deplorable fate, being given up by Tilly to the tender mercies of his brutal soldiery. "For four days," says Schiller, "a scene of carnage was carried on which history has no language, art no pencil, to portray. Neither the innocence of childhood, nor the helplessness of old age—neither youth, sex, rank, nor beauty—could disarm the fury of the conquerors. The entire amount of the slaughter was calculated at 30,000." Harte's account of this famous siege is equally terrible. "Now," he says, "began a massacre not to be paralleled in modern ages. The soldiers fired promiscuously in the streets, churches, and squares, upon persons of all ages, sex, and conditions, with the same fury as in the day of battle. The very best troops, the old Walloons, behaved the least like men; and, as there may be a justice sometimes in cruelty, spared not their own friends within the town—namely, the informers—in the general massacre. The Croats exercised barbarities unknown to savages. The young men and the new-raised soldiers were the only people who showed any visible signs of compassion. When the streets and public places were filled with dead bodies (and this scene may be considered as the very mildest part of their cruelty), the troops disbanded themselves, and began to enter the houses. Here began a more deliberate perpetration of murder; even the aged, the sick, and the young, found no mercy. Two soldiers held an infant by the legs, with the head downwards, and killed it with their swords. A young lady of quality was seized by an officer, but as he

dragged her over the Elbe bridge, she begged leave to have the use of her hands to take out her handkerchief and wipe her eyes, and that instant plunged herself into the river, and there expired. Twenty young girls, who were assembled together at a house near the banks of the Elbe, rushed out of the doors all at once, and, embracing each other, threw themselves into the river. By this time the whole city was in flames. Most historians attribute this to accident; but as the fire began in various places at once, many may be inclined to consider it as a part of the besiegers' cruelty. Thus, the few perished who had concealed themselves, and, by the justice of Providence, the Imperialists lost the greater part not only of what they had plundered, but of what the inhabitants had hidden. Nothing remained of the town but the cathedral, the church and convent of Notre Dame, some few houses that stood round it, and about eighty or a hundred fishermen's cottages on the banks of the Elbe. Out of forty thousand inhabitants, it is thought hardly the number of eight hundred escaped. Some retired to the cathedral, some obtained quarter, in hopes of ransom, some escaped over the walls, some were dug out of the ruins, and some few were preserved by the seeming interposition of Providence. A handful of the garrison, which held out to the very last man, obtained conditions; but all the officers were put to the sword excepting Amsteroth, who was taken prisoner, and died the next day; and a lieutenant-colonel and major, whose lives were spared."

In the conducting of this terrific carnage, Tilly was outdone in cruelty by Count Pappenheim, one of his generals, who had already figured in the war, particularly at the battle of Prague. Of the horrors enacted by order of these two commanders, language can bring up no sufficient picture in the mind. We can, however, attain a slight idea of the scene of wholesale rapine and murder at the taking of Magdeburg, by perusing the following accounts left us by two of the sufferers. The first is that of a poor man, a fisherman, who died at a very advanced age in 1720, and who was therefore a mere child at the time of the siege. His account, however, is very graphic:—"The 10th of May, early in the morning, at the time the regent or master of our school was reading prayers, a report flew through the streets that the town was taken, which was confirmed by the ringing of the alarm-bells. Our regent dismissed us all in a moment, saying, 'My dear children, hasten to your homes, and recommend yourselves to the protection of God; for it is highly probable we shall meet no more except in heaven.' In an instant we all disappeared, some one way, and some another. For my own part, I took my course with speed along the High Street, and found, where the public steelyards are (and where the grand guard of the city was kept), a considerable body of troops with their swords drawn; and saw near them, and at a distance round them, a great number of soldiers stretched dead on the pavement.

Terrified with so melancholy a sight, I shaped my course down the street called Pelican, with a view to conceal myself in my father's house; but had hardly advanced a few steps, before I fell in with a band of soldiers, who had that moment murdered a man, whom I saw weltering in his blood. This sight shocked me to such a degree, that I had not power to move forwards, but, sheltering myself in a house opposite to the Pelican Inn, found a kind-speaking aged man, who said to me, 'Child, why comest thou hither? Save thyself before the soldiers seize thee.' I was strongly tempted to put his advice in practice; but in that moment a party of Croatians rushed in, and, holding a sabre to his throat, demanded his wealth. The old man immediately opened a coffer to them full of gold, and silver, and precious stones. They crammed their pockets with his riches; yet, as the coffer was not emptied, they filled a small basket with the part that remained, and then shot the poor old man through the head. I stole away behind them, hoping to seek a place of safety amongst some empty casks, and found there a young lady, perfectly handsome, who conjured me to remove, and make no mention of her. Anxiously reflecting where to dispose of myself, the same Croatians surprised me again, and one of them bade me carry a basket for them. I took up the basket immediately, and followed them wherever they went. They entered several cellars, and rifled all persons who fell into their hands without remorse. As we ascended from one of these cellars, we saw with astonishment that the flames had seized the whole forepart of the house. We rushed through the fire, and saved ourselves. In all probability, every soul was destroyed that remained within doors. As to my father, mother, and relations, I never heard a syllable concerning them from that time to the present." The other account of the siege, which is more minute, is that left us by M. Theodanus, then a clergyman in the town. "Going out of church," says he, "immediately after sermon, some people of St James's parish passed by, and told me the enemy had entered the town. With difficulty could I persuade myself that this was anything more than a false alarm; but the news unfortunately proved too true. I then lost my presence of mind; and as my wife and maid-servant were with me, we ran directly to my colleague, M. Malsio's house, and left our own house open. At M. Malsio's we found many people, who had fled to him in great perplexity. We comforted and exhorted each other as far as the terror of our minds would give us leave. I was summoned thence to discharge the last duties to a colonel, who lay dangerously wounded. I resolved to go, and sent my maid to fetch my gown; but before my departure from my wife and neighbours, I told them that the affair appeared to me to be concluded, and that we should meet no more in this world. My wife reproached me in a flood of tears, crying, 'Can you prevail on yourself to leave me to perish all alone? You must answer

for it before God.' I represented to her the obligations of my function, and went. As I crossed the great street, a multitude of matrons and young women flocked round me, and besought me, in all the agonies of distress, to advise them what to do. I told them my best advice was to recommend themselves to God's protecting grace, and prepare for death. At length I entered the colonel's lodging, and found him stretched on the floor, and very weak. I gave him such consolation as the disorder of my mind would permit me: he heard me with great attention, and ordered a small present of gold to be given me; which I left on the table. In the interval, the enemy poured in by crowds at the Hamburg gate, and fired upon the multitude as upon beasts of prey. Suddenly my wife and maid-servant entered the room, and persuaded me to remove immediately, alleging that we should meet with no quarter if the enemy found us in an apartment filled with arms. We ran down into the courtyard of the house, and placed ourselves in the gateway. Our enemies soon burst the gate open with an eagerness that cannot be described. The first address they bestowed on me was, 'Priest, deliver thy money!' I gave them about four-and-twenty shillings in a little box, which they accepted with good-will; but when they opened the box, and found only silver, they raised their tone, and demanded gold. I represented to them that I was at some distance from my house, and that at present I could not possibly give them more. They were reasonable enough to be contented with my answer, and left us, after having plundered the house, without offering us any insult. There was a well-looking youth among the crowd, to whom my wife addressed herself, and besought him in God's name to protect us. 'My dear child,' said he, 'it is a thing impossible; we must pursue our enemies;' and so they retired.

"At that moment another party of soldiers rushed in, who demanded also our money. We contented them with seven shillings and a couple of silver spoons, which the maid fortunately had concealed in her pocket. They were scarce gone, before a soldier entered alone, with the most furious countenance I ever saw. Each cheek was puffed out with a musket ball; and he carried two muskets on his shoulder. The moment he perceived me, he cried with a voice of thunder, 'Priest, give me thy money, or thou art dead!' As I had nothing to give him, I made my apology in the most affecting manner. He levelled a piece to shoot me; but my wife luckily turned it with her hand, and the ball passed over my head. At length, finding we had no money, he asked for plate; my wife gave him some silver trinkets, and he went away. A little after came four or five soldiers, who only said, 'Wicked priest, what dost thou here?' and then departed. We were now inclined to shelter ourselves in the uppermost apartments of the house, hoping to be there less exposed. We entered a chamber that had several beds in it, and passed some time

there in the most insupportable agonies. Nothing was heard in the streets but the discharge of muskets and the cries of expiring people; nor were the houses much more quiet; everything was burst open, or cut to pieces. We were soon discovered in our retirement. A number of soldiers poured in, and one who carried a hatchet made an attempt to cleave my skull; but a companion hindered him, and said, 'Comrade, what are you doing? Don't you perceive that he is a clergyman?' When these were gone, a single soldier came in, to whom my wife gave a crape handkerchief off her neck; upon which he retired without offering us any injury. His successor was not so reasonable; for, entering the chamber with his sword drawn, he immediately aimed a blow at my head, saying, 'Priest, give me thy money!' The stroke stunned me; the blood gushed out in abundance, and frightened my wife and servant to that degree that they both continued motionless. The barbarian turned round to my wife, aimed a blow at her, but it glanced fortunately on her gown, which happened to be lined with furs, and wounded her not. Amazed to see us so submissive and patient, he looked at us fixedly for some moments. I laid hold of this interval to represent to him that I was not in my own house; but if he would grant us quarter, and protect us to our home, I would then bestow upon him all I had. 'Agreed, priest,' said he; 'give me thy wealth, and I will give thee the watchword: it is *Jesu-Maria!* Pronounce that, and no one will hurt thee.' We went down stairs directly, highly contented to have found such a protector. The street was covered with the dead and dying; the cries of the wounded were enough to have pierced the hearts of the greatest barbarians. We walked over the bodies, and when we arrived at the church of St Catharine, met an officer of distinction on horseback. This generous person soon discovered us, and seeing me covered with blood, said to the person who conducted us, 'Fellow-soldier, fellow-soldier, take care what you do to these persons!' At the same time he said to my wife, 'Madam, is yonder house yours?' My wife having answered that it was, 'Well,' added he, 'take hold of my stirrup; conduct me thither, and you shall have quarter.' The soldier who had used me ill, took this opportunity to steal away. Upon entering my house, we found it filled with a multitude of plunderers, whom the officer, who was a colonel, ordered away. He then said he would take up his lodging with us; and having posted two soldiers for a guard to us, left us with a promise to return forthwith. We gave, with great cheerfulness, a good breakfast to our sentinels, who complimented us on our good fortune in falling into their colonel's hands; at the same time representing to us that their fellow-soldiers were making a considerable booty, whilst they continued inactive, and beseeching us, therefore, to render them some equivalent. Upon this I gave them four rose nobles, with which they were well-contented, and showed us so much huma-

nity, as to offer to go and search for any acquaintance whom we desired to place in safety with us. I told them I had one particular friend, who had escaped to the cathedral, as I conjectured, and promised them a good gratuity on his part if they saved his life. One of them, accompanied by my servant-maid, went to the church, and called my friend often by name. But it was all in vain; no one answered; and we never heard mention of him from that period. Some moments after, our colonel returned, and demanded whether any person had offered us the least incivility. After we had exculpated the soldiers in this respect, he hastened abroad to see if there was any possibility to extinguish the fire, which had already seized great part of the city. He had hardly got into the street, when he returned with uncommon hastiness, and said, 'Show me the way out of town, for I see plainly we shall perish in the flames if we stay here a few minutes longer.' Upon this we threw the best of our goods and movables into a vaulted cellar, covered the trap-door with earth, and made our escape. My wife took nothing with her but my robe; my maid seized a neighbour's infant child by the hand, whom we found crying at his father's door, and led him away. We found it impossible to pass through the gates of the town, which were all in a flame, and the streets burned with great fury on either side. In a word, the heat was so intense, that it was with difficulty we were able to breathe. Having made several unsuccessful attempts, we determined at last to make our escape on the side of the town next the Elbe. The streets were clogged with dead bodies, and the groans of the dying were insupportable. The Walloons and Croats attacked us every moment, but our generous colonel protected us from their fury. When we gained the bastion, which stands on the banks of the Elbe, we descended by the scaling-ladders which the Imperialists had made use of in the assault, and arrived at length in the enemy's camp near Rottensee, thoroughly fatigued, and extremely alarmed. The colonel made us enter into his tent, and presented us some refreshments. That ceremony being over, 'Well,' said he, 'having saved your lives, what return do you make me?' We told him that for the present we had nothing to bestow, but that we would transfer to him all the money and plate that we had buried in the cellar, which was the whole of our worldly possessions. Next day the colonel sent one of his domestics with my maid-servant to search for the treasure we had buried in the cellar; but they returned without success, because, as the fire still continued, they could not approach the trap-door. In the meanwhile the colonel made us his guests at his own table, and during our whole stay treated us not as prisoners, but as intimate friends. At length I ventured one day to ask our colonel to give us leave to depart; he complied immediately, upon condition we paid our ransom. Next morning I sent my maid into town to try if there was any possibility of penetrating into the cellar. She was more fortunate



that day, and returned with all our wealth. Having returned our thanks to our deliverer, he immediately ordered a passport to be prepared for us, with permission to retire to whatever place we should think proper, and made us a present of a crown to defray the expense of our journey."

The news of the fate of Magdeburg spread horror over all Germany, and Gustavus was obliged to take some pains to show that it was impossible for him to have come up in time to save it. At the same time he proved that, though greatly inferior in force to Tilly, he had been advancing with fearless speed to encounter the Imperialist commander. The two did not meet, however, until the 7th September 1631, when Gustavus, being joined by the Saxon elector with his troops, advanced against Tilly near Leipsic, and attacked him with nearly equal forces. On the event of that battle hung the fate of the Protestants of Germany. The king chose for his battle-cry, "God with us!" while that of the Imperialists was, "Jesu-Maria!" During this great day Tilly seemed for the first time unnerved. "Gloomy and sombre presentiments," says Schiller, "clouded the native clearness of his mind; the shade of Magdeburg seemed to hover over him." The pure-souled confidence of Gustavus formed a striking contrast. Having completed his dispositions, the king, arrayed in a plain gray dress, and only distinguished by a single green plume, stepped out in advance of the whole line of his army and, in sight of them all, knelt down with uncovered head, and prayed that "God would defend the right." The whole army responded with a deep "Amen." The issue of the battle was decisively in favour of the Swedes. After an obstinate struggle, the Imperialists fled on all sides, and Tilly himself narrowly escaped with life. Of the great army which he had commanded at morning, not a thousand remained by his side at night. Gustavus gained universal praise for his conduct on this day.

In this great struggle Gustavus was aided by many Scottish gentlemen, who, shut out from preferment in England, sought employment in the German wars. In the above battle there were of these Scotchmen thirty colonels, fifty-two lieutenant-colonels, and fourteen majors. They were chiefly Leslies, Ramsays, Mackays, and Monroes. All were as much trusted by Gustavus as he was revered by them. The king was, indeed, the idol of all his followers, notwithstanding that he enforced among them a strictness of discipline altogether unknown in the wars of the day. "Luxury," says his biographer Harte, "was a stranger in his camp, and so was gaming. The nobility and the rich made no expenses but for the honour of the service; and the younger officers, in point of dress, never went beyond neatness and propriety. The common men had a full confidence either of overcoming the enemy by dint of valour and discipline in the field of battle, or of wearying them out and reducing their numbers by virtue of judicious encampments and marches, and by being able

to support themselves with greater moderation and frugality; for they could continue three months in those very quarters where the Imperialists could but barely subsist themselves one-third part of that time. Their hardness of constitution was such, that they could extend the duration of a campaign almost equal to that of the year; being alike patient of summer heat and winter cold. The camp was their home, their inn, their farm, their city, their country. One would think an army no very excellent school either for learning to read or for apprehending one's duty to God; yet Gustavus paid particular attention to these points. Public schools were opened every day with the same regularity and quiet as in a country town; and the moment the forces began to intrench themselves, the children went to a safe and peaceable quarter, marked out for their place of study. One day, contrary to the expectation of the general who allotted to them their ground, a cannon-ball happened to pierce through the school, and killed two or three young people at a stroke; but the rest, far from quitting their places, neither changed colour nor dropped a pen or a book from their hands. Every regiment had two chaplains, who received forty pounds a-year each. They were governed by a consistory of their own order; and being men judiciously chosen, were respected by the principal commanders, and beloved by the soldiery. Yet their authority was such, that they discountenanced and suppressed all profane swearing and drunkenness; nor was the camp filled with vagrants, thieves, &c. as in the imperial service."

Gustavus having freed Saxony and Pomerania from the imperial yoke, now marched forward into the country, bending towards the Rhine. "With the sword in one hand," says Schiller, "and mercy in the other, he traversed Germany as a conqueror, a law-giver, and a judge, while the keys of towns and fortresses were delivered to him by the inhabitants as to their native sovereign." Franconia, Swabia, and the Palatinate, however, contained strong Catholic cities and garrisons, which he was under the necessity of subduing by force. Wurtzburg, Marienburg, and various others, fell before him in this manner; but though he opened the churches there to the Protestants, and established for them an equality of rights, he did not retaliate on the Catholics the oppressions which they had inflicted on others. It was a sacred principle with him to spare the blood of foe as well as of friend. Having secured Franconia, and routed an army under the Duke of Lorraine, who had come from France to assist the emperor, notwithstanding that the French king was in alliance with the Swedes, Gustavus marched along the Maine towards the Rhine, to win that frontier from Spain. Frankfort opened its gates to him, and he followed up the capture by the conquest of the whole Palatinate of the Rhine. In the meantime, Tilly, burning to avenge his defeat at Leipsic, had pursued the king's steps as far as the river Lech, the frontier of Bavaria

on the west. There the Swede met him, and another great battle took place. Tilly was so strongly encamped in an arc, formed by a bend of the river, that all the Swedish generals dissuaded their leader from the attempt to pass the stream in the face of such an enemy. "What!" cried Gustavus, "shall we, who have not only passed the Baltic, but the Oder, the Rhine, and the Danube, turn back from a stream so petty as the Lech?" In pursuit of his resolve, the king, by the most admirable management, not only passed the river in spite of all Tilly's endeavours to stop him, but gave the old marshal a total and most signal defeat. Here ended the renowned Tilly's career. In the heat of the battle he was struck in one of the legs by a shot of three pounds weight, and was carried off the field shortly before the rout of his army. He died a few days afterwards.

The battle of the passage of the Lech took place on the 3d of April 1632. All Europe was astonished. The Snow King, of whom it had been predicted that he would melt away as he advanced into the warm regions of the south, was now master of the whole country, from the Baltic to the frontiers of France, and at the head of an army sufficiently large and courageous not only to retain his conquests, but even to accomplish whatever design he might undertake with a view to the humiliation of Austria, and the remodelling of the Germanic empire. This was more than his allies had looked for; it was more than they desired. True, Ferdinand was humbled. But what better would it be for Europe that the Austrian should be deposed from the supremacy, if the Swede should seize it? Such was the feeling of a number of foreign states. Louis XIII. of France told the Venetian ambassador "that the powers interested in desiring to behold a partial reduction of the house of Austria, had hitherto offered up, with a safe conscience, their sincerest wishes for the prosperity of the Swedish arms; but then no human being could conceive that matters should have advanced, with so amazing rapidity, to such extraordinary lengths. Therefore inform your senate that means must be devised whereby to check this impetuous Visigoth in the career of his victories, which may prove, in the conclusion, as fatal to us as to the emperor and the elector of Bavaria." Such also was the feeling of Denmark, and, to a certain degree, also of some of the Germanic states themselves. As for Great Britain, her own affairs occupied most of her attention; and, besides, it was the policy of Charles I. to take little part in continental struggles. Had not God made Great Britain an island? Let her, then, behave as an island, it was said, and allow foreign affairs to take their own course!

The Emperor Ferdinand was placed in a situation of extreme difficulty. He had no sufficient army; his best general, Tilly, was dead; and the Swedes were masters of his territory. His first impulse was to assume the command of the army himself; but he soon perceived the folly of such a plan. No alternative

remained but to invite Wallenstein to resume the command from which he had been dismissed: and the desperateness of the occasion may be judged of from the fact, that the emperor consented to implore his offended subject to come to his assistance. Wallenstein, who, ever since his dismissal, had been living in gorgeous inactivity on his Bohemian estates, was in no hurry to comply with the emperor's invitation; but, on the contrary, made such terms as showed the value which he set upon his own services. He yielded at last on the following conditions:—That he should have the sole and only command of the army he undertook to raise; that there should be no imperial authority within his camp; that no peace should be concluded without his consent; that he should have the sovereignty of the provinces which he might conquer; and that he should receive, as a reward, one of the emperor's hereditary estates. In the pomp of these magnificent conditions, Wallenstein issued from his retirement to raise an army and save the empire. His own words, as put into his mouth by Schiller in his famous drama, "The Death of Wallenstein," vividly describe the effect—

"All eyes were turned on me,  
 Their helper in distress; the emperor's pride  
 Bowed itself down before the man he had injured.  
 'Twas I must rise, and, with creative word,  
 Assemble forces in the desolate camps.  
 I did it. Like a god of war, my name  
 Went through the world. The drum was beat, and lo!  
 The plough, the workshop, is forsaken; all  
 Swarm to the old, familiar, long-loved banners:  
 And as the wood-choir, rich in melody,  
 Assemble quick around the bird of wonder,  
 When first his throat swells with his magic song,  
 So did the warlike youth of Germany  
 Crowd in around the image of my eagle."

To describe the campaign of 1632 between Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein, or to decide which of the two showed himself the greater captain or the grander genius, would require the knowledge of one who was himself a consummate general. Their faculties, their natural dispositions, their ideas and modes of warfare, were totally different; and some writers are prepossessed in favour of the one, some in favour of the other. The views of Wallenstein as to the maintenance and discipline of an army were entirely the reverse of those of Gustavus. Pillage, as we have seen, was strictly forbidden in the Swedish camp. Wallenstein, on the other hand, was heard to say, in reply to a question of the emperor, how many men he ought to levy, "Let me beseech you, Kaiser, to raise just double what you intend. It is true you cannot maintain 50,000 fresh men, but 100,000 fresh men will support themselves in the enemies' countries." It was the opinion of Gustavus that the size of an army was an inferior considera-

tion where there was good generalship; Wallenstein's maxim, on the other hand, was, that "the Supreme Being always favours the larger squadrons." Probably each opinion was founded on the peculiar circumstances of the leader who held it. Of Wallenstein's opinion of Gustavus we have already given our readers some idea; Gustavus, we may now mention, always spoke of Wallenstein by the name of "the madman."

At length, after some months of preliminary fighting and manœuvring, the two armies met at Lutzen, at a short distance from Leipsic, on the 6th of November 1632. Wallenstein's army was by this time reduced by war, illness, and desertion, to about 20,000 men; the Swedish army was about equal in size. The meeting of these two armies and of these two generals was even more momentous to Germany than the combats of the Swede with Tilly. The dreaded morning on which the Swedes came up to their foes was marked by a thick fog. "God with us!" and "Jesu-Maria!" were again the watchwords of the combatants. Again, or rather according to his wont, Gustavus knelt down in front of his army and prayed. Soon after, the mist cleared away, and the charge was sounded. Thrice on that day was the battle lost and won. In the end, the Swedes were left masters of the field, and of all the cannon and baggage of the enemy; but the victory was bought at the price of their great commander's life. Hearing that his infantry had been beaten back at one point, Gustavus had flown to the spot with the greatest eagerness. He was about to lead on his men anew; but, while advancing fearlessly in front to search for a flaw in the enemy's line, his shortsightedness carried him almost close upon the enemy, and alone. A musketeer, seeing him to be a person of consequence, took deliberate aim, and shattered his arm. "The king bleeds!—the king is shot!" was the cry of the rapidly-advancing Swedes. "It is nothing—follow me!" cried the brave monarch; but he grew faint, and whispered to the Duke of Lauenberg to lead him from the tumult. But ere this could be done, a well-known colonel of the Imperialists noticed, and knew the king. "Ha! is it thou?" cried he; "long have I sought thee!" and with these words shot Gustavus through the body with a pistol. The hero fell immediately from his horse, and a desperate contest took place around, which heaped the spot with dead. The Swedes were again driven back, and a party of the enemy's light horse began instantly, as was their custom, to pillage the dead. Gustavus yet lived; and on being asked his name and quality, exclaimed, "I am the king of Sweden, and seal with my blood the liberties of the German nation!" A pistol-shot and a sword-thrust formed the reply of the questioner to this exclamation. "My God! my God!—alas, my poor queen!" were the expiring words of the Lion of the North. They were heard and reported by a wounded soldier at his side, who lived only to tell the tale.

Maddened by the loss of their prince, the Swedes, under Ber-

nard of Saxe-Weimar, renewed the fight with resistless impetuosity, eager to recover the body of the king, and avenge his fall. Both purposes they effected, though at a bloody cost. One affecting circumstance was noticed in the morning after the field was won. The Yellow Guard of Gustavus, his favourite band, was cut to pieces, and lay on the ground close by the spot where he had fallen, precisely in the order in which they had met the foe, having disdained to yield one inch. The body of the king, known only by its bulk and by certain scars, was carried to Stockholm, and there interred amid the tears of a whole nation. He was but thirty-eight years of age at the period of his death.

Gustavus was succeeded on the throne of Sweden by his daughter Christina, a child of six years of age, during whose minority Oxenstiern conducted the administration. The eccentricities of this queen, the daughter of the great Gustavus, form a curious page in the history of the seventeenth century.

#### CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THE WAR—PEACE OF WESTPHALIA.

We have thus sketched the history of the thirty years to the death of Gustavus Adolphus at the battle of Lutzen in 1632. Our account of the remaining sixteen years of this great struggle, to its conclusion in 1648, must be as brief as possible; nor, indeed, are there the same elements of interest to make a long account desirable.

The Swedes did not abandon Germany after the death of their king. "Gustavus," says Schiller, "had inspired the men to whom he had left the administration of his kingdom with his own genius. However dreadful the intelligence of his death was to them, they did not lose courage, and that noble assembly displayed the spirit of old Rome when assailed by Brennus and Hannibal: the greater the price of the acquired advantages, the less could they be relinquished; the king could not be sacrificed in vain. The Swedish council of state, divided between the prosecution of a doubtful war, and an advantageous though a disgraceful peace, courageously embraced the cause of danger and honour. At the same time promises of friendship and support were made by England, Holland, and France; and the Swedish council of state received powerful encouragement to continue a war which had hitherto been maintained with such reputation. However France had cause to behold the king of Sweden's death with pleasure, it saw the necessity of continuing the Swedish alliance: without exposing itself to the utmost danger, it could not permit the affairs of the Swedes to go to ruin in Germany: without receiving support, Sweden must be compelled to a disadvantageous peace with Austria, and in that case all the efforts were lost which it cost to contain that dangerous power within bounds; or, in the other case, want and necessity led the troops to provide for their own subsistence in the territories of the Catholic princes, and France

would then appear as the betrayer of those states which she had taken under her protection. The death of Gustavus Adolphus, instead of terminating the French alliance with Sweden, rather increased it. Strengthened by these alliances, secured in their interior and on their exterior by frontier garrisons and fleets, the regency did not lose a moment to continue the war, and determined to procure, in case fortune attended their arms, a German province at least as an indemnification of their expenses. Secure amid its seas, Sweden was not much more endangered if its armies were forcibly expelled from Germany, than if they voluntarily retired from it; and the former was as honourable as the latter measure was disgraceful. A leader of abilities, however, was requisite to manage the Swedish affairs in Germany, and be possessed of the power to regulate both war and peace according to his own disposition. This minister must be invested with a dictatorial power, and with the authority of the crown which he represented, in order to maintain its dignity, to create union among the common operations, to give his orders the greater effect, and fully to supply the place of the monarch whom he succeeded. Such a character was found in the person of Oxenstiern, the chancellor and prime minister, and, what is more, the deceased king's friend, who was fully acquainted with his secrets, versed in German politics and in the different interests of Europe; and, without comparison, was the most capable of following the plan of Gustavus Adolphus."

Nor was a general wanting fit to succeed Gustavus in the field. Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, one of the most distinguished commanders of the age, assumed Gustavus's place, and, in the eyes of all Europe, presumed to cope with Wallenstein. The war was continued for sixteen months with various success, when the career of Wallenstein was brought to a violent close. His haughty conduct, and, in particular, the tenacity with which he held the right—granted to him on assuming the command—of being supreme in his army, giving great offence to various individuals, a conspiracy was formed for his overthrow. The emperor was induced to give his approbation of the designs of the conspirators; and on the 25th of February 1634 Wallenstein was assassinated in his camp. He was succeeded in the command of the Imperial army by Ferdinand, the young king of Hungary, son and heir of the emperor, with two distinguished generals—Gallas, and John Von Werth—for his lieutenants. Reinforced by fresh troops from Spain and Italy, he was able to give the Swedes a complete defeat at Nördlingen on the 7th of September 1634, taking the Swedish general, Horn, prisoner. Depressed by this defeat, most of the Protestant princes who had hitherto taken part with the Swedes were glad to conclude a treaty with the emperor. The terms of this peace, effected at Prague on the 30th of May 1635, were, that the Protestants should for ever retain the mediate ecclesiastical

benefices (those not depending immediately upon the emperor) acquired before the pacification of Passau in 1552; that they should also retain possession of the others for a period of forty years, during which a committee of both religions would deliberate on the manner in which they should be finally disposed of; that the exercise of the Protestant religion, with certain restrictions, should be permitted in all the territories of the empire, except Bohemia and the provinces belonging to the house of Austria; and that there should be a mutual restitution of all advantages gained since the invasion of Gustavus. The only Protestant states of importance who did not adhere to this treaty were Hesse-Cassel, Würtemberg, and Baden; the others embraced the opportunity of being reconciled with the emperor. The whole weight of the war consequently devolved upon Sweden. Called in originally to assist the German Protestants, the Swedes found themselves, after years of hard-fighting, all at once deserted by the very men for whose liberties they had been shedding their blood, and regarded as foreigners and intruders, whom it was expedient to get rid of as speedily as possible. It was, indeed, proposed to offer them an indemnification, and the small sum of 2,500,000 florins was mentioned as sufficient for the purpose; but when Oxenstiern heard of it, he scouted the proposal. "What!" said he, "are the electors of Bavaria and Saxony to be paid for their services to the emperor with whole provinces; and are we Swedes, who have already sacrificed our king for Germany, to be dismissed with the paltry sum of 2,500,000 florins?"

"We have been called  
Over the Baltic; we have saved the empire  
From ruin; with our best blood have sealed  
The liberty of faith and gospel truth.  
But now already is the benefaction  
No longer felt; the load alone is felt:  
Ye look askance with evil eye upon us  
As foreigners, intruders in the empire,  
And would fain send us, with some paltry sum  
Of money, home again to our old forests.  
No, no, my lord duke. No; it never was  
For Judas's pay, for chinking gold and silver,  
That we did leave our king by the Great Stone.  
No; not for gold and silver have there bled  
So many of our Swedish nobles. Neither  
Will we, with empty laurels for our payment,  
Hoist sail for our own country."

The reward which Sweden desired, and expected to be offered, was the duchy of Pomerania. In all likelihood, however, the Swedes would have been obliged to quit Germany, on the conclusion of the treaty of Prague, without any reward whatever, but for the interposition of a new ally in the affairs of the empire.



This ally was France. Richelieu, whose eye had, during the whole struggle, been directed towards Germany, and who had cautiously interfered now and then whenever he perceived that he could do so favourably for the French interests, discerned in the present the fitting moment for a more open and decided course of action. He resolved to co-operate with the Swedes, and, as it were, purchase from them the good-will of the war; thus reaping, at small expense, all the advantages laboriously obtained during the past campaigns. Accordingly, for two years the war was carried on between the emperor and the vast majority of the states on the one hand, and the French, the Swedes, with one or two German states on the other. The entire character of the war, therefore, was altered. Originally a war of religion, a contest for liberty of conscience, it was now a confused medley of elements; German Catholics and German Protestants fighting side by side in the imperial armies against a strange confederacy of French Catholics, Swedish Protestants, and German Protestants, and all contending with different motives and different aims. Commenced with noble purposes and distinctly-marked designs, it was now a mere blind *mêlée*, perpetuated by the obstinacy of men who did not know how to conclude an affair once begun, and directed by the cunning of other men who wished to fish in troubled waters.

Fortune again favoured the Swedes and their French allies; Banner, one of the Swedish generals, gaining a great victory at Wittstock, in September 1626. Not long afterwards, on the 15th of February 1637, the Emperor Ferdinand II. died in the fifty-ninth year of his age. He was succeeded by his son, Ferdinand III., who, unable to bring the war to a conclusion, was obliged to continue it. His brother, Leopold William, was appointed to the command of the imperial armies. During the years 1639, 1640, and 1641, the Imperialists were, upon the whole, successful; the deaths of the Swedish generalissimos, Duke Bernard, and his successor Banner, proving a great discouragement to the allies. Banner's successor, Torstenson, however, led the Swedes to new triumphs; and, in co-operation with Marshal Turenne—who, after the deaths of Richelieu and Louis XIII., in 1643, was sent into Germany to command the French forces, as a general of the young king, Louis XIV.—he pursued a career of almost continuous victory. The emperor, now reduced to extremities, was deserted by many of his allies; among others the elector of Bavaria, who had hitherto remained faithful. On the 7th of May 1648, the Swedes gained a crowning victory at Susmarshausen, near Augsburg; and on the 31st of July, the Swedish general, Königsmark, surprised and took possession of part of the city of Prague. This was the last blow struck in "the thirty years' war," which, accordingly, was brought to a conclusion by the famous peace of Westphalia on the 24th of October 1648. To detail the history of the negotiations which led to this peace,

would require as much space as the narrative of the war itself. Commenced in 1640, these negotiations were protracted from time to time, abandoned, resumed, and varied, according as events seemed to favour the emperor or the allies; till at length, as we have seen, the misfortunes of the emperor brought them to a termination. As it may be interesting to know the precise results, with respect to the parties concerned, of this war of thirty years, which had cost such an enormous price, hurried so many hundred thousands to their graves, and occupied the thoughts of all the statesmen of Europe, we subjoin a summary of the articles of which the treaty of Westphalia was composed.

In the first place, Sweden, as "an indemnification for her expense in the war, and for ceding several of her conquests to their former possessors," obtained the duchy of Pomerania, the town of Wismar in Mecklenburg, the archbishopric of Bremen, the bishopric of Verden, and five millions of thalers. By these territorial acquisitions Sweden became a member of the Germanic empire. France obtained as her share the full sovereignty of Upper and Lower Alsace, the bishoprics of Metz, Toul, and Verdun, and a number of minor properties. The Netherlands and Switzerland, till now regarded by a legal fiction as parts of the empire, were recognised as independent states. With regard to internal arrangements, and the distribution of the territories of the empire among the various Germanic princes, we need only mention that Charles Louis, the son of the unfortunate Elector Palatine, Frederick V., who, it will be remembered, lost all his possessions at the commencement of the war, in consequence of his rash attempt to become king of Bohemia, was restored to his father's dominions, except that portion of them which had been granted to Bavaria. He was also created an eighth elector of the empire—his father's electorship having been alienated.

In the matter of religion, the provisions were, upon the whole, liberal. The treaty effected by the policy of Charles V., in 1555, granting equal civil rights to Catholics and Protestants, was confirmed, the Calvinists being admitted to the same status as the Lutherans. Attached to this grand provision, however, there were several minor clauses, which afterwards proved the origin of dispute and confusion.

The constitution of the empire was greatly modified. The potentates of the various states constituting the empire acquired the right of concluding separate alliances with foreign powers; and in the government of their own subjects they became almost independent. The authority of the emperor was thus very much abridged; and he became little more than the nominal head of a confederacy of a number of sovereign states. In short, the Germanic constitution was altered into the form which it substantially retained till the abolition of the empire by Napoleon in 1806.

In conclusion, let us glance at "the thirty years' war" as it now appears to us, calmly looking back upon it through an in-

terval of two centuries. There are two aspects in which we may regard it—as a picture of the contemporaneous horrors of war, and as a great political epoch in German and European history. Viewed in the latter aspect, it is the general opinion of historians that, numerous as were the immediate benefits of the peace of Westphalia, it was a fatal blow to the strength of the Germanic empire; and that, in the present political and religious state of Germany, there may be traced many disastrous consequences of “the thirty years’ war.” Broken up into numerous independent states, with separate views and interests, Germany ceased to have a great national existence, and its territories became a field where foreigners went to fight their battles.

As representing the war in the other aspect—namely, as a picture of the contemporaneous horrors of war—we may quote a passage from Mr Howitt’s work on “The Rural and Domestic Life of Germany:”—“What a picture,” says Mr Howitt, “is that which the historians draw of the horrors which this so-called religious war inflicted on all Germany! Some of them reckon that the half, and others that two-thirds, of the whole population perished in it. In Saxony alone, within two years, 900,000 men were destroyed. In Bohemia, at the time of Ferdinand’s death, before the last exterminating campaign of Torstenson and Banner, the Swedish generals, the population was sunk to a fourth. Augsburg, which before had 80,000 inhabitants, had then only 18,000; and all Germany in proportion. In Berlin there were only 300 burghers left. The prosperity of the country was for a long period destroyed. Not only did hands fail, and the workshops lie in ashes, but the spirit and diligence of trade were transferred to other lands.

“After thirty years of battles, burnings, murders, and diseases, Germany no longer looked like itself. The proud nation was changed into a miserable mob of beggars and thieves. Famishing peasants, cowardly citizens, lewd soldiers, rancorous priests, and effeminate nobles, were the miserable remains of the great race which had perished. Could it be otherwise? The princes themselves gave the example of dastardly falsehood. Priests of all sorts raged with a pitiless hate; the generals sought to enrich themselves; and the soldiers, who in the end ruled, were unmanned and set loose from all moral restraints. All the devils of political treachery, of religious fanaticism, of the rapacity of aspiring adventurers, and of the brutality of the soldiery, were let loose on the people. Driven from hearth and home, in eternal terror of the soldiers, and without instruction, what could be expected from the growing generation but sordid cowardice, and the shameless immorality which they had learned from the army? Even the last remains of political freedom perished in the war, since all classes were plundered, and their strength exhausted. The early civilisation of Germany had retrograded into barbarism.

"The atrocities which had been committed in this war were unexampled. In the storming of Magdeburg, the soldiers had amused themselves, as a relaxation from their wholesale horrors perpetrated on the adults, with practising tortures on children. One man boasted that he had tossed twenty babies on his spear; others they roasted alive in ovens; and others they pinned down in various modes of agony, and pleased themselves with their cries as they sat and ate. Writers of the time describe thousands dying of exhaustion; numbers as creeping naked into corners and cellars, in the madness of famine falling upon, tearing each other to pieces, and devouring each other; children being devoured by parents, and parents by children; many tearing up bodies from the graves, or seeking the pits where horse-killers threw their carcasses for the carrion, and even breaking the bones for the marrow, after they were full of worms! Thousands of villages lay in ashes; and after the war, a person might in many parts of Germany go fifty miles, in almost any direction, without meeting a single man, a head of cattle, or a sparrow; while in another, in some ruined hamlet, you might see a single old man and a child, or a couple of old women. 'Ah, God!' says an old chronicler, 'in what a miserable condition stand our cities! Where before were thousands of streets, there now were not hundreds. The burghers, by thousands, had been chased into the water, hunted to death in the woods, cut open, and their hearts torn out, their ears, noses, and tongues cut off, the soles of their feet opened, straps cut out of their backs; women, children, and men so shamefully and barbarously used, that it is not to be conceived. How miserable stand the little towns, the open hamlets! There they lie, burnt, destroyed; so that neither roof, beam, door, nor window is to be seen. The churches?—they have been burnt, the bells carried away, and the most holy places made stables, market-houses, and worse of; the very altars being purposely defiled, and heaped with filth of all kinds.' Whole villages were filled with dead bodies of men, women, and children destroyed by plague and hunger, with quantities of cattle which had been preyed on by dogs, wolves, and vultures, because there had been no one to mourn or to bury them. Whole districts, which had been highly cultivated, were again grown over with wood; families who had fled, on returning after the war, found trees growing on their hearths; and even now, it is said, foundations of villages are in some places found in the forests, and the traces of ploughed lands. It is the fixed opinion that to this day Germany, in point of political freedom and the progress of public art and wealth, feels the disastrous consequences of this war."

Of the present state of Bohemia, the country in which "the thirty years' war" first broke out, Mr Howitt speaks as follows:—"None of the dispensations of Providence are more mysterious than those exhibited in this country. In no nation were the people formerly more universally and firmly rooted in Protes-

tantism: in none was it so resolutely defended: in none has it been so completely and permanently extirpated. From that day to this, the whole country of John Huss and Jerome of Prague has lain prostrate in the most profound ignorance and bigotry; so much so, that when Joseph II. offered them freedom of political and religious opinion, they spurned it from them, and joined with the aristocracy in heaping on the too-liberal emperor those anxieties and mortifications which sunk him to an early grave. When he received the news that the people, and especially the peasantry of Hungary and Bohemia, were so stupid as to be incensed against him because he offered to make them freer and happier, he exclaimed, 'I must die! I must be made of wood, if I did not die!'—and his words were soon verified. Bohemia is a land of hereditary bondsmen, and it looks like one."

To these details of the horrors of "the thirty years' war," we may add a few particulars from Harte's *Life of Gustavus Adolphus*. "The famine," says this writer, "during the greater part of these wars kept pace with the pestilence. Wheat was sold, more times than once, for three pounds eighteen shillings a bushel. Guards were posted to protect the newly-buried from being devoured. There were instances of children being led away, massacred, and eaten up. Two women fought for a slice of a dead horse, and one killed the other. A straggling beggar decoyed away a poor woman's child, and began to strangle it, in order to eat it; but the vigilant mother surprised her in the act, and killed her. The face of the earth was ruined for want of agriculture; and every animal eatable was so greedily searched after, that the beasts of prey missed their daily food. When Lord Arundel passed through the empire, in return from his embassy to Vienna, a fox crept out of a brake, and seized one of his attendants by the leg. The man took it up, for it was so weak it could not escape; its eyes were haggard and sunk in its head, and it weighed next to nothing." Truly—in the fine words of the great German poet, who, both in prose and verse, made "the thirty years' war" his principal theme—

"There exists

A higher than the warrior's excellence.

In war itself war is no ultimate purpose.

The vast and sudden deeds of violence,

Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,

These are not they, my son, that generate

The calm, the blissful, and the enduring mighty!

Lo there! the soldier, rapid architect,

Builds his light town of canvas, and at once

The whole scene moves and bustles momentarily

With arms, and neighing steeds, and mirth, and quarrel;

The motley market fills; the roads, the streams

Are crowded with new freights; trade stirs and hurries!

But on some morrow morn, all suddenly  
 The tents drop down, the horde renews its march.  
 Dreary and solitary as a churchyard,  
 The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie,  
 And the year's harvest is gone utterly !”

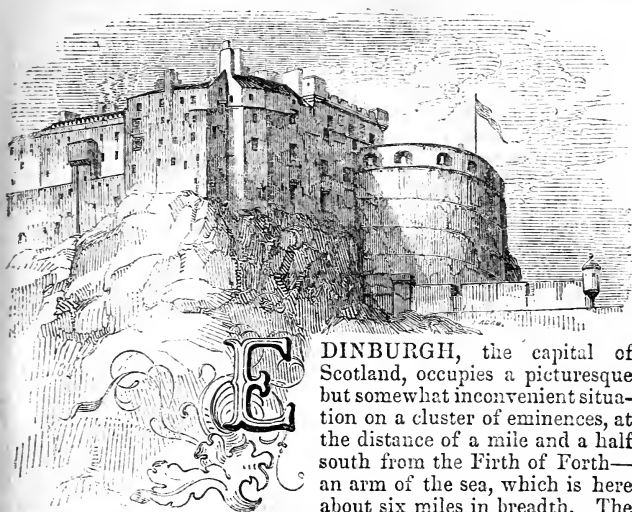
Hear also the same poet's description of the return of peace—

“ Oh day thrice lovely ! when at length the soldier  
 Returns home into life ; when he becomes  
 A fellow-man among his fellow-men.  
 The colours are unfurled, the cavalcade  
 Marshals, and now the buzz is hushed : and hark !  
 Now the soft peace-march beats—home, brothers, home !  
 The caps and helmets are all garlanded  
 With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields.  
 The city gates fly open of themselves ;  
 They need no longer the petard to tear them.  
 The ramparts are all filled with men and women—  
 With peaceful men and women—that send onwards  
 Kisses and welcomings upon the air,  
 Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.  
 From all the towers rings out a merry peal—  
 The joyous vespers of a bloody day.  
 Oh happy man ! oh fortunate ! for whom  
 The well-known door, the faithful arms, are open—  
 The faithful tender arms, with mute embracing !”

Pity that such sentiments had not influenced the rulers and people of Germany before commencing the unholy struggle which we have been narrating ! All that was gained, as has been shown, by thirty years of bloodshed and devastation, was the treaty of pacification which had been originally established by Charles V. in 1555. Germany had spent a century in vain. In 1648 it was farther back than it had been a hundred years before ; and this hundred years it has not till the present day recovered.

It is true that, besides terms of pacification, the war produced a thorough social toleration in matters of religion. No one was afterwards inclined to taunt or abuse another on account of difference of religious opinion or form of worship ; but inasmuch as this toleration was achieved by wrong means, it led to an indifference which has enabled Prussia, Austria, and other powers to make religion a thing of mere civil polity. Let us, in conclusion, express a hope that, in any modern revival of religious differences in Germany, the people, as well as the government, will arrive at a settlement in the amicable spirit which “ the thirty years' war ” impressed on the country. The recollection of that period of anarchy ought to be an indelible memento of the crime and folly of sectarian or any other species of warfare.

## THE STRANGER'S VISIT TO EDINBURGH.



**E**DINBURGH, the capital of Scotland, occupies a picturesque but somewhat inconvenient situation on a cluster of eminences, at the distance of a mile and a half south from the Firth of Forth—an arm of the sea, which is here about six miles in breadth. The

town has extended almost to the shore of the Firth, and has thus formed a connexion with Leith, the ancient port, Newhaven, a fishing village, and Granton, a modern and rising steamboat station. The country around Edinburgh is a happy blending of hill and plain. Closely adjoining, on the south-east, rise Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags; at the distance of three miles to the south-west is the range of the Pentland Hills; and within a mile on the north-west is the richly-wooded Corstorphine Hill. The rest of the neighbourhood consists of fine fertile fields, well cultivated, and ornamented with gardens and villas.

Twelve hundred years ago, Edwin, a king of Northumbria (to which this part of Scotland was then attached), built a fort on the rocky height on which the castle now stands, and hence arose the name Edwinsburgh, or EDINBURGH. In the Celtic language the name of the city is DUNEDIN, signifying the Hill of Edwin. From the castle, a town gradually extended on the top and sides of the ridge, which slopes downwards towards the east. Originally, and for several centuries, the city was confined entirely to this ridge or hill; and at this early period it was nearly surrounded by the waters of a lake. To add to this means of defence, it was environed by walls, of which some few relics, of different eras, still exist. Edinburgh was, therefore, at one time a fortified town, reposing under the shelter of the castle at its western

extremity. This, however, did not protect it from aggression. In May 1544, it was attacked by an English army under the Earl of Hertford, who was despatched by Henry VIII. to ravage Scotland, in revenge for the Scots having refused to allow their young queen (Mary) to be allied to his son (Edward VI.) On this occasion Leith, with part of Edinburgh, was burnt; but the attempt to take or injure the castle was unsuccessful. In point of fact, the castle was never captured by absolute assault; but it surrendered, after a siege, on several occasions. The last time it was invested by an army was on the occasion of the city falling into the hands of the Highland army under Prince Charles Stuart in 1745; but this force it successfully resisted. Since that period, now upwards of a century ago, its guns have happily not been fired except for military salutes.

In the twelfth century, David I., a pious and munificent Scottish monarch, founded the abbey of Holyrood, in the low ground eastward from the city; he at the same time empowered the monks or canons of this religious house to found a burgh in a westerly direction up the slope towards Edinburgh; and thus was built the CANONGATE, a suburb now in intimate union with the city—the whole apparently forming one town. In connexion with Holyrood there also sprung up a royal palace, which became a favourite place of residence of the Scottish sovereigns. Not, however, until the era of the murder of James I. at Perth, in 1436-7, did Edinburgh become the distinctly recognised capital of the kingdom. Neither Perth nor Scone, Stirling nor Dunfermline, being able to offer security to royalty against the designs of the nobility, Edinburgh and its castle were thence selected as the only places of safety for the royal household, for the sittings of parliament, for the mint, and the functionaries of government. Rising into importance as some other places sunk, Edinburgh became densely crowded with population; and hampered by surrounding walls, within which it was thought necessary to keep, for the sake of protection, its houses rose to a great height. Excepting the single open street extending from the castle to Holyrood, every morsel of ground was covered with houses, forming thickly-packed *closes* or alleys, descending on each side from the central thoroughfare. Thus originated those lofty edifices which usually surprise strangers. In front, towards the High Street, they range from five to seven storeys; but behind, towards the sloping flanks of the hill, they are considerably higher, and rising one above another, produce an exceedingly picturesque effect.

The first thing which the inhabitants seem to have done to emancipate themselves from this confinement, was to drain the morass or lake lying in the hollow on the south; and here were built extensions (now known as the Grassmarket and Cowgate), which were occupied by many of the higher classes. In times much more recent, these extensions spread over the rising ground



still more to the south; and with this latter improvement, the citizens remained contented till about the middle of the eighteenth century. The cause for this slow progress was the injury which Edinburgh sustained from the union of Scotland with England in 1707. Until that event, it was the resort of royalty, and of the nobility and commons who constituted the Scottish parliament. Although, by the treaty of union, Scotland retained its peculiar institutions, laws, and courts of judicature—all having their central organisation in Edinburgh—there was sustained a serious loss in the final withdrawal of the sovereign and officers of government. The merging of the Scottish parliament in the British Houses of Lords and Commons was felt to be a fatal blow; and this disaster, as it was thought to be, Edinburgh did not recover till the country in general took a start, consequent on the failure of the rebellion of 1745, the abolition of the heritable jurisdictions (feudal oppressions) in 1748, and the opening of trade with the American colonies. Agriculture now began to receive attention, Glasgow rose into importance, and Edinburgh, sympathising in the movement, became the seat of various banking institutions, which imparted life and vigour to the arts.

About the year 1760, the necessity for extending the town became pressing. Between the years 1763 and 1769 was erected a lofty bridge, connecting the old city with the fields on the north, on which the *New Town* was already beginning to be built. Before 1780 the New Town had covered a third of the ground designed for it; and since that period, it has been gradually extending northwards, westwards, and eastwards. Its last principal extension was the opening of a new road eastwards from Princes Street by Waterloo Place, along the face of the Calton Hill, in 1819. In the execution of the North Bridge and New Town, it was found desirable to drain the lake (North Loch) lying in the hollow, which required to be crossed. Unfortunately, the improvers of that day did not stop here, but committed the irremediable and now much-lamented error of throwing the rubbish from the foundations of the new houses into the centre of the valley, so as to form what is termed the *Earthen Mound*—a pile of materials answering the purpose of a bridge.

In proportion as the New Town arose, so did the Old Town suffer a desertion of its more respectable inhabitants. In the present day, it is occupied almost exclusively by the humbler orders, and by tradesmen. About the year 1825-6, a series of *improvements* were planned, and begun to be carried into execution, with a view to rescue the Old Town from what appeared impending ruin. These so-called improvements have cost the inhabitants, by general taxation, about £340,000, a large portion of which has been squandered on buying and pulling down houses; while, except the erection of a bridge across the Cowgate

(George the Fourth's Bridge), and the forming of an approach from the west, nothing useful or ornamental has been accomplished.

The state of society in old Edinburgh prior to its desertion for the New Town, was somewhat peculiar. Each edifice was inhabited by perhaps ten or twelve families, each family occupying a floor, and the whole ascending to their respective dwellings by a common stone stair. It was customary for certain floors to be appropriated to particular ranks. In the cellar, entered by a flight of steps descending from the street or close, would live a chimney-sweep or cobbler; on the street floor was the shop of a tradesman; the first floor up would be occupied by a nobleman or judge; above whom would be the family of an advocate or a landed gentleman; next, there would be the family of a shop-keeper; and so on to the attics, in which, probably, might have been found an actor, a street-porter, or a sempstress. Thus there was a complete mingling of all ranks under one roof; a plan which, however inconvenient to some of the parties, was not without its social advantages.\* In the present day, the whole

\* Referring to one of the huge tenements so miscellaneously occupied, the following anecdote is told of Lord Coalstoun by the author of the *Traditions of Edinburgh*. "It was at that time the custom for advocates, and no less for judges, to dress themselves in gown, wig, and cravat, at their own houses, and to walk in a sort of state, thus rigged out, with their cocked hats in their hands, to the Parliament House. They usually breakfasted early, and, when dressed, were in the habit of leaning over their parlour windows for a few minutes before St Giles's bell sounded the starting peal of a quarter to nine, enjoying the agreeable morning air, and perhaps discussing the news of the day with a neighbouring advocate on the opposite side of the alley. In this manner a close in the High Street would sometimes resemble a modern coffee-room more than anything else. It so happened that one morning, while Lord Coalstoun was preparing to enjoy his matutinal treat, two girls, who lived in the second flat above, were amusing themselves with a kitten, which, in thoughtless sport, they had swung over the window by a cord tied round its middle, and hoisted for some time up and down, till the creature was getting rather desperate with its exertions. In this crisis his lordship popped his head out of the window directly below that from which the kitten swung, little suspecting, good easy man, what a danger impended, like the sword of Dionysius, over his head, hung, too, by a single—not hair, it is true, but scarcely more responsible material—garter, when down came the exasperated animal, at full career, directly upon his senatorial wig. No sooner did the girls perceive what sort of a landing-place their kitten had found, than, in terror and surprise, they began to draw it up; but this measure was now too late, for along with the animal, up also came the judge's wig, fixed full in its determined talons. His lordship's surprise on finding his wig lifted off his head, was redoubled when, on looking up, he perceived it dangling its way upwards, without any means, visible to him, by which its motions might be accounted for. The astonishment, the dread, the almost awe of the senator below—the half mirth half terror of the girls above—together with the fierce and relentless energy of retention on the part of puss between, altogether formed a scene to which language cannot do justice, but which George Cruikshank might perhaps embody with

of the ancient tenements are appropriated to the lower, and some few of the middle classes. A number of the floors or *flats* are transformed into taverns; and by the subdivision of dwellings, houses which once were thought to be crowded with ten or twelve families, now contain four times the number. Under a single roof it has been found that as many as three hundred souls are lodged—how incommodiously, and with what deterioration of morals, may easily be conjectured.

What was begun from necessity has been continued from choice. The fashion of building houses in floors for distinct families has spread to the New Town; and hence the houses of Edinburgh are generally very much larger than those of London, and as respects size and appearance, nearly resemble those of Paris and other continental cities. Although the practice of dividing houses into floors for a number of families is open to serious objections, it is at the same time not without its advantages. When the common stair has been ascended, and the dwelling reached, no more stairs are to be mounted. The floor possesses every convenience of dining and drawing-room, bed-chambers, kitchen, and closets, suitable to large or small families; and the door of entrance from the landing-place as effectually cuts off the communication with neighbours as would a door to the street. For the sake of keeping the common stair as private as possible, it is now usually provided with a street door, which, by means of an apparatus, can be opened from any floor above when the appropriate bell is rung. This explanation is needed, to account for the rows of bell-handles and names which are here and there observable at door-posts. The rent of a floor in respectable parts of the town varies from £15 to £35 per annum; while that payable for entire, or, as they are here called, *self-contained* houses, is from £40 to £150, according to size and elegance. The local rates add about fifteen per cent. to these charges.

Altogether built of a white and durable sandstone, which retains a clean and fresh appearance for a considerable length of time, the general aspect of the houses is that of great solidity, if not architectural elegance, the design being usually chaste, and the masonry of the first order. It may almost be said that, for the most part, the private excel the public edifices in beauty. The public buildings, however, are, on the whole, above mediocrity. With one or two exceptions, they are from the best classic models, and at least do not violate good taste. The Scott Monument alone, the work of a native self-taught artist, is without a

considerable effect in one of those inimitable sketches which he is pleased to call Points of Humour. It was a joke soon explained and pardoned; but assuredly the perpetrators of it did afterwards get many lengthened injunctions from their parents never again to fish over the window, with such a bait, for honest men's wigs."

parallel in the metropolis, and will be viewed with admiration by all classes of strangers as a marvel of art.

Edinburgh is not a manufacturing town—a circumstance arising partly from its situation, and partly from the constitution of its society, which is essentially aristocratic, literary, and professional. The only businesses carried on to a large extent are printing, with the kindred arts; iron founding, brewing, and coach-building. The largest manufactories of paper in Scotland are situated on the North Esk, within a distance of ten miles. The town has long been distinguished for its banking and life-insurance institutions. The principal profession is that of the law, in connexion with the supreme courts. The next in importance is that of education, which has many able professors and teachers. Edinburgh is indeed resorted to by families from all parts of the empire for the sake of its numerous well-conducted schools. Taking a tone from these circumstances, the general society of Edinburgh is usually considered to be of a refined character; and this it seems likely to maintain from its increasing intercourse with the metropolis.

In 1841, the population of Edinburgh, with its suburbs, was 138,182; at the same time the population of Leith was 26,433—total of the united towns, 164,615. In the population of Edinburgh and its suburbs there were 6607 natives of England, 5594 natives of Ireland, and 551 foreigners and British subjects born in foreign parts. Estimating at present the population of Edinburgh with its suburbs at 150,000, it bears no comparison in point of numbers with that of Glasgow; the rapid increase of which is one of the most remarkable phenomena in the history of Scotland.

#### CIVIC AND ECCLESIASTICAL ARRANGEMENTS.

Edinburgh, as a royal burgh, is governed by a council of thirty-three members, elected by the inhabitants. From the council are chosen the magistracy, consisting of a lord provost (equivalent to lord mayor), and four bailies (equivalent to aldermen). The police, now regulated and dressed on the model of that of the metropolis, is under the management of a body of commissioners, also elected by the inhabitants.

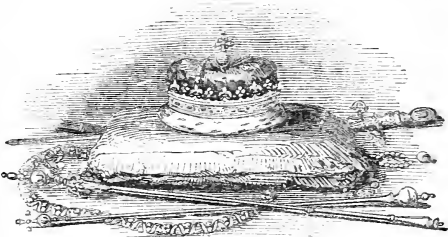
The ancient and extended royalty embraces thirteen parishes, with which are connected eighteen clergymen of the Established Church, who are paid from the proceeds of a tax levied on the inhabitants; the ordinary estimated income of each clergyman being about £500 annually. Besides these, there is a numerous body of ministers connected with seceding and dissenting congregations. Altogether, in the city and suburban parishes, there are ninety-seven places of public worship; among which are included eight Episcopalian or English, and two Roman Catholic chapels.

## OBJECTS OF INTEREST IN THE OLD TOWN.

## THE CASTLE.

The stranger usually goes first to visit the castle. It may be entered freely, but an order is required to see the regalia, which are deposited within it: this order is obtained gratis by application at an office in the council chambers. The regalia are not shown till noon.

The rock on which the fortress is built rises to a height of 383 feet above the level of the sea, and its battlements, towering above the city, may be seen in some directions for forty and fifty miles. The rock is precipitous on all sides but the east; here it is connected with the town by an open esplanade. The walls are believed not to be more than three hundred years old. The principal buildings, now used as barracks, are at the south-east corner, and among these is an old palace, partly built by Queen Mary in 1565, and partly in 1616. Pretty nearly the whole interest in a visit to the castle pertains to this edifice. Entering by a doorway in a projecting staircase, fronting a quadrangular court, we are conducted into a small vaulted apartment containing the regalia; the different objects being placed on an oval table, securely enclosed within a kind of cage of upright bars. The crown lies on a cushion of crimson velvet, fringed with gold, and is surrounded by the sceptre, the sword with its sheath, and the treasurer's mace. The room is fitted up with crimson hangings, tastefully disposed; the whole lighted up by four lamps.



The crown is very elegantly formed, the under part being a golden diadem, consisting of two circles, chased and adorned with precious stones and pearls. The upper circle is surmounted by crosses fleury, interchanged with fleur-de-lis, and with small points, terminated by costly pearls. This was the old crown, and the date is unknown, though the era of Bruce has been referred to with much probability. James V. added two concentric arches of gold, crossing and intersecting each other above the circles, and surmounted by a ball or globe, over which rises a cross patée, adorned with diamonds. The cap or tiara of the crown is of crimson velvet, turned up with ermine, and adorned

with pearls; but this was only substituted by James VII. for the former cap or tiara of purple velvet, which had become much decayed during the concealment of the regalia in the time of the civil war. The sceptre is a slender rod of silver, thirty-two inches in length, chased, and varied in its form. It terminates with three small figures, representing the Virgin Mary, St Andrew, and St James, over whose heads rises a crystal globe. With this sceptre the lord chancellor of Scotland touched the acts of parliament in token of the royal assent. The sword of state is very elegant, both in form and proportion. It was a present from Pope Julius II. to James IV. of Scotland (slain at Flodden); and having been wrought in Italy shortly after the revival of the arts, is a beautiful specimen of sculpture. The handle is of silver, gilded, and the cross or guard is wreathed in imitation of two dolphins. The scabbard is adorned with filigree-work of silver, representing boughs and leaves of oak with acorns; the device of Pope Julius being an oak-tree in fruit. The last monarch who used the crown was Charles II., while in Scotland, previous to the disastrous battle of Worcester. Saved by friends of royalty during the civil war, the regalia were afterwards deposited in a chest in the room in which they are now shown. In 1817 these interesting relics were taken from their place of deposit, and thus freely exposed to public view.

Leaving the regalia, the stranger next visits, in the same pile of building, but entered by a different door, the room in which Queen Mary gave birth to James VI., on the 19th of June 1566. It will create feelings of surprise to find this place now forming part of a mean tavern or canteen. It is a small irregular-shaped apartment, of about eight feet square, and lighted by a single window, overlooking the precipice beneath. The roof is divided into four compartments, having the figure of a thistle at each corner, and a crown and the initials M. R. in the centre. When George IV. visited the castle in 1822, he was conducted, at his own request, to this little room, so interesting for its historical associations.

The most defensible part of the castle is on the east, near the above-mentioned edifice: here is a half-moon battery, on which is a flag-staff, facing the Old Town, and completely commanding the approaches to the fort. Further round to the north, overlooking the Argyle Battery, is the Bomb Battery, whence is obtained a very extensive prospect of the New Town, the environs, the Firth of Forth, and the coast of Fife. On this lofty battery stands an ancient piece of ordnance, called *Mons Meg*, which is considered a kind of national palladium of Scotland. This gun, which is composed of long bars of beat iron, hooped together by a close series of rings, measuring twenty inches in the bore, is supposed to have been fabricated under the auspices of James IV., who, in 1498, employed it at the siege of Norham Castle, on the borders of England. It was rent in 1682, when firing a salute, since

which time it has been quite useless. Having been removed to England, and deposited in the Tower of London, it was restored to its old position, at the solicitation of the Scotch, in 1829. It appears to have been customary to fire from it bullets of stone, which were afterwards economically sought for and picked up for future use. Some of these are piled alongside of *Meg*.

On the western side of the castle are some tall barracks, and also the arsenal or storehouses, in which are contained thirty thousand stand of arms. These, and other objects of curiosity, are shown to strangers. Edinburgh castle is one of the forts enjoined by the treaty of union to be kept up in Scotland; but as this portion of the United Kingdom needs no military defence, it may be described as a source of useless expense to the country.

The long line of street extending from the castle to Holyrood—called at different parts Castle Hill, Lawnmarket, High Street, and Canongate—embraces or abuts various objects of interest. This was the one thoroughfare of ancient Edinburgh; and, as already stated, many of the black and half-dilapidated houses which environ it were formerly inhabited by people of distinction.

#### CASTLE HILL—ASSEMBLY HALL.

This esplanade, now trimmed and used for military drills, and on which is placed a statue of the late Duke of York, was in old times a place of public execution in Edinburgh. In the reign of James VI., many unhappy beings, accused of witchcraft, were here burned at the stake. On the south is a pleasant view of Heriot's Hospital; and on the north, near the entrance to the gardens, is seen an octagonal edifice, which was built in 1754 by Allan Ramsay, author of the *Gentle Shepherd*, and other poetical pieces, and whom Burns was so desirous to emulate. In entering Castle Hill Street, we observe, in the wall of the right-hand corner edifice, a bullet, which was fired from the castle in repelling the Highland army in 1745—a *striking* memorial of the strife of past times.

At the point of junction of Castle Hill Street with the Lawnmarket, we have on our right a new church, with a handsome spire, which rises to a height of 240 feet. This edifice, besides being used as a place of public worship, is employed as the hall of meeting of the General Assembly of the Established Church: this meeting takes place annually in May, and being attended by a nobleman commissioned by the crown to represent royalty, a more than usual bustle is occasioned in the town. Over the doorway of the building is the familiar cognisance of the Church of Scotland—the burning bush, with the motto, *Nec tamen consumebatur*—"Nevertheless not consumed." Across the new road from this structure is a recently-erected place of public worship, belonging to the Free Church, and appropriated to the congre-

## THE STRANGER'S VISIT TO EDINBURGH.

gation of the Rev. Thomas Guthrie, one of the most eloquent preachers in this new seceding body.

### WEST BOW—GRASSMARKET.

Round the corner from this latter edifice is all that remains of the West Bow—a curious old winding alley, which led to the Grassmarket; and down which, as the readers of “Old Mortality” will remember, were hurried bands of unfortunate Covenanters for execution. The wretched Captain Porteous, as is mentioned in “The Heart of Mid-Lothian,” was also dragged down this narrow thoroughfare to meet his unhappy doom. The Grassmarket is a wide open street, where the weekly grain markets are now held. The Bow has been almost entirely destroyed by the ill-conceived “improvements” formerly aluded to.

### HIGHLAND SOCIETY'S MUSEUM.

In proceeding down the Lawnmarket, we have occasion to pass the new street formed by George the Fourth's Bridge. Going along this a little way, we arrive at the Museum of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland. This society, composed of noblemen and gentlemen interested in improving the condition of the Highlands, was founded by charter in 1787, since which period it has greatly extended its operations, and is at present one of the most important associations in Scotland. Its leading object is the improvement of agriculture, in which it has achieved remarkable results. The museum of the society, here situated, and open to strangers, contains an interesting collection of models of agricultural implements, and other objects relative to husbandry.

### COUNTY HALL.

Returning to the Lawnmarket, we observe, at the entrance to George the Fourth's Bridge, a large public building called the County Hall, in which the courts of the sheriff, and other affairs connected with the county, are conducted. Its architecture is after the purest Grecian models (the temple of Erectheus, in particular); but it is nevertheless a somewhat heavy edifice, and far from convenient in its internal arrangements. Everything has been sacrificed to make an elegant front. It cost £15,000.

### BANK OF SCOTLAND.

At the foot of a short street leading northwards from the Lawnmarket, stands the Bank of Scotland. The building is comparatively modern, but the institution which it accommodates was the first established bank in Scotland, having been incorporated in 1695 by an act of the Scots parliament.\*

\* Since the establishment of this venerable institution, and particularly within the last thirty years, the number of banks in Edinburgh has considerably increased. The following are the chief additions:—Royal



SITE OF OLD TOLBOOTH.

The County Hall faces an open quadrangular space, on the right of which is the Signet Library, in front is the church of St Giles, and on the left, partly encumbering the street, once stood the Old Tolbooth or prison of Edinburgh—more familiarly the Heart of Mid-Lothian. It was a gloomy pile of building, four storeys in height, and built in 1561, for the accommodation of parliament and the courts of justice—also for the confinement of prisoners. In 1640 it was solely appropriated for prisoners, and continued to be so used till the period of its demolition in 1817. The door of entrance, which was situated within a few feet of the north-west corner of the church, was removed, along with the ponderous lock and key, to Abbotsford, where they were prized as curiosities by Sir Walter Scott, and are now to be seen.

ST GILES'S CHURCH.

This large and conspicuous edifice, which occupies a prominent situation in the High Street, at the centre of the town, is of unknown antiquity, and it is only known to have existed in the fourteenth century. Until the Reformation, it was a collegiate church, dedicated to St Giles, the patron saint of the town; it was provided with thirty-six altars, and had nearly a hundred clergymen and other attendants. At the Reformation all this was swept away; its endowments were sequestrated and mispent; for some time it was the only parish church in the city, while its ministrations were conducted by John Knox, the eminent Scottish reformer. The building was afterwards divided by walls, so as to form separate parish churches, with different entrances; and in this condition it remained till a recent period, when it underwent a thorough repair and a new casing with stone. It still consists of several compartments, employed as parish churches; that on the east being called the High Church. It was originally of the usual cruciform shape, and of Gothic architecture, but was never an elegant building, and its restorations have not materially improved it. The finest thing about it is the central square turret, the top of which is encircled with open figured stone-work, and from the different corners of the tower spring arches, which, meeting together, produce the appearance of an imperial crown. These arches are highly orna-

Bank of Scotland, British Linen Company's Bank, Commercial Bank of Scotland, National Bank of Scotland, also Edinburgh and Glasgow Bank; with branches of several Glasgow banks. All mentioned issue one-pound notes, and this species of money will be found by strangers to form the principal circulating medium here as elsewhere in Scotland. With a view to introducing a gold circulation—to which the Scotch are very much opposed—no newly-instituted bank is permitted to fabricate and issue one-pound notes.

mented with small pinnacles, and from the apex of the crown rises an equally ornamented short spire. This elegant object is prominent above the whole of the town, and being 161 feet in height, it may be seen from a great distance. In the tower is a suite of music bells, which are played daily at one o'clock. The only work of art of any interest within the body of the building is the monument of the Regent Murray (assassinated at Linlithgow on the 23d of January 1569-70): it is situated in the southern division.

#### PARLIAMENT SQUARE.

This open space, on the south of the church, was originally the cemetery of St Giles, but afterwards became a paved close or square, environed partly with private and partly with public buildings. Those of a private kind, containing a number of shops, having been destroyed by fire in 1824, their site has since been occupied with handsome public edifices. With the exception of one of them—a bank—all the buildings are appropriated as court-houses and certain offices therewith connected. In the middle of the square is an equestrian statue of Charles II., in a Roman dress. This is one of the oldest *lions* in the city. It was erected in 1685, about two months after the death of the king, at an expense of £1000. The material of which it is composed is lead, bronzed. On the pedestal is a Latin inscription, laudatory of the worthless personage who is commemorated.

At the south-west corner of the square we enter, by a door in the arcade, one of the most interesting edifices in Edinburgh—

#### THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

The want of a proper place of assembly for the Scottish parliament having been greatly felt in the reign of Charles I., on the suggestion of that monarch, the magistrates of Edinburgh laid the foundation of a house for this purpose in 1632, which they finished in 1640, at an expense of £11,600. The building so erected has latterly been concealed by a Grecian front, at the expense of government; and it is only on passing the lobby that we find ourselves introduced to the fine old hall, which formed the principal part of the original edifice.

The hall extends to the noble length of 122 feet by a breadth of 49, and has a lofty roof of oak, arched and disposed in the same style of open wood-work as that of Westminster Hall, with pendant gilt knobs. It was in this hall that the Scottish parliament sat previous to the union. This assemblage consisted of but one house—commons, nobility, and dignitaries of the church all being united in one body. The throne of the king stood at the south end, beneath the great window, and was an erection of considerable altitude. Thence, along the sides of the apartment, were the seats of the bishops and nobility, and before these, on each side, were forms, where sat the com-

missioners of counties and boroughs. In the middle was a long table, at which sat the lord clerk register and his assistants; taking the minutes, and recording the decisions as delivered by the chancellor. At the upper end of the table lay the regalia, whose presence was indispensable. The bar of the house was at the foot of the table, nearly halfway down the apartment, where also was a pulpit; and beyond this there was an area partitioned off for the use of the public, and a small gallery for the same purpose.

The old furniture of the Parliament House remained on the floor for the better part of a century, and was partly used by the courts of law, which succeeded to the full possession of the hall and its precincts. Within the last forty years there have been several very sweeping alterations for the sake of better accommodating the courts. On the east side, on each side of the entrance, is a recess with benches, and a small arena for the courts of lords ordinary. The south end is lighted up by a large window of stained glass, in which is represented Justice, with her sword and balance. This is a modern work of art, having been fitted in so lately as 1824. Beneath the window are curtained entrances to two commodious small court-rooms, also of lords ordinary, where certain debates are heard. A passage in the eastern wall leads to a gallery, in which are situated the court-rooms for the first and the second divisions.

The courts above referred to unitedly compose the Court of Session—an institution consisting of thirteen judges, which, for the despatch of business, constitute two distinct chambers or divisions, to either of which litigants can carry their cases. The presiding judge in the first division is the lord president, and that of the second division is the lord-justice clerk. From the first division are detached two judges, with the title of lords ordinary, and from the second there are detached three. To one or other of these ordinaries all cases come in the first instance. The office of *lord on the ordinary bills* is held for a specified time by the judges in rotation, the two presidents excepted. The office of this functionary is in one respect that of a lord chancellor for Scotland. He grants injunctions or interdicts, and executes other matters on summary procedure; the greater part of which business is performed at his private residence, or at an office entitled the bill-chamber.

The Court of Session, as the highest civil court in Scotland, possesses all those peculiar powers exercised in England by the Courts of Chancery, Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, Admiralty, and others, being both a court of law and equity. It dates from the era of the early Scottish monarchy, though remodelled by modern acts of parliament. The judges, on certain occasions, resolve themselves into courts of criminal jurisprudence, constituting the High Court of Justiciary, and the circuits or assizes. They likewise, on occasions, form the Teind Court—a judicature

for regulating certain secular matters connected with the Established Church: as the plantation of churches, division of parishes, and allocation of stipends, out of the teind or tithe held by the heritors or landed gentry. All these courts are freely open to the public; and strangers will feel interested in observing the decorous manner in which the business is conducted. If from England, they will, in particular, take some interest in the proceedings of the High Court of Justiciary—entered from the south side of the square—in which they will observe that the cases are conducted by a public officer of the crown—the lord advocate or one of his deputes; and also that the jury consists of fifteen persons, who decide by a majority.

The Faculty of Advocates is an association of barristers entitled to plead before the supreme courts, and who act as counsel to litigants. They are presided over by a dean. The attorneys qualified to conduct cases form two bodies—the writers to the signet, and the solicitors before the supreme courts. The hall of the Parliament House, during sessions, exhibits a busy scene, being the daily resort, either for business or lounging, of the greater part of the legal profession, besides a multitude of other persons. Certain seats along the sides of the hall are appropriated to advocates, and others to the general practitioners. The hall is ornamented with two statues in marble—one of Lord President Blair, son of the author of "The Grave," and the other the Lord President Forbes, by Roubiliac. The latter, considered very fine, is in the attitude of administering an oath. The floor, near its northern end, may be said to be encumbered, more than ornamented, with a heavy statue of the late Lord Melville.

#### THE ADVOCATES' LIBRARY.

The library of the Faculty of Advocates is one of the largest collections of books in Scotland, and to literary men in Edinburgh, by the liberal indulgence of its proprietors, it answers the purpose, to a certain extent, which is effected by the library of the British Museum in London. Like that national institution, it is entitled to a copy of every work published in the United Kingdom. The Advocates' Library has undergone various changes of place, and is yet far from enjoying a proper suite of apartments. On entering by a door from the hall of the Parliament House, one division of the library is reached by descending a stair to the left, while the other division occupies a hall opposite the entrance. The rooms below contain some of the more curious old treasures of literature; and it is understood that it was in these now dingy chambers that that odious tribunal, the Scottish Privy Council, held its sittings on the unhappy objects of regal tyranny in the seventeenth century. In the upper hall, which is only part of a building to be afterwards extended, are the works more immediately in request by the advocates. It cannot be uninteresting to know that David Hume the historian once

filled the office of librarian—an office now occupied by Dr Irving, author of “Lives of the Scottish Poets,” and other works. Besides this gentleman, there are several assistant librarians, whose kindness to strangers deserves our warmest acknowledgment. Among the articles in the collection most prized for their rarity may be mentioned a manuscript Bible of St Gerome’s translation, believed to have been written in the eleventh century, and which is known to have been used as the conventual copy of the Scriptures in the abbey of Dunfermline; a complete copy, in two volumes, of the first printed Bible, executed in bold black-letter, by Faust and Guttenberg (probably worth £3000); a set of the Gospels, written in the Tamul language, upon dried weeds or leaves, and arranged in a case; the original Solemn League and Covenant, drawn out in 1580, and bearing a beautiful autograph signature of James VI., besides those of many of his courtiers; six distinct manuscript copies of the Covenant of 1638, bearing the original signatures of all the eminent men of that time; some letters of Mary Queen of Scots; the Wodrow manuscripts; a valuable collection of the chartularies of various religious houses; and a few ancient manuscripts of the classics.

#### THE SIGNET LIBRARY.

The library of the Writers to the Signet occupies a building also connected with the Parliament House, from which it may be entered, the principal doorway, however, being from the open space which is in front of the County Hall. The building exteriorly presents a handsome Grecian façade of two storeys; within, it forms an upper and lower apartment, both of which are of elegant appearance, and fitted up as a library. The upper room, approached by a spacious staircase and lobby, is 140 feet long by 42 feet wide, with an elliptical arched ceiling, very richly panelled, and supported by twenty-four fluted columns of the Corinthian order. Between the columns on the south side there are windows, and the room is further lighted by a large cupola in the centre of the ceiling. The books are arranged in presses between and behind the pillars, and a gallery runs along the whole, at the height of twenty feet. The floor is of oak, covered with a rich carpet, and all the furniture is of the most splendid description. The whole cost of the room is said to have amounted to nearly £12,000. The lobby and staircase are embellished with busts and portraits of eminent personages connected with the Scottish judicature.

#### HIGH STREET—CANONGATE.

Passing from the Parliament Square by the north-east entry, the stranger again finds himself in the High Street, and exactly in front of the ROYAL EXCHANGE—a large building, with a central courtyard, employed for the meetings of the Town-Council and other civic purposes. On the right, in issuing from the

## THE STRANGER'S VISIT TO EDINBURGH.

Parliament Square, a new POLICE OFFICE has lately been erected. A little lower down, near the centre of the street, is the site of the ancient Cross of Edinburgh, removed in 1756. The demolition of this ancient fabric has since been much regretted: Scott alludes to the circumstance in *Marmion*:—

“Dun-Edin's cross, a pillared stone,  
Rose on a turret octagon;  
But now is razed that monument,  
Whence royal edict rang,  
And voice of Scotland's law was sent  
In glorious trumpet clang.  
Oh, be his tomb as lead to lead  
Upon its dull destroyer's head!—  
A minstrel's malison is said.”

The spot is now marked by a circle of stones in the causeway; and here public proclamations are still made. Nothing further of interest occurs in the High Street at this part. Proceeding down the street, and passing the Tron Church and the crossing to North and South Bridge Streets, we soon reach the head of the Canongate; but before entering this contracted part of the thoroughfare, we have occasion to see on the left or north side an old edifice, which was at one time the house of JOHN KNOX. A small effigy, in stone, of the reformer occupies the projecting angle of the building.

The Canongate, which is a civic dependency of the city, and ecclesiastically a distinct parish, will be traversed with melancholy interest. Once the court end of the town, and occupied by persons of distinction, it is now abandoned to the meanest of the mean—several houses are dilapidated, and the street flutters in rags and wretchedness. About the middle, on the left-hand side going down, are the old prison of the burgh, distinguished by a picturesque projecting clock, and the church and churchyard. In this obscure cemetery lie the remains of the illustrious Adam Smith, author of the “*Wealth of Nations*,” also of Robert Fergusson, an unfortunate Scottish poet, over whose remains Robert Burns piously erected a monument. A little farther down, on the south side of the street, stands Queensberry House—a large dull edifice, formerly the residence of the Dukes of Queensberry, now a house of refuge for destitute poor.

At the foot of the Canongate the stranger enters the precinct of Holyrood, and has before him the celebrated

### PALACE OF HOLYROOD.

A palace was built here in connexion with the abbey founded by David I., and this old structure was considerably renovated by James V. The whole, however, was destroyed by Cromwell, excepting the north-west angle, or that portion fronting the spectator as he approaches from the Canongate. All the rest is comparatively modern, having been built in the reign of Charles

II., but in a way to harmonise with the older part then remaining. The architect on this occasion was Sir William Bruce, and the building was executed by Robert Mylne, whose tomb may be seen on the north side of the chapel. The design of the palace by Bruce seems to be much the same as that of Hampton Court. The edifice is of stone, and of a quadrangular figure, with an open court in the centre, surrounded by piazzas. The whole is in a plain Grecian style of architecture.

Having been erected after the Scottish monarchs had removed to England, the palace generally cannot be said ever to have been a royal residence for more than short periods. Of the surviving portion of the older palace a different history can be told. James V. was father of Mary, and when that unfortunate princess landed in Scotland, she was conducted to the palace which her father had erected. The house was of large dimensions, much larger than at present; but Mary selected for her private apartments those which occupied the north-western angle of the building, comprehended chiefly in two turrets. Fortunately, this was the part saved from the outrage of Cromwell's soldiers. Thus, by an accident, Mary's apartments are preserved; and, what is still more remarkable, they are at this day pretty much in the condition she left them, although nearly three hundred years have since passed away.

Ascending a stone staircase from the piazza of the court, under the guidance of an ever-ready attendant, we reach these rooms, so full of historical associations, and are naturally surprised to observe how simply the beautiful queen had been accommodated. In the first place, there is a vestibule, where the blood of Rizzio is still shown upon the floor; though, we allow, it requires a stretch of faith to detect its appearance. Next is her presence-chamber—a room of large dimensions, with a carved oak roof, embellished with ciphers of different kings, queens, and princes, in faded paint and gold. The walls are decked with a great variety of pictures and prints; and some old chairs and other furniture are preserved. Adjacent to this apartment, occupying the front of the tower, is the bedchamber of Mary, in which her bed is shown, in a very decayed condition. The only other two apartments are a small dressing-room and a cabinet, in which last she was sitting at supper when Rizzio was assailed by his assassins. Near the door which leads from the bedchamber into this apartment is shown a private staircase in the solid wall, communicating with a suite of rooms below, which perhaps were those occupied by Darnley, as it is known he conducted the conspirators by this passage into the presence of his wife. These two small rooms contain a few objects of interest, said to have belonged to the queen's toilet; also some tapestry, wrought by her own hand. Cold and deserted, and with all around having the appearance of age and decay, Mary's apartments cannot fail to inspire melancholy reflections; but to the reader of history, the

view of the scene here disclosed will at the same time afford a new pleasure—the satisfaction of seeing the actual spot where events took place which have for centuries been the theme of narratives and discussions.

Having seen Queen Mary's apartments, little else in the palace is worth looking at. In a long apartment, in which takes place the election of representative Scottish peers for the House of Lords, are exhibited "portraits of a hundred and six Scottish monarchs." Being merely daubs with a fictitious likeness, they are treated with deserved contempt. The other apartments are fitted up principally in a modern style, and are in part occupied by the families of noblemen and others who have received permission to reside within the palace, of which the Duke of Hamilton is heritable keeper. As a place of royal residence the palace is now scarcely suitable. Its low situation and want of a sunk storey render it damp; while it is destitute of many desirable conveniences. When George IV. was in Scotland in 1822, he held courts in one of the apartments; but he resided at the palace of the Duke of Buccleuch at Dalkeith.

#### ABBEY OF HOLYROOD.

Partially adhering to the walls of the palace, and now a roofless ruin, this was at one time an exceedingly handsome structure, built in the florid Gothic style. On the occasion of the incursion of the Earl of Hertford in 1544, it received its first great blow, the interior being sacked, and the monks contumeliously scattered. It again suffered from an invasion of the English in 1547, and from that time sunk to the condition of a chapel-royal. In this state it was the scene of Queen Mary's marriage with Darnley, July 29, 1565.

Throughout the seventeenth century, Holyrood chapel was at different times fitted up by orders of the Stuarts, as an exemplar for worship according to the English ritual; but, as the readers of history know, with no good effect on the Scottish people. At the revolution, it was despoiled by a mob, and afterwards remained in a dilapidated state for seventy-two years. The roof being then decayed, was taken down, and replaced by a new covering; this was most injudiciously composed of flag-stones, the weight of which brought it down, to the damage of the building, in 1768. Since that period, the chapel has been an open ruin. It is now used only as a place of sepulture by some families of note. A few of the ancient tombstones in the floor are interesting.

#### QUEEN'S PARK—ARTHUR'S SEAT.

Behind the abbey and palace of Holyrood are the open grounds styled the Queen's Park, wherein arise the rugged hills of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags. The park, which includes these hills, extends to about four miles in circumference, and was enclosed



by James V. with a stone wall, the greater part of which still exists. Whatever might have been the condition of the grounds in early times, they have for many years been destitute of trees, and suitable only for pasture. Till lately, the Earl of Haddington possessed a right of forestry over them, subject to the right of free perambulation by the inhabitants of Edinburgh. This nobleman's right having been purchased by the crown, the whole grounds are now under the charge of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, by whom many beneficial improvements are in the course of execution. Some intrusive enclosures have been already thrown open; cross-walls, stiles, and old houses have been removed; morasses drained; and lastly, a handsome public drive has been made along the lower grounds, and round the hills.

As the whole of this interesting royal demesne is open to the public at all hours, the stranger should not quit Edinburgh without visiting at least Arthur's Seat, the most lofty and prominent of the two hills. Carriages are admitted along the new drives as far as finished. Both hills are of the same mineralogical character—green-stone and trap-tuff ejected by volcanic action, and offer a study to the geologist: their surface also affords an interesting field of research to the botanist. Arthur's Seat rises to a height of 700 feet from the meadow at its base, or 796 feet above the level of the sea. Its name has puzzled etymologists: the most reasonable conclusion is, that its present designation is a corruption of two Celtic words signifying "the hill of arrows." Any connexion with King Arthur is now entirely repudiated. The name Salisbury, applied to the crags or cliffs, has been not less difficult; the most plausible conjecture is, that it is also derived from a Celtic term signifying a "desert or waste place."

In ascending Arthur's Seat, strangers usually proceed by way of St Anthony's Chapel, the ruins of which occupy the summit of a knoll projecting from the northern side of the hill. This religious structure is of considerable antiquity, and it is only by the name that it is known to have been a dependency of the preceptory of St Anthony in Leith. Along with some adjoining cells, it has long been in ruins, little now remaining but a portion of the side wall; efforts, however, have been made to prevent further demolition. The view from this height is very charming. In the ascending path to the chapel is "St Anton's Well"—a beautiful spring of clear water, which, proceeding out of the rock, is emptied into a stone basin, and at one time furnished a humble beverage to the recluses above. This little fountain will perhaps be viewed with some further degree of interest by the poetic mind, on recollecting the allusion to it in the old Scottish lyric—

"Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed—  
The sheets shall ne'er be pressed by me;  
St Anton's Well shall be my drink,  
Since my true love's forsaken me."

At a short distance, in the low ground, near the eastern extremity of the park, once lay Muschet's Cairn—a low hillock of stones, cast by passengers on the spot where a wretch named Muschet had closed a long course of cruelty towards his unfortunate wife by murdering her, with circumstances of uncommon barbarity. This dreary spot, with the surrounding scene, it will be recollected, is graphically alluded to in "The Heart of Mid-Lothian." The whole precincts of the park, indeed, may, from similar allusions by Scott, be described as classic ground. The valley of Hunter's Bog, between the two hills—the pathway round the brow of Salisbury Crags—and St Leonards, a rocky knoll with a few cottages, at the southern exit from the park—are all points which usually engage the attention of strangers. For those who have an hour or two to spare at sunrise, in a summer's morning, when the weather is favourable, no greater pleasure could be named than a ramble over these hills and valleys, which, though within a mile of a populous city, are usually as still and lonely as a Highland solitude. In a clear day, the view from the top of Arthur's Seat is extensive and grand—embracing a stretch of sea and land from Ben Ledi in the west to the Bass in the east, and from the Lammermuir Hills in the south to the Lomond Hills in Fife in the north. This wide circumference, taking in the larger portion of the Lothians and shores of the Firth of Forth, contains the bulk of the historical district of Scotland—that with which the principal events were connected from the invasion of the Romans till the battle of Prestonpans. The view towards the south, either from the summit of the hill, or the new road half-way up, embraces Duddingstone Loch and village at its base, and about a mile beyond, Craigmillar Castle, which was for a time inhabited by Mary Queen of Scots.\*

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#### OBJECTS OF INTEREST IN THE SOUTH SIDE.

Proceeding along South Bridge Street from the High Street, the stranger will have occasion to pass and look down upon the

\* Holyroodhouse and its park, in virtue of an ancient privilege, form a legalised sanctuary for debtors. A small number of individuals, who have found it necessary to protect their persons for a time from the grasp of the law, are constantly to be found residing here, in the humble abodes which surround the palace. The limit of the sacred ground is marked in the direction of the town by a gutter or strand, which intersects the street about a hundred yards from the palace, and on crossing that, the charm of security is either lost or acquired. Though receiving interim protection by stepping over the strand, it is necessary for debtors, within twenty-four hours after, to enter their names in the books of the bailie of Holyrood, which lie at an office within the barrier. On this, a printed form of protection is given for a consideration of two guineas, whereby the applicant is screened from all civil diligence for debts contracted prior to the date of his registration. Refugees have liberty to leave the sanctuary from twelve o'clock on Saturday night for the space of twenty-four hours. This is the only remaining sanctuary in the British islands.

Cowgate—in appearance a kind of subterranean street—at one time a gay suburb of Edinburgh, but now inhabited chiefly by dealers in old furniture and other articles. Beyond the arch whence a bird's-eye view of this lower region is obtained, we arrive on the left at a street in which is situated the ROYAL INFIRMARY, or principal hospital for the sick and hurt in Edinburgh. It is a large and commodious edifice, built in 1736, and has long maintained a high character for the efficiency of its arrangements.

#### THE COLLEGE.

Passing Infirmary Street, we have on our right a large and massive structure—the UNIVERSITY or COLLEGE of Edinburgh. In the reign of Queen Mary, this district was all open ground, on which was an old religious establishment called the “Kirk of Field;” and it was in one of the ancient edifices here that the unfortunate Darnley was lodged when he was blown up by gunpowder on the 10th of February 1567—his body having been picked up near the old city wall, in a place now known as Drummond Street. On the spot occupied by the Kirk of Field, a University was instituted by James VI. in the year 1582; and by means of subsequent benefactions from the crown and from individuals, the establishment attained a respectable footing. It now consists of sixty-three professors, some of whom are elected by the crown, but the greater number by the Town-Council, in whom resides the power of supervision. The different classes are attended by about twelve hundred students, who wear no peculiar garb, and reside in lodgings in the town. The whole of the buildings primarily used for the College existed till 1789, when the new buildings were begun to be erected. As now finished, they form a huge structure, with a large court in the centre. On the west side of the court, a great part of the edifice is devoted to a museum of natural history; on the south is the library; the other places being devoted to class-rooms and other accommodations. A number of distinguished men in science and literature have been connected with this institution; among others may be mentioned the illustrious Cullen, Black, Gregory, Fergusson, Stewart, Blair, Robertson, Leslie, and the Monros. The College of Edinburgh still maintains a high reputation as a school of medicine and surgery.

#### ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, &c.

This is an institution distinct from the university. To strangers, it is only interesting for its valuable museum, chiefly consisting of preparations; though to some a sight of these will be far from pleasing. The building is situated in Nicolson Street, a short way from the University. Further on, in the same street, is the ASYLUM FOR THE BLIND, an interesting charitable institution.

## HERIOT'S HOSPITAL.

This old and respected institution is situated in an open ground in Lauriston, and is approached by George the Fourth's Bridge, or by a street near the College. As the name imports, Heriot's Hospital was founded and endowed by George Heriot, jeweller to James VI., in the year 1624. The building, from a design of Inigo Jones, was begun in 1628, and finished in 1650. It is a large handsome structure, in the Elizabethan style, with turrets, and enclosing a quadrangular court. The cost of its erection was £30,000, which nearly swallowed up the funds; but, by careful management, these are now more than adequate for all demands, and the overplus, under powers granted by a late act of parliament, is devoted to the erection and support of schools for poor children in different quarters of the town. The object of Heriot's Hospital resembles that of Christ's Hospital in London—the board, clothing, and education of boys, of whom the present number is one hundred and eighty. They must all be the sons of poor burgesses of Edinburgh. The education, under different masters, is liberal; and in general management, it is acknowledged that the institution is the most munificent of the kind in Scotland. The Town-Council and clergy of Edinburgh are the governors. Orders to see Heriot's Hospital may be obtained from the secretary's office, Royal Exchange buildings. The free schools connected with the institution are likewise not unworthy of a visit from those interested in education.

Opposite Heriot's Hospital, on the south, stands a similar establishment—George Watson's Hospital; and there are various institutions of this class, including Donaldson's Hospital, a building of great magnificence recently erected at the west end of the New Town, the Orphan Hospital, &c.

East from Heriot's Hospital is situated Greyfriars' churchyard, which derives some interest from having been the place in which was signed the Solemn League and Covenant in 1638.

## THE LINKS.

South from Heriot's and George Watson's Hospitals lie certain grounds called the Meadows, and Bruntsfield Links, the whole extending to about two hundred acres: the greater part of these grounds is open for the recreation of the inhabitants, in virtue of ancient royal grants to the city. Bruntsfield Links form fine open downs, and are used for the game of golf, an out-door sport peculiar to Scotland. The environs in this quarter abound in handsome villas, and the walks are retired and charming. Beyond the Links, to the south-west, is the salubrious and pleasant village of Morningside. Here has lately been erected a LUNATIC ASYLUM, on a large scale, and the management of which is on the most enlightened principles.

SCENE OF SCOTT'S INFANCY.

The whole of the "south side" was the scene of Walter Scott's infancy and boyhood. He was born (August 15, 1771) in a house long since gone, which stood at a spot in North College Street near the head of the College Wynd—formerly the chief avenue leading to the seat of learning. His father afterwards removed to the house No. 25 George Square, and here Walter spent the principal part of his boyish days; first attending a school in Hamilton's Entry, Bristo Street (now a farrier's shop), and subsequently the old High School, at the foot of Infirmary Street. In his memoirs, he alludes to various amusing incidents which occurred in the Meadows, the Links, and other parts of the neighbourhood. At the distance of about two miles south is Blackford Hill, a rocky eminence, from which a highly picturesque view of the city is obtained. It was on this, and Braid Hill adjoining on the south, that the unfortunate James IV. encamped with his army before setting out on the expedition which terminated in his defeat at Flodden. Scott must have possessed a vivid recollection of the locality when he wrote the lines in *Marmion*:—

"Blackford! on whose uncultured breast,  
 Among the broom, and thorn, and whin,  
 A truant-boy, I sought the nest,  
 Or listed, as I lay at rest,  
 While rose, on breezes thin,  
 The murmur of the city crowd,  
 And, from his steeple jangling loud,  
 Saint Giles's mingling din.  
 Now, from the summit to the plain,  
 Waves all the hill with yellow grain;  
 And o'er the landscape as I look,  
 Nought do I see unchanged remain,  
 Save the rude cliffs and chiming brook.  
 To me they make a heavy moan,  
 Of early friendships past and gone."

Alluding to the view northwards towards Edinburgh from the spot, he continues:—

"Still on the spot Lord Marmion stayed,  
 For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed.  
 When sated with the martial show  
 That peopled all the plain below,  
 The wandering eye could o'er it go,  
 And mark the distant city glow  
 With gloomy splendour red;  
 For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,  
 That round her sable turrets flow,  
 The morning beams were shed,

## THE STRANGER'S VISIT TO EDINBURGH.

And tinged them with a lustre proud,  
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.  
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,  
Where the huge castle holds its state,

And all the steep slope down,  
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,  
Piled deep and massy, close and high,

*Mine own romantic town!*

But northward far, with purer blaze,  
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,  
And as each heathy top they kissed,  
It gleamed a purple amethyst.

Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;  
Here Preston-Bay, and Berwick-Law;

And, broad between them rolled,  
The gallant Firth the eye might note,  
Whose islands on its bosom float,  
Like emeralds chased in gold."

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## OBJECTS OF INTEREST IN THE NEW TOWN.

### THE CALTON HILL.

This eminence, approached from Princes Street by Waterloo Place, attains the height of 350 feet above the level of the sea. Laid out with walks for the recreation of the citizens, it offers a most extensive prospect of the town on the one side, and the sea on the other. On the rocky apex stands a MONUMENT TO LORD NELSON, in the form of a tall shaft springing from an octagonal base—an object in a poor style of art, and only redeemed by the magnificent panoramic view which is obtained from its summit. The lower part is a species of coffee or refreshment-room.

Near Nelson's Monument, on another protuberance, stands the NATIONAL MONUMENT, an unfortunate attempt to imitate the Parthenon of Athens: only thirteen columns for the west end of the edifice have been erected; we believe at an expense of upwards of £1000 each. The object of the erection was to commemorate those Scotsmen who had fallen in the different engagements by sea and land during the last war with France; but as the policy of this war is now extremely doubtful, if not considered to have been erroneous, the purpose of the monument has lost all public sympathy and support. The columns, which form not a bad ruin, were erected between 1824 and 1830. Near this unfortunate monument, on the east, is situated SHORT'S OBSERVATORY, a meritorious establishment, containing some good astronomical and other instruments, and therefore worthy of the stranger's attention. A small fee is paid for admission.

In front of the National Monument, to the west, is the ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY, a neat edifice in the Grecian

style, within a walled enclosure. In one of the corners of the wall is a small but neat monumental erection, commemorative of the late PROFESSOR PLAYFAIR. A little lower down the hill, on the south, is a handsome columnar erection, a copy, with variations, from the Choragic monument of Lysicrates, designed to commemorate the late DUGALD STEWART, author of several works on moral philosophy.

Eastward from these erections, and verging on the public road, with a southern exposure, stands the HIGH SCHOOL OF EDINBURGH—a splendid edifice, with a considerably projecting pediment. This building was erected after a design by Thomas Hamilton, architect, and cost about £30,000, a considerable portion of which sum was raised by subscription. The High School is an old and much-respected institution, and, as a grammar school, has been attended by many men of celebrity. In former times, the institution occupied a building in the Old Town, and was removed to this handsome new structure about 1828. The High School is under the immediate patronage of the Town-Council.

In a conspicuous situation on the opposite side of the road from the High School, stands an edifice, within a railing, commemorative of ROBERT BURNS. This handsome structure was raised by subscription a few years ago. A marble statue of the poet which it once contained has, for the sake of better preservation, been removed to the College library.

The view from the railing in front of the High School, looking westward towards the North Bridge, and southwards towards the back of the Canongate (the tall chimney of the gas-works in the centre of the wildly-broken scene of house-tops), cannot but have a striking effect on strangers. The North British Railway proceeds by a tunnel beneath the hill in this quarter.

Westward, along the Calton Hill road from this spot, on the left-hand side in entering the town, is an extensive suite of castellated buildings erected within a high wall, constituting the PRISON OF EDINBURGH. The edifices are all modern, and their internal arrangements, under the general direction of the Prison Board for Scotland, are as perfect as circumstances will admit of. The establishment is supported by general taxation.

In entering the town from the Calton Hill, we proceed along Waterloo Place—a handsome new street, in which are situated, on the southern side, the GENERAL POST-OFFICE and STAMP-OFFICE, both elegant stone erections. Adjoining the Post-office is a small burying-ground of old date, containing the tomb of David Hume the historian: it is a round tower-like structure, conspicuous from its situation. Here also has lately been erected an obelisk called the MARTYRS' MONUMENT, designed to commemorate the sufferings and struggles for civil liberty of Muir, Palmer, and others about the year 1793.

Issuing from Waterloo Place, we have on our left the THEATRE-

ROYAL, a building of plain appearance; and on our right, beyond the road which leads to Leith,

THE GENERAL REGISTER-HOUSE OF SCOTLAND.

This consists of a square building with a quadrangular court in the centre, containing a circular structure or tower fifty feet in diameter, which joins the sides of the court, and just leaves sufficient spaces at the four angles for the admission of light into the inner side of the outer edifice. To the spectator from the street it presents a compact building of 200 feet in length, by a breadth of 120 feet, possessing an elegant front of smooth ashlar work, with Corinthian pilasters and a pediment above the entrance. Each of the corners is surmounted by a small circular turret, with a clock and vane. From the centre is seen a dome which surmounts the inner structure. The building is two visible storeys in height, with a sunk area flat level with the street, and screened by an enclosing parapet, divided in the middle by a double flight of steps. It stands forty feet back from the line of Princes Street, and, from the felicity of its situation, as well as its tasteful design, it has a much better appearance than any other public building in Edinburgh.

The General Register-House is a depository not only of state papers and public archives connected with Scotland, but of copies or records of all the title-deeds of property, and of every description of legal contracts, mortgages, &c. existing in the country, and by the careful preservation of which innumerable disputes are prevented, and the just rights of every individual are discovered on the slightest examination. Besides the registers of the above nature, the establishment contains records of all suits at law, with the whole of the papers, printed and written, which have been used in actions before the supreme courts for centuries. To the immense collection of registers and papers which has thus been formed, additions are yearly made by the concentration of all the books of registers used in the counties by the sheriffs, by which means the most recent information can always be obtained. The collection of national archives is not of a very perfect kind, and the documents are not very ancient, in consequence of the disasters into which Scotland fell at different periods, the want of proper attention, and accidental losses. A great part of the papers relative to the country in its independent state were carried away by Edward I. and Cromwell. Among other remarkable documents in the establishment are shown the Scottish copy of the Articles of the Union between England and Scotland, with the Act of Ratification of the same. Both consist of several large leaves of vellum, bound in a volume, and highly illuminated with devices in colours and a miniature of Queen Anne. The General Register-House is under the immediate management of the depute clerk register, and is supported by government.



## PRINCES STREET.

This street, which faces the south, and extends to four-fifths of a mile in length, is reckoned one of the most interesting and cheerful city promenades in Europe. In proceeding along it from either end, the stranger will not fail to be struck, as well as delighted, with the imposing appearance of the Old Town, towering in huge black masses to a great height, and extended towards the castle, which rises to a still greater altitude. At night, when lights are seen scattered over the irregular groups of building, the spectacle is even more grand than in the day. The space which intervenes between Princes Street and the Old Town forms a valley, also not without its attractions. In ancient times, as already noticed, it contained a lake (North Loch), which has long since been drained, and the space, including the sloping banks, was latterly laid out as two public gardens, the division between the two being the Earthen Mound. These gardens have been lately intruded upon by the line of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, and some extensive alterations are the consequence; the western garden, however, retains in a great measure its secluded pleasure-ground appearance, and is deserving of a visit from strangers, as the walks are not only pleasant, but offer a close inspection of the precipitous rock on which the castle is situated, also the fragments of some ancient outworks of the fort. The inhabitants of Princes Street are furnished with keys for admission to the garden gratis; to others, a key is charged two guineas per annum.

Within the railing of the eastern garden, and opposite the foot of St David Street, stands that magnificent work of art—

## THE SCOTT MONUMENT.

This structure consists of a tower or spire in the most elaborate Gothic style of architecture, built from a design of George M. Kemp, a self-taught genius, who unfortunately did not survive to see this creation of his fancy completed. The foundation-stone of this beautiful structure was laid on the 15th of August (the anniversary of Scott's birth) 1840, and the whole was completed and the statue placed August 15, 1846. The height is 200 feet 6 inches, and the total cost, inclusive of the statue, was £15,650; a sum raised by public subscription. In the tower and abutments there are altogether fifty-six niches, designed for figures representing characters alluded to by the novelist and poet. Among others will be noticed the figures of Prince Charles, Meg Merrilees, the Lady of the Lake, Dandie Dinmont, the Last Minstrel, Dominie Sampson, Cœur de Lion, &c. The marble figure of Scott is a fine work of art, reflecting great credit on the sculptor, Mr John Steell. The likeness is excellent. Strangers may ascend the monument by an inside stair.

## ROYAL INSTITUTION.

In a line with the Scott Monument, at the foot of the Earthen Mound, stands the Royal Institution—a building in a heavy Grecian style, with a range of Doric pillars on each side, and a double row in front to Princes Street, supporting a pediment. Owing to the unreasonable opposition of the Princes Street proprietors, the structure has been kept too low; and it is not less objectionable from being placed directly in the thoroughfare from Hanover Street to the Mound. The interior accommodations are a large central hall for exhibitions of pictures, and various lesser apartments devoted generally to purposes connected with the arts. As an association, the Royal Institution was established in 1819, and incorporated by royal charter in 1827, for the purpose of encouraging the fine arts in Scotland.

Within the building are the offices of the BOARD OF TRUSTEES—an establishment instituted in the early part of last century for the encouragement of manufactures in Scotland; it is supported by an annual revenue of between £7000 and £8000, the result of certain endowments from government. Latterly, from the general advance of the arts and manufactures, the institution has confined itself principally to the improvement of artistic talent. It possesses and encourages a school of drawing and design, the first which was instituted in the United Kingdom; and in connexion with this academy there is a gallery of casts of the finest sculptures, ancient and modern. This gallery is open to the public, and is exceedingly worthy of a visit.

The apartments of the ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH are within the Royal Institution building, west side. On the summit of the building, over the pediment, a colossal figure of Queen Victoria, in a sitting posture, has lately been placed.

The upper part of the Mound has hitherto been defaced by various temporary wooden erections; but the ground is here soon to be cleared; and in a commanding situation at top, blending with the edifices of the Old Town, is now in course of erection the Free Church University; a structure which, it is anticipated, will greatly beautify this part of the city.

## WEST END OF THE TOWN.

At the western extremity of Princes Street is situated St John's chapel, a handsome edifice in the Gothic style of architecture, belonging to the Scottish Episcopal communion. The barn-like structure with a pointed spire, in the low ground adjoining, is the church of St Cuthbert's—a populous suburban parish.

Westward from this locality, towards the entrance to the town by the Glasgow road, are some of the more elegant mansions of modern Edinburgh—as those of Athole and Coates' Crescents,

## THE STRANGER'S VISIT TO EDINBURGH.

Melville Street, &c. These, however, are usually considered to be inferior to the houses of Moray Place, Ainslie Place, Great Stuart Street, and Randolph Crescent—situated to the north-west, and reached by crossing Charlotte Square to the head of Queen Street. Of three or four storeys in height, massive in bulk, and with embellished fronts of fine sandstone, the houses in these districts have a magnificent effect, and convey an idea of great durability. The stranger will of course walk through this fashionable quarter of the town; nor, when so far, will he omit to visit what is close at hand—

### THE DEAN BRIDGE.

This is a bridge of four arches, crossing the small river called the Water of Leith, at the height of 106 feet above the bed of the stream, built from a design of the late Mr Telford. The structure is light and elegant, and the view from the parapet down on the deep defile which it spans over is charmingly picturesque. At the bottom of the dell, on the east, is seen a Grecian temple-like structure—St Bernard's Well, locally famed for its mineral waters. On the west is an ancient village, the Water of Leith, a curious jumble of mills and dwellings of a mean order. The road along the Dean Bridge leads to Queensferry and the north of Scotland.

### GEORGE STREET—ST ANDREW SQUARE.

George Street, which extends from Charlotte Square on the west to St Andrew Square on the east, being of the older part of the New Town, is much less elegant in architecture than the new streets and places adjacent; still, from its breadth and length, it is a fine street, and with St George's church (a St Paul's in miniature) at its western extremity, the effect as a piece of street scenery is considerably beyond the average. Within the last twenty years, many of the houses have been transformed into shops, and the original character of the street has been further infringed upon by the erection of two statues in bronze, on pedestals, both by Chantrey: one is the figure of William Pitt, at the spot where George Street is intersected by Frederick Street; the other is that of George IV., at the intersection of Hanover Street.

The stranger may be interested in knowing that the house No. 39 Castle Street (within two doors of George Street), is that in which Sir Walter Scott resided for many years of his married life—the “dear 39” which he affectingly speaks of being obliged to part with. Here was written many of the Waverley novels and other productions. The house is now occupied by Mr Macvey Napier, editor of the Edinburgh Review.

In the division of George Street between Frederick Street and Hanover Street, south side, is a building with a projecting pediment, forming the ASSEMBLY ROOMS, for balls and other festive

meetings, and including a large new apartment, called the MUSIC HALL, where concerts and public meetings take place. The Music Hall measures 108 feet long by 91 feet broad; is furnished with an organ, and is seated for a large audience. This noble room, with its various appliances, cost £10,000.

Towards the eastern extremity are several handsome structures—the Edinburgh and Glasgow Bank, at the corner of North Hanover Street; St Andrew's church, whose elegant pointed spire will not be unnoticed; and opposite to it the Commercial Bank, with its beautiful emblematic figures over the entrance. These figures are from the chisel of Mr Alexander Handyside Ritchie, a Scottish artist, and are greatly admired for their graceful ease and fidelity.

St Andrew Square contains also some fine large buildings, chiefly occupied as insurance offices and banks. In front of the receding central edifice—the Royal Bank—is erected an equestrian group, in bronze, commemorative of the late Earl of Hoptoun. The centre of the square is ornamented with a fluted column, 136 feet in height, with a colossal figure on its summit, commemorative of the late Lord Melville.

In the early ages of the square, before it was intruded upon by trade, it was the place of residence of some distinguished individuals. In the third floor of the house, No. 21, forming the north-west corner, Lord Brougham was born; and the house at the opposite corner, entering from St David Street, was for some time the residence of David Hume.

In Queen Street, nearly adjoining St Andrew Square, a handsome edifice, with a front embellished by figures, has lately been erected as the PHYSICIANS' HALL.

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#### MISCELLANEOUS OBJECTS IN THE TOWN AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

According to the taste of the stranger, or the length of time he can spare, the following objects and institutions may be worthy of a visit.

The ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, a small but well-conducted establishment at Claremont Street, in the north-eastern environs.

CALEDONIAN HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S GARDEN.—This is a beautiful and interesting piece of ground, situated in Inverleith Row, on the road to Granton, about a quarter of a mile beyond the Zoological Gardens. The object of the society is improvement in the production of fruits, flowers, and vegetables; and the collection of varieties in these different departments is exceedingly good. Admittance is by orders from members, or by applying to the resident curator of the gardens, Mr James M'Nab.

## THE STRANGER'S VISIT TO EDINBURGH.

The ROYAL BOTANIC GARDEN is situated a short way farther along Inverleith Row, and, embracing fourteen and a half acres, affords scope for the classification of plants according to the systems of Linnæus and Jussieu. The professor of botany in the university lectures in a class-room at the entrance to the gardens. Strangers are freely admitted to the grounds.

NEW CEMETERY.—Within the grounds of Warriston, nearly opposite to the Botanic Garden, on the east, is situated a cemetery, opened a few years ago by a society in Edinburgh. Provided with a handsome small chapel for funeral services, laid out with great taste, and kept in first-rate order, this cemetery is a model of neatness, and we are glad to say it has met with deserved success. Recently, other five cemeteries, in different quarters of the environs, have been opened.

GRANTON, on the shore of the Forth, is about a mile from Inverleith Row, and is deserving of a visit for the purpose of seeing its new pier, built entirely at the cost of the Duke of Buccleuch, with reference to the improvement of his property in the neighbourhood. This noble undertaking is the greatest work of a private individual in Scotland. Steamers cross every hour from Granton to Burntisland in Fife. Strangers will be interested in knowing that a precipitous rock seen a little east from Burntisland, is that over which King Alexander III. fell and was killed, while passing to Dunfermline March 12, 1286; his death causing all those national troubles which produced the wars of Wallace and Bruce. Steamers also proceed from Granton to Stirling daily, thus giving strangers an opportunity of seeing the shores of the Forth, which abound in picturesque beauty and historical interest. Large steam-vessels sail from Granton twice a-week to London.

RAILWAY STATIONS.—Edinburgh has lately become the centre-point of a number of railways—the Edinburgh and Glasgow; the North British, in communication with Berwick-on-Tweed and London; and the Edinburgh and Granton, in communication with the north of Scotland—all of which have their terminus in the low ground between the Old and New Town. Other railways are in preparation, at least one of which is to terminate at the same point. The time of transit to London, when the lines are perfected, will be about fifteen hours.

PRIVATE ESTABLISHMENTS.—Of these there are few of any interest in Edinburgh. The production and sale of literature being the principal business in the town, there are perhaps a few printing-houses worthy of notice, but these are not generally shown without a special introduction. The chief literary concerns now carrying on are the Edinburgh Review, Blackwood's Magazine, Tait's Magazine, Chambers's Edinburgh Journal; besides some other periodicals. Including miscellaneous works, the quantity of literature so produced is greater than is issued from any other city in the United Kingdom, London excepted.

Edinburgh sends forth one newspaper thrice a-week, and several twice a-week, and weekly. Also the North British Advertiser, a weekly advertising sheet, distributed gratis (printed by machinery similar to that of the Times). Several type-founding and engraving establishments, likewise the studios of certain sculptors, particularly that of Mr John Steell, Randolph Place, may be included in the list of places of interest.

The NEW ACADEMY, a large classical seminary in Henderson Row; the DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM, in the same street; the SCHOOL OF ARTS, a mechanics' institution of a number of years' standing (open in the evenings); the SCOTTISH INSTITUTION FOR THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG LADIES, situated in Moray Place, and which, besides possessing a high reputation, has served as a model for various seminaries of a like nature; and the GENERAL ASSEMBLY'S NORMAL SCHOOL, new road, Castle Hill—are all deserving of attention.

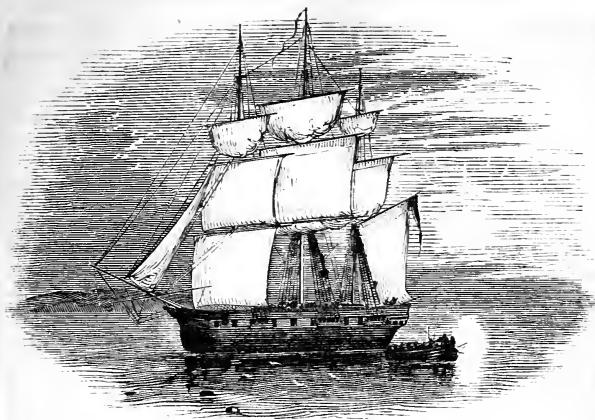
LEITH, the ancient port of the Scottish metropolis, besides a harbour, docks, and a very long pier projected into the Forth, contains some extensive glass and other manufactories worthy of the attention of the curious in such matters. Some memorials of Cromwell's bombardment of the town still exist; in particular, a large mound erected in the links.

PORTOBELLO is a modern and neatly-built town on the shore of the Forth, situated at the distance of two miles to the east of Edinburgh, on the line of the London road. During summer it is a great resort for sea-bathing, for which its long stretch of fine sands peculiarly adapt it. MUSSELBURGH, an ancient burgh of regality, another pleasing summer resort, is situated two miles eastward.

ROSLIN.—The stranger should not by any means quit Edinburgh without visiting Roslin Chapel and Castle, situated about six miles southward, on the banks of the Esk. The chapel, which is part of a collegiate church never completed, is one of the most beautiful existing specimens of the florid Gothic architecture. It was built by William St Clair, Earl of Orkney, in 1446, and, after being nearly a century in use, was despoiled at the Reformation; it was also injured by a mob at the revolution of 1688. Placed by its proprietor, the Earl of Roslin, in the charge of the neighbouring innkeeper, it is freely shown to strangers. According to Scott—

“There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold  
Lie buried within that proud chapel.”

Roslin castle, in ruins, stands on a jutting crag at a lower part of the dell; and the walk from this point to Hawthornden and Lasswade is one of the most picturesque in Scotland. At about two miles from Lasswade is situated DALKEITH HOUSE, the principal residence of the Duke of Buccleuch, noted for its excellent collection of pictures, and also the beauty of its environs.



## NARRATIVE OF THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.

**A**BOUT the year 1786, the merchants and planters interested in the West India islands became anxious to introduce an exceedingly valuable plant, the bread-fruit tree, into these possessions, and as this could best be done by a government expedition, a request was preferred to the crown accordingly. The ministry at the time being favourable to the proposed undertaking, a vessel, named the *Bounty*, was selected to execute the desired object. To the command of this ship Captain W. Bligh was appointed, August 16, 1787. The burthen of the *Bounty* was nearly two hundred and fifteen tons. The establishment of men and officers for the ship was as follows:—1 lieutenant to command, 1 master, 1 boatswain, 1 gunner, 1 carpenter, 1 surgeon, 2 master's mates, 2 midshipmen, 2 quarter-masters, 1 quarter-master's mate, 1 boatswain's mate, 1 gunner's mate, 1 carpenter's mate, 1 carpenter's crew, 1 sailmaker, 1 armourer, 1 corporal, 1 clerk and steward, 23 able seamen—total, 44. The addition of two men appointed to take care of the plants, made the whole ship's crew amount to forty-six. The ship was stored and victualled for eighteen months.

Thus prepared, the *Bounty* set sail on the 23d of December, and what ensued will be best told in the language of Captain Bligh, whose interesting narrative we abridge.

### THE VOYAGE—OTAHEITE.

My instructions relative to the voyage, furnished me by the Commissioners of the Admiralty, were as follows:— I was to pro-

ceed, as expeditiously as possible, round Cape Horn to the Society Islands. Having arrived at the above-mentioned islands, and taken on board as many trees and plants as might be thought necessary (the better to enable me to do which, I had already been furnished with such articles of merchandise and trinkets as it was supposed would be wanted to satisfy the natives), I was to proceed from thence through Endeavour Straits, which separate New Holland from New Guinea, to Prince's Island, in the Straits of Sunda; or, if it should happen to be more convenient, to pass on the eastern side of Java to some port on the north side of that island, where any bread-fruit trees which might have been injured, or have died, were to be replaced by such plants growing there as might appear most valuable. From Prince's Island, or the island of Java, I was to proceed round the Cape of Good Hope to the West Indies, and deposit one-half of such of the above-mentioned trees and plants as might be then alive at his majesty's botanical garden at St Vincent, for the benefit of the Windward Islands, and then go on to Jamaica; and having delivered the remainder to Mr East, or such person or persons as might be authorised by the governor and council of that island to receive them, make the best of my way back to England.

Setting sail from Spithead, as I have mentioned, on the 23d of December 1787, we arrived early in April 1788, without any special incident having occurred, in the neighbourhood of Cape Horn, round which, according to my instructions, I was to direct my voyage. By no possible exertions, however, could we make way in that route, owing to unfavourable winds. On the morning of the 9th of April, we had advanced the farthest in our power to the westward, being then 3 degrees to the west of Cape Deseada, the west part of the Straits of Magellan; but next evening we found ourselves 3 degrees 52 minutes east of that position, and were still hourly losing ground. It was with much concern I saw how hopeless, and even unjustifiable it was, to persist any longer in attempting a passage this way to the Society Islands. The season was now too far advanced for us to expect more favourable winds or weather, and we had sufficiently experienced the impossibility of beating round against the wind, or of advancing at all without the help of a fair wind, for which there was little reason to hope. On the other hand, the prevalence of the westerly winds in high southern latitudes left me no reason to doubt of making a quick passage to the Cape of Good Hope, and thence to the eastward round New Holland. Having maturely considered all circumstances, I determined to deviate from my instructions, and to bear away for the Cape of Good Hope; and at five o'clock on the evening of the 22d, the wind then blowing strong at west, I ordered the helm to be put a-weather, to the great joy of every person on board. With the wind now in our favour, we reached the Cape of Good Hope on the 24th of May, where we remained thirty-eight days, taking in various kinds of



stores and refreshments. Setting sail from the Cape, we made straight for Van Diemen's Land, which we reached on the 20th of August 1788. We remained here a good many days, employed in planting some of the fruit-trees which we had brought with us from the Cape of Good Hope, in case they might thrive and be of use to the future inhabitants of the island, whoever these might be; we also tried, but without effect, to have some intercourse with the natives, who had already once or twice received visits from European voyagers. Although they came down one day in crowds to the beach, cackling like geese, and we made signs to them, and also gave them presents, we could not bring them to familiarity. The colour of these natives of Van Diemen's Land, as Captain Cook remarks, is a dull black; their skin is scarified about their shoulders and breast. They were of a middle stature, or rather below it. One of them was distinguished by his body being coloured with red ochre; but all the others were painted black, with a kind of soot, which was laid on so thick over their faces and shoulders, that it is difficult to say what they were like. They ran very nimbly over the rocks, had a very quick sight, and caught the small beads and nails which I threw to them with great dexterity. They talked to us sitting on their heels, with their knees close into their arm-pits, and were perfectly naked.

Leaving Van Diemen's Land, we steered east-south-east, passing to the southward of New Zealand, and making for the principal object of our destination, Otaheite, which we saw on the 25th of October, having, during our passage of fifty-two days from Van Diemen's Land, met with nothing deserving particular notice. One of our seamen had died on the 9th of an asthmatic complaint; the rest were well. On the 26th of October, at four o'clock in the morning, we brought to till daylight, when we saw Point Venus bearing south-west by west, distant about four leagues. As we drew near, a great number of canoes came off to us.

The ship being anchored, Sunday the 26th, our number of visitors continued to increase; but as yet we saw no person that we could recollect to have been of much consequence. Some inferior chiefs made me presents of a few hogs, and I made them presents in return. We were supplied with cocoa-nuts in great abundance, but bread-fruit was scarce. Many inquiries were made after Captain Cook, Sir Joseph Banks, and many of their former friends. They said a ship had been here, from which they had learnt that Captain Cook was dead; but the circumstances of his death they did not appear to be acquainted with, and I had given particular directions to my officers and ship's company that they should not be mentioned. Otoo, who was the chief of Matavai when Captain Cook was here the last time, was absent at another part of the island; they told me messengers were sent to inform him of our arrival, and that he was expected to return soon.

There appeared among the natives in general great good-will towards us, and they seemed to be much rejoiced at our arrival.

Early in the morning of Monday, before the natives began to flock off to us, we weighed anchor, to work farther into the bay, and moored at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the shore; the ship lying in seven fathoms water. Several chiefs now came on board, and expressed great pleasure at seeing me. I accompanied one of them on shore, where I was received with much attention and kindness by the people gathered about, as well as by the chief's wife and sister, who came to me with a mat, and a piece of their finest cloth, which they put on me after the Otaheite fashion. When I was thus dressed, each of them took one of my hands, and accompanied me to the water-side, and at parting, promised that they would soon return my visit. Meanwhile the natives had been visiting the ship, and had brought us plentiful supplies of provisions.

The next morning early I received a message from Otoo, who was waiting on the beach, wishing to come on board. I sent a boat for him, and he came, attended by his wife, and testifying the utmost pleasure at our meeting. I was surprised to find that, instead of Otoo, the name by which he formerly went, he was now called Tinah. The name of Otoo, with the title of *Earee Rahie*, I was informed, had devolved to his eldest son, who was yet a minor, as is the custom of the country. The name of Tinah's wife was Iddeah: with her was a woman dressed with a large quantity of cloth, in the form of a hoop, which was taken off and presented to me, with a large hog and some bread-fruit. I then took my visitors into the cabin, and after a short time, produced my presents in return. The present I made to Tinah (by which name I shall hereafter call him) consisted of hatchets, small adzes, files, gimlets, saws, looking-glasses, red feathers, and two shirts. To Iddeah I gave ear-rings, necklaces, and beads; but she expressed a desire also for iron, and therefore I made the same assortment for her as I had for her husband. Much conversation took place among them on the value of the different articles, and they appeared extremely satisfied; so that they determined to spend the day with me, and requested I would show them all over the ship, and particularly the cabin where I slept. This, though I was not fond of doing, I indulged them in; and the consequence was, as I had apprehended, that they took a fancy to so many things, that they got from me nearly as much more as I had before given them. Afterwards, Tinah desired me to fire some of the great guns: this I likewise complied with, and as the shot fell into the sea at a great distance, all the natives expressed their surprise by loud shouts and acclamations.

I had a large company at dinner, consisting of Tinah and the other chiefs. Tinah was fed by one of his attendants, who sat by him for that purpose, this being a particular custom among some of the superior chiefs; and I must do him the justice to

say, he kept his attendant constantly employed: there was indeed little reason to complain of want of appetite in any of my guests. As the women are not allowed to eat in the presence of the men, Iddeah dined with some of her companions about an hour afterwards, in private, except that her husband, Tinah, favoured them with his company, and seemed to have entirely forgotten that he had already dined. Tinah continued with me the whole afternoon, in the course of which he ate four times of roast pork, besides his dinner. When he left the ship, he requested I would keep for him all the presents I had given to him, as he had not at Matavai a place sufficiently safe to secure them from being stolen; I therefore showed him a locker in my cabin for his use, and gave him a key to it.

Meanwhile our people were trafficking with the natives, and making their acquaintance. Some of the hogs they brought us weighed two hundred pounds, and we purchased several for salting. Goats were likewise brought us for sale; and I purchased a she-goat and kid for less than would have purchased a small hog. Nelson and his assistant, too, our gardeners, were busy all the while looking out for plants; and it was no small pleasure to me to find, by their report, that, according to appearances, the object of my mission would probably be accomplished with ease. I had given directions to every one on board not to make known to the islanders the purpose of our coming, lest it might enhance the value of the bread-fruit plants, or occasion other difficulties. Perhaps so much caution was not necessary; but at all events I wished to reserve to myself the time and manner of communication.

Next morning, Wednesday the 29th, I returned Tinah's visit, for I found he expected it. He was in a small shed about a quarter of a mile to the eastward of Matavai Point, with his wife and three children, not their own, but who, they said, were relations. In my walk I had picked up a numerous attendance, for every one I met followed me; so that I had collected such a crowd that the heat was scarce bearable, all endeavouring to get a look to satisfy their curiosity: they, however, carefully avoided pressing against me, and welcomed me with cheerful countenances and great good-nature. I made Tinah understand that my visit was particularly to him, and gave him a second present equal to the first, which he received with great pleasure; and to the people of consequence that were about him I also presented some article or other. There were great numbers of children; and as I took notice of the little ones that were in arms, and gave them beads, both small and great, but with much drollery and good-humour, endeavoured to benefit by the occasion. Boys of ten and twelve years old were caught up in arms and brought to me, which created much laughter; so that in a short time I got rid of all I had brought on shore.

The few days which succeeded were agreeably passed by us in

amusements and visits to different places. We became quite intimate with the natives, and they with us. I had usually a number of them at dinner on board the ship, and nothing could exceed their mirth and jollity. Some of my visitors had observed that we always drank his majesty's health as soon as the cloth was removed, but they were by this time become so fond of wine, that they would frequently remind me of the health in the middle of dinner, by calling out, King George Earee no Brittanee, and would banter me if the glass was not filled to the brim. Thus passed on time, day after day; but though apparently indulging in recreations, we were at the same time fulfilling the object of our voyage, Nelson and his assistant being all the while busy in collecting the choicest bread-fruit plants, to be carried away with us. In my conversation with Tinah and the other chiefs I likewise obtained much information about the state of Otaheite and the neighbouring islands, and of what had occurred since the visit of Captain Cook, of whom they cherished a very fond recollection, preserving with the greatest care his picture, which he had left with them. I was sorry, however, to find that the animals and plants which Cook had left on the island had been taken little care of. Tinah frequently spoke to me of making an excursion to some of the islands near Otaheite. One island especially he mentioned to me, called Roo-opow, the situation of which he described to be to the eastward of Otaheite four or five days' sail, and that there were large animals upon it with eight legs. The truth of this account he very strenuously insisted upon, and wished me to go thither with him. I was at a loss to know whether or not Tinah himself gave credit to this whimsical and fabulous account; for though they have credulity sufficient to believe anything, however improbable, they are at the same time so much addicted to that species of wit which we call humbug, that it is frequently difficult to discover whether they are in jest or earnest. Their ideas of geography are very simple: they believe the world to be a fixed plane of great extent, and that the sun, moon, and stars are all in motion round it. I have been frequently asked by them if I have not been as far as the sun and moon; for they think we are such great travellers, that scarce any undertaking is beyond our ability.

We had now been about six weeks at Otaheite, our ship lying in the harbour of Matavai, and our collection of bread-fruit plants carefully kept in pots on the shore, under Nelson's management. The weather till now had been good, and the sea calm; but on Friday the 5th of December, the wind blew fresh from the north-west, which occasioned the sea to break very high across the Dolphin bank; and in the night we had such a storm, that I became convinced it would not be safe to continue in Matavai Bay much longer, and I determined to get everything ready for sailing as speedily as I could.

Our surgeon, who had been a long time ill from the effect of intemperance and indolence, died on the evening of the 9th of December. As I wished to bury him on shore, I mentioned it to Tinah, who said there would be no objection, but that it would be necessary to ask his father's consent first; which he undertook to do, and immediately left me for that purpose. When I went ashore, I found that the natives had already dug the grave. At four in the afternoon the body was interred: the chiefs and many of the natives came to see the ceremony, and showed great attention during the service. Some of the chiefs were very inquisitive about what was to be done with the surgeon's cabin, on account of apparitions. They said, when a man died in Otaheite, and was carried to the Tupapow, that as soon as night came he was surrounded by spirits, and if any person went there by himself, they would devour him: therefore, they said, that not less than two people together should go into the surgeon's cabin for some time. I did not endeavour to dissuade them from this belief, otherwise than by laughing, and letting them know that we had no such apprehensions. In the afternoon the effects of the deceased were disposed of, and I appointed Mr Thomas Denham Ledward, the surgeon's mate, to do duty as surgeon.

Anxious to quit the harbour of Matavai, where our recent experience of the weather had proved that we were not safe, I sent the master in the launch to re-examine the depth of water between this bay and Toahroah harbour. He returned in the evening, and acquainted me that he found a good bottom, with not less than sixteen fathoms depth all the way. The harbour of Toahroah appearing every way safe, I determined to get the ship there as speedily as possible, and I immediately made my intention public, which occasioned great rejoicing. Accordingly, on Wednesday the 24th of December, we took the plants on board, being seven hundred and seventy-four pots, all in a healthy state; for whenever any plant had an unfavourable appearance, it was replaced by another.

The natives reckon eight kinds of the bread-fruit tree, each of which they distinguish by a different name. 1. Patteah; 2. Ero-roo; 3. Awanna; 4. Mi-re; 5. Oree; 6. Powerro; 7. Appeere; 8. Rowdeeah. In the first, fourth, and eighth class, the leaf differs from the rest; the fourth is more sinuated; the eighth has a large broad leaf, not at all sinuated. The difference of the fruit is principally in the first and eighth class. In the first, the fruit is rather larger, and more of an oblong form; in the eighth, it is round, and not above half the size of the others. I inquired if plants could be produced from the seed, and was told they could not, but that they must be taken from the root. The plants are best collected after wet weather, at which time the earth balls round the roots, and they are not liable to suffer by being moved. The most common method of dividing time at Otaheite is by

moons; but they likewise make a division of the year into six parts, each of which is distinguished by the name of the kind of bread-fruit then in season. In this division they keep a small interval called *Tawa*, in which they do not use the bread-fruit. This is about the end of February, when the fruit is not in perfection; but there is no part of the year in which the trees are entirely bare.

The day after taking the plants on board, we removed to the harbour of Toahroah. I found it a delightful situation, and in every respect convenient. The ship was perfectly sheltered by the reefs in smooth water, and close to a fine beach without the least surf. A small river, with very good water, runs into the sea about the middle of the harbour. I gave directions for the plants to be landed, and the same party to be with them as at Matavai. Tinah fixed his dwelling close to our station. The ship continued to be supplied by the natives as usual. Cocoanuts were in such plenty, that I believe not a pint of water was drunk on board the ship in the twenty-four hours. Bread-fruit began to be scarce, though we purchased, without difficulty, a sufficient quantity for our consumption: there was, however, another harvest approaching, which they expected would be fit for use in five or six weeks. We received almost every day presents of fish, chiefly dolphin and albacore, and a few small rock-fish. Their fishing is mostly in the night, when they make strong lights on the reefs, which attract the fish to them. Sometimes, in fine weather, the canoes are out in such numbers, that the whole sea appears illuminated.

We had not been long in Toahroah harbour when an event happened of some consequence. On Monday the 5th of January 1789, at the relief of the watch at four o'clock this morning, the small cutter was missing. I was immediately informed of it, and mustered the ship's company, when it appeared that three men were absent, Charles Churchill, the ship's corporal, and two of the seamen, William Musprat and John Millward—the latter of whom had been sentinel from twelve to two in the morning. They had taken with them eight stand of arms and ammunition; but what their plan was, or which way they had gone, no one on board seemed to have the least knowledge. I went on shore to the chiefs, and soon received information that the cutter was at Matavai, and that the deserters had departed in a sailing canoe for the island of Tethuroa. I told Tinah and the other chiefs that I expected they would get the deserters brought back, for that I was determined not to leave Otaheite without them. They assured me that they would do everything in their power to have them taken; and it was agreed that the chiefs Oreepyah and Moannah should depart the next morning for Tethuroa in search of them.

Seventeen days passed, during which I received only the vaguest intelligence of the success of the search instituted after

the deserters, and during these days our intercourse with the natives went on as formerly. One day, in walking with Tinah near a Tupapow, I was surprised by a sudden outcry of grief. As I expressed a desire to see the distressed person, Tinah took me to the place, where we found a number of women, one of whom was the mother of a young female child that lay dead. On seeing us, their mourning not only immediately ceased, but, to my astonishment, they all burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and, while we remained, appeared much diverted with our visit. I told Tinah the woman had no sorrow for her child, otherwise her grief would not have so easily subsided; on which he jocosely told her to cry again. They did not, however, resume their mourning in our presence. This strange behaviour would incline us to think them hard-hearted and unfeeling, did we not know that they are fond parents, and, in general, very affectionate: it is therefore to be ascribed to their extreme levity of disposition; and it is probable that death does not appear to them with so many terrors as it does to people of a more serious cast.

On the afternoon of Thursday the 22d I received a message from Teppahoo, to inform me that our deserters had passed this harbour, and were at Tettaha, about five miles distant. I ordered the cutter to be got ready, and a little before sunset left the ship, and landed at some distance from the place where the deserters were. They had heard of my arrival; and when I was near the house, they came out without their arms, and delivered themselves up.

This desertion of three of my ship's company did not strike me so much at the time as it did afterwards; nor did an occurrence which happened not long after attract that degree of attention from me which it merited. This was the cutting of our ship's cable one night near the water's edge, in such a manner that only one strand remained whole. I naturally attributed this malicious act to some of the natives, although the uniform friendliness of the Otaheitans led me to suppose that the culprits must have belonged to some of the other islands, the inhabitants of which were continually coming and going. The consequence was a coolness of some days between me and the chiefs, as I wished to stimulate them to the discovery of the guilty parties. All their exertions, however, to gratify me in this respect were unavailing; and it has since occurred to me that this attempt to cut the ship adrift was most probably the act of some of our own people, whose purpose of remaining at Otaheite might have been effectually answered, without danger, if the ship had been driven on shore. At the time, I entertained not the least thought of this kind, nor did the possibility of it enter into my ideas, having no suspicion that so general an inclination, or so strong an attachment to these islands, could prevail among my people as to induce them to abandon every prospect of returning to their native country.

The month of February had passed—our people becoming always fonder of the Otaheitans, and the Otaheitans of them—and we had already advanced far into the month of March. It was known that the time of our departure from the island was approaching, and much sorrow was manifested on that account. One day after dinner, I was not a little surprised to hear Tinah seriously propose that he and his wife should go with me to England. To quiet his importunity, I was obliged to promise that I would ask the king's permission to carry them to England if I came again; that then I should be in a larger ship, and could have accommodations properly fitted up.

In the latter part of March, we were busy with our preparations for departure. On the 27th of the month, we began to remove the plants to the ship. They were in excellent order: the roots had appeared through the bottom of the pots, and would have shot into the ground, if care had not been taken to prevent it. By the 31st all the plants were on board, being in seven hundred and seventy-four pots, thirty-nine tubs, and twenty-four boxes. The number of bread-fruit plants were 1015, besides which we had collected a number of other plants. The avee, which is one of the finest-flavoured fruits in the world; the ayyah, which is a fruit not so rich, but of a fine flavour, and very refreshing; the rattah, not much unlike a chestnut, which grows on a large tree in great quantities—they are singly in large pods, from one to two inches broad, and may be eaten raw, or boiled in the same manner as Windsor beans, and so dressed, are equally good; and the orai-ah, which is a very superior kind of plantain. All these I was particularly recommended to collect by my worthy friend Sir Joseph Banks. I had also taken on board some plants of the ettow and matte, with which the natives here make a beautiful red colour; and a root called peeah, of which they make an excellent pudding.

At length all was ready for our departure, and on Saturday the 4th of April 1789 we unmoored at daylight. At half-past six, there being no wind, we weighed, and with our boats and two sweeps towed the ship out of the harbour. Soon after, the sea-breeze came, and we stood off towards the sea. Many of the natives attended us in canoes. Tinah and his wife were on board. After dinner, I ordered the presents which I had reserved for Tinah and his wife to be put in one of the ship's boats, and as I had promised him firearms, I gave him two muskets, a pair of pistols, and a good stock of ammunition. I then represented to them the necessity of their going away, that the boat might return to the ship before it was dark; on which they took a most affectionate leave of me, and went into the boat. One of their expressions at parting was, "*Yourah no t' Eatua tee eveerah!*"—"May the Eatua protect you for ever and ever!"

Thus, after a stay of five months and a half at Otaheite, we



took our leave of it. That we were not insensible to the kindness which we experienced there, the events which followed more than sufficiently prove: for to the friendly and endearing behaviour of these people may be ascribed the motives for that event which effected the ruin of an expedition which there was every reason to hope would have been completed in the most fortunate manner.

## A MUTINY IN THE SHIP.

About three weeks were spent among the small islands which lie scattered round Otaheite, at some of which we touched. According to my instructions, my course was now through Endeavour Straits to Prince's Island, in the Straits of Sunda. On the 27th of April, at noon, we were between the islands of Tofoa and Kotoo. Latitude observed, 19 degrees 18 minutes south.

Thus far the voyage had advanced in a course of uninterrupted prosperity, and had been attended with many circumstances equally pleasing and satisfactory. A very different scene was now to be experienced.

Monday, 27th April 1789.—The wind being northerly in the evening, we steered to the westward, to pass to the south of Tofoa. I gave directions for this course to be continued during the night. The master had the first watch, the gunner the middle watch, and Mr Christian the morning watch.

Tuesday, 28th.—Just before sunrising, while I was yet asleep, Mr Christian, with the master-at-arms, gunner's mate, and Thomas Burkitt, seaman, came into my cabin, and seizing me, tied my hands with a cord behind my back, threatening me with instant death if I spoke or made the least noise. I, however, called as loud as I could, in hopes of assistance; but they had already secured the officers who were not of their party, by placing sentinels at their doors. There were three men at my cabin door, besides the four within; Christian had only a cutlass in his hand, the others had muskets and bayonets. I was pulled out of bed, and forced on deck in my shirt, suffering great pain from the tightness with which they had tied my hands. I demanded the reason of such violence, but received no other answer than abuse for not holding my tongue. The master, the gunner, the surgeon, Mr Elphinstone, master's mate, and Nelson, were kept confined below, and the fore-hatchway was guarded by sentinels. The boatswain and carpenter, and also the clerk, Mr Samuel, were allowed to come upon deck. The boatswain was ordered to hoist the launch out, with a threat if he did not do it instantly to take care of himself.

When the boat was out, Mr Hayward and Mr Hallet, two of the midshipmen, and Mr Samuel, were ordered into it. I demanded what their intention was in giving this order, and endeavoured to persuade the people near me not to persist in such acts of violence; but it was to no effect. Christian changed

the cutlass which he had in his hand for a bayonet that was brought to him, and holding me with a strong gripe by the cord that tied my hands, he with many oaths threatened to kill me immediately if I would not be quiet; the villains round me had their pieces cocked and bayonets fixed. Particular people were called on to go into the boat, and were hurried over the side, whence I concluded that with these people I was to be set adrift. I therefore made another effort to bring about a change, but with no other effect than to be threatened with having my brains blown out.

The boatswain and seamen who were to go in the boat were allowed to collect twine, canvas, lines, sails, cordage, an eight-and-twenty-gallon cask of water, and Mr Samuel got a hundred and fifty pounds of bread, with a small quantity of rum and wine, also a quadrant and compass; but he was forbidden, on pain of death, to touch either map, ephemeris, book of astronomical observations, sextant, time-keeper, or any of my surveys or drawings.

The officers were next called upon deck, and forced over the side into the boat, while I was kept apart from every one abaft the mizzen-mast.

Isaac Martin, one of the guard over me, I saw had an inclination to assist me, and, as he fed me with shaddock (my lips being quite parched), we explained our wishes to each other by our looks; but this being observed, Martin was removed from me. He then attempted to leave the ship, for which purpose he got into the boat; but with many threats they obliged him to return. The armourer, Joseph Coleman, and two of the carpenters, M'Intosh and Norman, were also kept contrary to their inclination; and they begged of me, after I was astern in the boat, to remember that they declared they had no hand in the transaction. Michael Byrne, I am told, likewise wanted to leave the ship.

It appeared to me that Christian was some time in doubt whether he should keep the carpenter or his mates; at length he determined on the latter, and the carpenter was ordered into the boat. He was permitted, but not without some opposition, to take his tool-chest. The officers and men being in the boat, they only waited for me, of which the master-at-arms informed Christian; who then said, "Come, Captain Bligh, your officers and men are now in the boat, and you must go with them; if you attempt to make the least resistance, you will instantly be put to death:" and without further ceremony, with a tribe of armed ruffians about me, I was forced over the side, where they untied my hands. Being in the boat, we were veered astern by a rope. A few pieces of pork were thrown to us, and some clothes, also four cutlasses; and it was then that the armourer and carpenters called out to me to remember that they had no hand in the transaction. After having undergone a great deal of ridicule,

and been kept some time to make sport for these unfeeling wretches, we were at length cast adrift in the open ocean.

I had eighteen persons with me in the boat. There remained on board the *Bounty* twenty-five hands, the most able men of the ship's company. Having little or no wind, we rowed pretty fast towards Tofoa, which bore north-east about ten leagues from us. While the ship was in sight, she steered to the west-north-west; but I considered this only as a feint; for when we were sent away, "Huzza for Otaheite!" was frequently heard among the mutineers.

It will very naturally be asked, What could be the reason for such a revolt? In answer to which, I can only conjecture that the mutineers had flattered themselves with the hopes of a more happy life among the Otaheitans than they could possibly enjoy in England; and this, joined to some female connexions, most probably occasioned the whole transaction. The women at Otaheite are handsome, mild and cheerful in their manners and conversation, possessed of great sensibility, and have sufficient delicacy to make them admired and beloved. The chiefs were so much attached to our people, that they rather encouraged their stay among them than otherwise, and even made them promises of large possessions. Under these, and many other attendant circumstances equally desirable, it is now perhaps not so much to be wondered at, though scarcely possible to have been foreseen, that a set of sailors, most of them void of connexions, should be led away: especially when, in addition to such powerful inducements, they imagined it in their power to fix themselves in the midst of plenty, on one of the finest islands in the world, where they need not labour, and where the allurements of dissipation are beyond anything that can be conceived.

#### FATE OF THE CASTAWAYS.

My first determination was to seek a supply of bread-fruit and water at Tofoa, and afterwards to sail for Tongataboo, and there risk a solicitation to Poulaho, the king, to equip our boat, and grant us a supply of water and provisions, so as to enable us to reach the East Indies. The quantity of provisions I found in the boat was a hundred and fifty pounds of bread, sixteen pieces of pork, each piece weighing two pounds, six quarts of rum, six bottles of wine, with twenty-eight gallons of water, and four empty barrecoes.

We got to Tofoa when it was dark, but found the shore so steep and rocky that we could not land. We were obliged, therefore, to remain all night in the boat, keeping it on the lee-side of the island with two oars. Next day (Wednesday, April 29) we found a cove, where we landed. I observed the latitude of this cove to be 19 degrees 41 minutes south. This is the north-west part of Tofoa, the north-westernmost of the Friendly

Islands. As I was resolved to spare the small stock of provisions we had in the boat, we endeavoured to procure something towards our support on the island itself. For two days we ranged through the island in parties, seeking for water, and anything in the shape of provisions, subsisting, meanwhile, on morsels of what we had brought with us. The island at first seemed uninhabited, but on Friday, May 1, one of our exploring parties met with two men, a woman, and a child: the men came with them to the cove, and brought two cocoa-nut shells of water. I endeavoured to make friends of these people, and sent them away for bread-fruit, plantains, and water. Soon after, other natives came to us; and by noon there were thirty about us, from whom we obtained a small supply. I was much puzzled in what manner to account to the natives for the loss of my ship: I knew they had too much sense to be amused with a story that the ship was to join me, when she was not in sight from the hills. I was at first doubtful whether I should tell the real fact, or say that the ship had overset and sunk, and that we only were saved: the latter appeared to be the most proper and advantageous for us, and I accordingly instructed my people, that we might all agree in one story. As I expected, inquiries were made about the ship, and they seemed readily satisfied with our account; but there did not appear the least symptom of joy or sorrow in their faces, although I fancied I discovered some marks of surprise. Some of the natives were coming and going the whole afternoon.

Towards evening, I had the satisfaction to find our stock of provisions somewhat increased; but the natives did not appear to have much to spare. What they brought was in such small quantities, that I had no reason to hope we should be able to procure from them sufficient to stock us for our voyage. At night, I served a quarter of a bread-fruit and a cocoa-nut to each person for supper; and a good fire being made, all but the watch went to sleep.

Saturday, 2d.—As there was no certainty of our being supplied with water by the natives, I sent a party among the gullies in the mountains, with empty shells, to see what could be found. In their absence the natives came about us, as I expected, and in greater numbers; two canoes also came in from round the north side of the island. In one of them was an elderly chief, called Macca-ackavow. Soon after, some of our foraging party returned, and with them came a good-looking chief, called Egijee-fow, or Eefow.

Their affability was of short duration, for the natives began to increase in number, and I observed some symptoms of a design against us. Soon after, they attempted to haul the boat on shore, on which I brandished my cutlass in a threatening manner, and spoke to Eefow to desire them to desist; which they did, and everything became quiet again. My people, who

had been in the mountains, now returned with about three gallons of water. I kept buying up the little bread-fruit that was brought to us, and likewise some spears to arm my men with, having only four cutlasses, two of which were in the boat. As we had no means of improving our situation, I told our people I would wait till sunset, by which time, perhaps, something might happen in our favour; for if we attempted to go at present, we must fight our way through, which we could do more advantageously at night; and that, in the meantime, we would endeavour to get off to the boat what we had bought. The beach was lined with the natives, and we heard nothing but the knocking of stones together, which they had in each hand. I knew very well this was the sign of an attack. At noon I served a cocoanut and a bread-fruit to each person for dinner, and gave some to the chiefs, with whom I continued to appear intimate and friendly. They frequently importuned me to sit down, but I as constantly refused; for it occurred both to Nelson and myself that they intended to seize hold of me, if I gave them such an opportunity. Keeping, therefore, constantly on our guard, we were suffered to eat our uncomfortable meal in some quietness.

After dinner, we began, by little and little, to get our things into the boat, which was a troublesome business, on account of the surf. I carefully watched the motions of the natives, who continued to increase in number; and found that, instead of their intention being to leave us, fires were made, and places fixed on for their stay during the night. Consultations were also held among them, and everything assured me we should be attacked. I sent orders to the master that, when he saw us coming down, he should keep the boat close to the shore, that we might the more readily embark.

The sun was near setting when I gave the word, on which every person who was on shore with me boldly took up his proportion of things and carried them to the boat. The chiefs asked me if I would not stay with them all night. I said "No, I never sleep out of my boat; but in the morning we will again trade with you, and I shall remain till the weather is moderate, that we may go, as we have agreed, to see Poulaho, at Tongataboo." Macca-ackavow then got up and said, "You will not sleep on shore, then, Mattie?" (which directly signifies, we will kill you); and he left me. The onset was now preparing: every one, as I have described before, kept knocking stones together; and Eefow quitted me. All but two or three things were in the boat, when we walked down the beach, every one in a silent kind of horror. We all got into the boat except one man, who, while I was getting on board, quitted it, and ran up the beach to cast the sternfast off, notwithstanding the master and others called to him to return, while they were hauling me out of the water.

I was no sooner in the boat than the attack began by about two hundred men; the unfortunate poor man who had run up

the beach was knocked down, and the stones flew like a shower of shot. Many Indians got hold of the stern rope, and were near hauling the boat on shore; which they would certainly have effected, if I had not had a knife in my pocket, with which I cut the rope. We then hauled off to the grapnel, every one being more or less hurt. At this time I saw five of the natives about the poor man they had killed, and two of them were beating him about the head with stones in their hands.

We had no time to reflect, for, to my surprise, they filled their canoes with stones, and twelve men came off after us to renew the attack; which they did so effectually, as nearly to disable us all. We were obliged to sustain the attack without being able to return it, except with such stones as lodged in the boat. I adopted the expedient of throwing overboard some clothes, which, as I expected, they stopped to pick up; and as it was by this time almost dark, they gave over the attack, and returned towards the shore, leaving us to reflect on our unhappy situation.

The poor man killed by the natives was John Norton: this was his second voyage with me as a quarter-master, and his worthy character made me lament his loss very much. He has left an aged parent, I am told, whom he supported.

We set our sails, and steered along shore by the west side of the island of Tofoa, the wind blowing fresh from the eastward. My mind was employed in considering what was best to be done, when I was solicited by all hands to take them towards home; and when I told them that no hopes of relief for us remained, except what might be found at New Holland, till I came to Timor, a distance of full twelve hundred leagues, where there was a Dutch settlement, but in what part of the island I knew not, they all agreed to live on one ounce of bread and a quarter of a pint of water per day. Therefore, after examining our stock of provisions, and recommending to them, in the most solemn manner, not to depart from their promise, we bore away across a sea where the navigation is but little known, in a small boat, twenty-three feet long from stem to stern, deep laden with eighteen men. I was happy, however, to see that every one seemed better satisfied with our situation than myself.

Our stock of provisions consisted of about one hundred and fifty pounds of bread, twenty-eight gallons of water, twenty pounds of pork, three bottles of wine, and five quarts of rum. The difference between this and the quantity we had on leaving the ship was principally owing to our loss in the bustle and confusion of the attack. A few cocoa-nuts were in the boat, and some bread-fruit, but the latter was trampled to pieces.

Sunday, 3d.—At daybreak the gale increased; the sun rose very fiery and red—a sure indication of a severe gale of wind. At eight it blew a violent storm, and the sea ran very high, so that between the seas the sail was becalmed, and when on the

top of the sea, it was too much to have set; but we could not venture to take in the sail, for we were in very imminent danger and distress, the sea curling over the stern of the boat, which obliged us to bale with all our might. A situation more distressing has perhaps seldom been experienced.

Our bread was in bags, and in danger of being spoiled by the wet: to be starved to death was inevitable, if this could not be prevented. I therefore began to examine what clothes there were in the boat, and what other things could be spared; and having determined that only two suits should be kept for each person, the rest was thrown overboard, with some rope and spare sails, which lightened the boat considerably, and we had more room to bale the water out. Fortunately the carpenter had a good chest in the boat, in which we secured the bread the first favourable moment. His tool-chest also was cleared, and the tools stowed in the bottom of the boat, so that this became a second convenience.

I served a teaspoonful of rum to each person (for we were very wet and cold), with a quarter of a bread-fruit, which was scarce eatable, for dinner. Our engagement was now strictly to be carried into execution, and I was fully determined to make our provisions last eight weeks, let the daily proportion be ever so small.

Monday, 4th.—At daylight our limbs were so benumbed, that we could scarcely find the use of them. At this time I served a teaspoonful of rum to each person, from which we all found great benefit. Just before noon, we discovered a small flat island, of a moderate height, bearing west-south-west four or five leagues. I observed our latitude to be 18 degrees 58 minutes south; our longitude was, by account, 3 degrees 4 minutes west from the island of Tofoa, having made a north 72 degrees west course, distance ninety-five miles, since yesterday noon. I divided five small cocoa-nuts for our dinner, and every one was satisfied. During the rest of that day we discovered ten or twelve other islands, none of which we approached. At night I served a few broken pieces of bread-fruit for supper, and performed prayers.

Tuesday, 5th.—The night having been fair, we awoke after a tolerable rest, and contentedly breakfasted on a few pieces of yams that were found in the boat. After breakfast we examined our bread, a great deal of which was damaged and rotten; this, nevertheless, we were glad to keep for use. We passed two islands in the course of the day. For dinner I served some of the damaged bread, and a quarter of a pint of water.

Wednesday, 6th.—We still kept our course in the direction of the north of New Holland, passing numerous islands of various sizes, at none of which I ventured to land. Our allowance for the day was a quarter of a pint of cocoa-nut milk, and the meat, which did not exceed two ounces to each person. It was received

very contentedly, but we suffered great drought. To our great joy we hooked a fish, but we were miserably disappointed by its being lost in trying to get it into the boat.

As our lodgings were very miserable, and confined for want of room, I endeavoured to remedy the latter defect by putting ourselves at watch and watch; so that one-half always sat up while the other lay down on the boat's bottom, or upon a chest, with nothing to cover us but the heavens. Our limbs were dreadfully cramped, for we could not stretch them out; and the nights were so cold, and we so constantly wet, that, after a few hours' sleep, we could scarcely move.

Thursday, 7th.—Being very wet and cold, I served a spoonful of rum and a morsel of bread for breakfast. We still kept sailing among islands, from one of which two large canoes put out in chase of us; but we left them behind. Whether these canoes had any hostile intention against us must remain a doubt: perhaps we might have benefited by an intercourse with them; but, in our defenceless situation, to have made the experiment would have been risking too much.

I imagine these to be the islands called Feejee, as their extent, direction, and distance from the Friendly Islands answers to the description given of them by those islanders. Heavy rain came on at four o'clock, when every person did their utmost to catch some water, and we increased our stock to thirty-four gallons, besides quenching our thirst for the first time since we had been at sea; but an attendant consequence made us pass the night very miserably, for, being extremely wet, and having no dry things to shift or cover us, we experienced cold shiverings scarcely to be conceived. Most fortunately for us, the forenoon, Friday 8th, turned out fair, and we stripped and dried our clothes. The allowance I issued to-day was an ounce and a half of pork, a teaspoonful of rum, half a pint of cocoa-nut milk, and an ounce of bread. The rum, though so small in quantity, was of the greatest service. A fishing-line was generally towing from the stern of the boat, but though we saw great numbers of fish, we could never catch one.

In the afternoon we cleaned out the boat, and it employed us till sunset to get everything dry and in order. Hitherto I had issued the allowance by guess, but I now made a pair of scales with two cocoa-nut shells, and having accidentally some pistol-balls in the boat, twenty-five of which weighed one pound, or sixteen ounces, I adopted one\* as the proportion of weight that each person should receive of bread at the times I served it. I also amused all hands with describing the situation of New Guinea and New Holland, and gave them every information in my power, that, in case any accident happened to me, those who survived might have some idea of what they were about, and be

\* It weighed 272 grains.



able to find their way to Timor, which at present they knew nothing of more than the name, and some not even that. At night I served a quarter of a pint of water and half an ounce of bread for supper.

Saturday, 9th.—About nine in the evening the clouds began to gather, and we had a prodigious fall of rain, with severe thunder and lightning. By midnight we caught about twenty gallons of water. Being miserably wet and cold, I served to the people a teaspoonful of rum each, to enable them to bear with their distressed situation. The weather continued extremely bad, and the wind increased; we spent a very miserable night, without sleep, except such as could be got in the midst of rain. The day brought no relief but its light. The sea broke over us so much, that two men were constantly baling; and we had no choice how to steer, being obliged to keep before the waves, for fear of the boat filling.

The allowance now regularly served to each person was 1-25th of a pound of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water, at eight in the morning, at noon, and at sunset. To-day I gave about half an ounce of pork for dinner, which, though any moderate person would have considered only as a mouthful, was divided into three or four.

All Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the wet weather continued, with heavy seas and squalls. As there was no prospect of getting our clothes dried, my plan was to make every one strip, and wring them through the salt water, by which means they received a warmth that, while wet with rain, they could not have. We were constantly shipping seas and baling, and were very wet and cold during the night. The sight of the islands which we were always passing served only to increase the misery of our situation. We were very little better than starving, with plenty in view; yet to attempt procuring any relief was attended with so much danger, that prolonging of life, even in the midst of misery, was thought preferable, while there remained hopes of being able to surmount our hardships. For my own part, I consider the general run of cloudy and wet weather to be a blessing of Providence. Hot weather would have caused us to have died with thirst, and probably being so constantly covered with rain or sea protected us from that dreadful calamity.

Saturday, 16th.—The sun breaking out through the clouds gave us hopes of drying our wet clothes; but the sunshine was of short duration. We had strong breezes at south-east by south, and dark gloomy weather, with storms of thunder, lightning, and rain. The night was truly horrible, and not a star to be seen, so that our steerage was uncertain.

Sunday, 17th.—At dawn of day I found every person complaining, and some of them solicited extra allowance, which I positively refused. Our situation was miserable; always wet,

and suffering extreme cold during the night, without the least shelter from the weather. Being constantly obliged to bale, to keep the boat from filling, was perhaps not to be reckoned an evil, as it gave us exercise.

The little rum we had was of great service. When our nights were particularly distressing, I generally served a teaspoonful or two to each person; and it was always joyful tidings when they heard of my intentions.

The night was dark and dismal, the sea constantly breaking over us, and nothing but the wind and waves to direct our steering. It was my intention, if possible, to make to New Holland, to the southward of Endeavour Straits, being sensible that it was necessary to preserve such a situation as would make a southerly wind a fair one; that we might range along the reefs till an opening should be found into smooth water, and we the sooner be able to pick up some refreshments.

Monday and Tuesday were terrible days, heavy rain with lightning. We were always baling. On Wednesday the 20th, at dawn of day, some of my people seemed half dead. Our appearance was horrible, and I could look no way but I caught the eye of some one in distress. Extreme hunger was now too evident; but no one suffered from thirst, nor had we much inclination to drink—that desire, perhaps, being satisfied through the skin. The little sleep we got was in the midst of water, and we constantly awoke with severe cramps and pains in our bones.

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, we were in the same distressed condition, and I began to fear that such another night or two would put an end to us. On Saturday, however, the wind moderated in the evening, and the weather looked much better, which rejoiced all hands, so that they ate their scanty allowance with more satisfaction than for some time past. The night also was fair; but being always wet with the sea, we suffered much from the cold.

Sunday, 24th.—A fine morning, I had the pleasure to see produce some cheerful countenances; and the first time, for fifteen days past, we experienced comfort from the warmth of the sun. We stripped, and hung our clothes up to dry, which were by this time become so threadbare, that they would not keep out either wet or cold.

This afternoon we had many birds about us which are never seen far from land, such as boobies and noddies. As the sea began to run fair, and we shipped but little water, I took the opportunity to examine into the state of our bread, and found that, according to the present mode of issuing, there was a sufficient quantity remaining for twenty-nine days' allowance, by which time I hoped we should be able to reach Timor; but as this was very uncertain, and it was possible that, after all, we might be obliged to go to Java, I determined to proportion the allowance so as to make our stock hold out six weeks. I was

apprehensive that this would be ill received, and that it would require my utmost resolution to enforce it; for small as the quantity was which I intended to take away for our future good, yet it might appear to my people like robbing them of life; and some, who were less patient than their companions, I expected would very ill brook it. However, on my representing the necessity of guarding against delays that might be occasioned in our voyage by contrary winds or other causes, and promising to enlarge upon the allowance as we got on, they cheerfully agreed to my proposal. It was accordingly settled that every person should receive 1-25th of a pound of bread for breakfast, and the same quantity for dinner; so that, by omitting the proportion for supper, we had forty-three days' allowance.

Monday, 25th.—At noon some noddies came so near to us, that one of them was caught by hand. This bird was about the size of a small pigeon. I divided it, with its entrails, into eighteen portions, and by a well-known method at sea, of "Who shall have this?"\* it was distributed, with the allowance of bread and water for dinner, and ate up, bones and all, with salt water for sauce. I observed the latitude 13 degrees 32 minutes south; longitude made 35 degrees 19 minutes west; course north 89 degrees west, distance one hundred and eight miles.

In the evening, several boobies flying very near to us, we had the good fortune to catch one of them. This bird is as large as a duck. I directed the bird to be killed for supper, and the blood to be given to three of the people who were most distressed for want of food. The body, with the entrails, beak, and feet, I divided into eighteen shares, and, with an allowance of bread, which I made a merit of granting, we made a good supper, compared with our usual fare.

Sailing on, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, I at length became satisfied that we were approaching New Holland. This was actually the case; and after passing the reefs which bound that part of the coast, we found ourselves in smooth water. Two islands lay about four miles to the west by north, and appeared eligible for a resting-place, if for nothing more; but on our approach to the nearest island, it proved to be only a heap of stones, and its size too inconsiderable to shelter the boat. We therefore proceeded to the next, which was close to it, and towards the main. We landed to examine if there were any signs of the natives being near us: we saw some old fireplaces, but nothing to make me apprehend that this would be an unsafe situation for the night. Every one was anxious to find something to eat, and it was soon discovered that there were oysters on these rocks,

\* One person turns his back on the object that is to be divided; another then points separately to the portions, at each of them asking aloud, "Who shall have this?" to which the first answers by naming somebody. This impartial method of division gives every man an equal chance of the best share.

for the tide was out; but it was nearly dark, and only a few could be gathered. I determined, therefore, to wait till the morning, when I should know better how to proceed.

Friday, 29th.—As there were no appearances to make me imagine that any of the natives were near us, I sent out parties in search of supplies, while others of the people were putting the boat in order. The parties returned, highly rejoiced at having found plenty of oysters and fresh water. I had also made a fire by the help of a small magnifying glass; and, what was still more fortunate, we found among the few things which had been thrown into the boat, and saved, a piece of brimstone and a tinder-box, so that I secured fire for the future.

One of the people had been so provident as to bring away with him from the ship a copper pot: by being in possession of this article, we were enabled to make a proper use of the supply we now obtained; for, with a mixture of bread, and a little pork, we made a stew that might have been relished by people of far more delicate appetites, and of which each person received a full pint. The general complaints of disease among us were a dizziness in the head, great weakness of the joints, and violent tenesmus.

The oysters which we found grew so fast to the rocks, that it was with difficulty they could be broken off, and at length we discovered it to be the most expeditious way to open them where they were fixed. They were of a good size, and well tasted. To add to this happy circumstance, in the hollow of the land there grew some wire-grass, which indicated a moist situation. On forcing a stick about three feet long into the ground, we found water, and with little trouble dug a well, which produced as much as our necessities required.

As the day was the anniversary of the restoration of King Charles II., I named the island Restoration Island. Our short stay there, with the supplies which it afforded us, made a visible alteration for the better in our appearance. Next day, Saturday the 30th, at four o'clock, we were preparing to embark, when about twenty of the natives appeared, running and hallooing to us, on the opposite shore. They were each armed with a spear or lance, and a short weapon which they carried in their left hand. They made signs for us to come to them, but I thought it prudent to make the best of our way. They were naked, and apparently black, and their hair or wool bushy and short.

Sunday, 31st.—Many small islands were in sight to the north-east. We landed at one of a good height, bearing north one-half west. The shore was rocky, but the water was smooth, and we landed without difficulty. I sent two parties out, one to the northward, and the other to the southward, to seek for supplies, and others I ordered to stay by the boat. On this occasion fatigue and weakness so far got the better of their sense of duty,

that some of the people expressed their discontent at having worked harder than their companions, and declared that they would rather be without their dinner than go in search of it. One person, in particular, went so far as to tell me, with a mutinous look, that he was as good a man as myself. It was not possible for me to judge where this might have an end, if not stopped in time; therefore, to prevent such disputes in future, I determined either to preserve my command, or die in the attempt; and seizing a cutlass, I ordered him to take hold of another and defend himself, on which he called out that I was going to kill him, and immediately made concessions. I did not allow this to interfere further with the harmony of the boat's crew, and everything soon became quiet. We here procured some oysters and clams, also some dog-fish caught in the holes of the rocks, and a supply of water.

Leaving this island, which I named Sunday Island, we continued our course towards Endeavour Straits. During our voyage Nelson became very ill, but gradually recovered. Next day we landed at another island, to see what we could get. There were proofs that the island was occasionally visited by natives from New Holland. Encamping on the shore, I sent out one party to watch for turtle, and another to try to catch birds. About midnight the bird party returned, with only twelve noddies, birds which I have already described to be about the size of pigeons; but if it had not been for the folly and obstinacy of one of the party, who separated from the other two, and disturbed the birds, they might have caught a great number. I was so much provoked at my plans being thus defeated, that I gave this offender a good beating. This man afterwards confessed that, wandering away from his companions, he had eaten nine birds raw. Our turtling party had no success.

Tuesday and Wednesday we still kept our course north-west, touching at an island or two for oysters and clams. We had now been six days on the coast of New Holland, and but for the refreshment which our visits to its shores afforded us, it is all but certain that we must have perished. Now, however, it became clear that we were leaving it behind, and were commencing our adventurous voyage through the open sea to Timor.

On Wednesday, June 3d, at eight o'clock in the evening, we once more launched into the open ocean. Miserable as our situation was in every respect, I was secretly surprised to see that it did not appear to affect any one so strongly as myself. I encouraged every one with hopes that eight or ten days would bring us to a land of safety; and after praying to God for a continuance of his most gracious protection, I served an allowance of water for supper, and directed our course to the west-south-west, to counteract the southerly winds in case they should blow strong. For six days our voyage continued; a dreary repetition of those sufferings which we had experienced before

reaching New Holland. In the course of the night we were constantly wet with the sea, and exposed to cold and shiverings; and in the day-time we had no addition to our scanty allowance, save a booby and a small dolphin that we caught, the former on Friday the 5th, and the latter on Monday the 8th. Many of us were ill, and the men complained heavily. On Wednesday the 10th, after a very comfortless night, there was a visible alteration for the worse in many of the people, which gave me great apprehensions. An extreme weakness, swelled legs, hollow and ghastly countenances, a more than common inclination to sleep, with an apparent debility of understanding, seemed to me the melancholy presages of an approaching dissolution.

Thursday, 11th.—Every one received the customary allowance of bread and water, and an extra allowance of water was given to those who were most in need. At noon I observed in latitude 9 degrees 41 minutes south; course south 77 degrees west, distance 109 miles; longitude made 13 degrees 49 minutes west. I had little doubt of having now passed the meridian of the eastern part of Timor, which is laid down in 128 degrees east. This diffused universal joy and satisfaction.

Friday, 12th.—At three in the morning, with an excess of joy, we discovered Timor bearing from west-south-west to west-north-west, and I hauled on a wind to the north-north-east till daylight, when the land bore from south-west by south to north-east by north; our distance from the shore two leagues. It is not possible for me to describe the pleasure which the blessing of the sight of this land diffused among us. It appeared scarcely credible to ourselves that, in an open boat, and so poorly provided, we should have been able to reach the coast of Timor in forty-one days after leaving Tofoa, having in that time run, by our log, a distance of 3618 miles, and that, notwithstanding our extreme distress, no one should have perished in the voyage.

I have already mentioned that I knew not where the Dutch settlement was situated, but I had a faint idea that it was at the south-west part of the island. I therefore, after daylight, bore away along shore to the south-south-west, which I was the more readily induced to do, as the wind would not suffer us to go towards the north-east without great loss of time.

We coasted along the island in the direction in which I conceived the Dutch settlement to lie, and next day, about two o'clock, I came to a grapnel in a small sandy bay, where we saw a hut, a dog, and some cattle. Here I learned that the Dutch governor resided at a place called Coupang, which was some distance to the north-east. I made signs for one of the Indians who came to the beach to go in the boat and show us the way to Coupang, intimating that I would pay him for his trouble; the man readily complied, and came into the boat. The Indians, who were of a dark tawny colour, brought us a few pieces of dried turtle and some ears of Indian corn. This last was the

most welcome, for the turtle was so hard, that it could not be eaten without being first soaked in hot water. They offered to bring us some other refreshments, if I would wait; but, as the pilot was willing, I determined to push on. It was about half-past four when we sailed.

Sunday, 14th.—At one o'clock in the morning, after the most happy and sweet sleep that ever men enjoyed, we weighed, and continued to keep the east shore on board, in very smooth water. The report of two cannon that were fired gave new life to every one; and soon after, we discovered two square-rigged vessels and a cutter at anchor to the eastward. After hard rowing, we came to a grapnel near daylight, off a small fort and town, which the pilot told me was Coupang.

On landing, I was surrounded by many people, Indians and Dutch, with an English sailor among them. A Dutch captain, named Spikerman, showed me great kindness, and waited on the governor, who was ill, to know at what time I could see him. Eleven o'clock having been appointed for the interview, I desired my people to come on shore, which was as much as some of them could do, being scarce able to walk; they, however, were helped to Captain Spikerman's house, and found tea, with bread and butter, provided for their breakfast.

The abilities of a painter, perhaps, could seldom have been displayed to more advantage than in the delineation of the two groups of figures which at this time presented themselves to each other. An indifferent spectator would have been at a loss which most to admire—the eyes of famine sparkling at immediate relief, or the horror of their preservers at the sight of so many spectres, whose ghastly countenances, if the cause had been unknown, would rather have excited terror than pity. Our bodies were nothing but skin and bone, our limbs were full of sores, and we were clothed in rags: in this condition, with tears of joy and gratitude flowing down our cheeks, the people of Timor beheld us with a mixture of horror, surprise, and pity.

The governor, Mr William Adrian Van Este, notwithstanding extreme ill health, became so anxious about us, that I saw him before the appointed time. He received me with great affection, and gave me the fullest proofs that he was possessed of every feeling of a humane and good man. Though his infirmity was so great that he could not do the office of a friend himself, he said he would give such orders as I might be certain would procure us every supply we wanted. A house should be immediately prepared for me, and with respect to my people, he said that I might have room for them either at the hospital or on board of Captain Spikerman's ship, which lay in the road.

On returning to Captain Spikerman's house, I found that every kind relief had been given to my people. The surgeon had dressed their sores, and the cleaning of their persons had not

been less attended to, several friendly gifts of apparel having been presented to them.

I desired to be shown to the house that was intended for me, which I found ready, with servants to attend. It consisted of a hall, with a room at each end, and a loft overhead, and was surrounded by a piazza, with an outer apartment in one corner, and a communication from the back part of the house to the street. I therefore determined, instead of separating from my people, to lodge them all with me; and I divided the house as follows:—One room I took to myself; the other I allotted to the master, surgeon, Mr Nelson, and the gunner; the loft to the other officers; and the outer apartment to the men. The hall was common to the officers, and the men had the back piazza. Of this disposition I informed the governor, and he sent down chairs, tables, and benches, with bedding and other necessities for the use of every one. At noon a dinner was brought to the house, sufficiently good to make persons more accustomed to plenty eat too much. Yet I believe few in such a situation would have observed more moderation than my people did. Having seen every one enjoy this meal of plenty, I dined myself with Mr Wanjon, the governor's son-in-law; but I felt no extraordinary inclination to eat or drink. Rest and quiet I considered as more necessary to the re-establishment of my health, and therefore retired soon to my room, which I found furnished with every convenience. But instead of rest, my mind was disposed to reflect on our late sufferings, and on the failure of the expedition; but, above all, on the thanks due to Almighty God, who had given us power to support and bear such heavy calamities, and had enabled me at last to be the means of saving eighteen lives.

In our late situation, it was not the least of my distresses to be constantly assailed with the melancholy demands of my people for an increase of allowance, which it grieved me to refuse. The necessity of observing the most rigid economy in the distribution of our provisions was so evident, that I resisted their solicitations, and never deviated from the agreement we made at setting out. The consequence of this care was, that at our arrival we had still remaining sufficient for eleven days, at our scanty allowance: and if we had been so unfortunate as to have missed the Dutch settlement at Timor, we could have proceeded to Java, where I was certain that every supply we wanted could be procured.

We remained at Coupang about two months, during which time we experienced every possible kindness. On the 20th of July, David Nelson, who had been ill during our voyage, died of an inflammatory fever, and was buried in the European cemetery of the place. Having purchased a small schooner, and fitted her out under the name of his majesty's schooner *Resource*, I and my crew set out for Batavia on the 20th of August. We reached



that settlement on the 1st of October, where I sold the schooner, and endeavoured to procure our passage to England. We were obliged, however, to separate, and go home in different ships. On Friday the 16th October, before sunrise, I embarked on board the *Vlydte* packet, commanded by Captain Peter Couvret, bound for Middleburgh. With me likewise embarked Mr John Samuel, clerk, and John Smith, seaman. Those of our company who stayed behind, the governor promised me should follow in the first ships, and be as little divided as possible. On the 13th of March 1790 we saw the Bill of Portland, and on the evening of the next day, Sunday, March 14th, I left the packet, and was landed at Portsmouth by an Isle of Wight boat.

Those of my officers and people whom I left at Batavia were provided with passages in the earliest ships, and, at the time we parted, were apparently in good health. Nevertheless, they did not all live to quit Batavia. Thomas Hall, a seaman, had died while I was there. Mr Elphinstone, master's mate, and Peter Linkletter, seaman, died within a fortnight after my departure; the hardships they had experienced having rendered them unequal to cope with so unhealthy a climate as that of Batavia. The remainder embarked on board the Dutch fleet for Europe, and arrived safe in this country, except Robert Lamb, who died on the passage, and Mr Ledward, the surgeon, who has not yet been heard of. Thus, of nineteen who were forced by the mutineers into the launch, it has pleased God that twelve should surmount the difficulties and dangers of the voyage, and live to revisit their native country.

#### FATE OF THE MUTINEERS—COLONY OF PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

The intelligence of the mutiny, and the sufferings of Bligh and his companions, naturally excited a great sensation in England. Bligh was immediately promoted to the rank of commander, and Captain Edwards was despatched to Otaheite, in the *Pandora* frigate, with instructions to search for the *Bounty* and her mutinous crew, and bring them to England. The *Pandora* reached Matavai Bay on the 23d of March 1791; and even before she had come to anchor, Joseph Coleman, formerly armourer of the *Bounty*, pushed off from shore in a canoe, and came on board. In the course of two days afterwards, the whole of the remainder of the *Bounty's* crew (in number sixteen) then on the island surrendered themselves, with the exception of two, who fled to the mountains, where, as it afterwards appeared, they were murdered by the natives.

From his prisoners, and the journals kept by one or two of them, Captain Edwards learnt the proceedings of Christian and his associates after turning Bligh and his companions adrift in the boat. It appears that they steered in the first instance to the island of Toobouai, where they intended to form a settlement; but the opposition of the natives, and the want of many necessary

materials, determined them to return in the meantime to Otaheite, where they arrived on the 25th of May 1789. In answer to the inquiries of Tinah, the king, about Bligh and the rest of the crew, the mutineers stated that they had fallen in with Captain Cook, who was forming a settlement in a neighbouring island, and had retained Bligh and the others to assist him, while they themselves had been despatched to Otaheite for an additional supply of hogs, goats, fowls, bread-fruit, and various other articles. Overjoyed at hearing their old friend Cook was alive, and about to settle so near them, the humane and unsuspecting islanders set about so actively to procure the supplies wanted, that in a few days the *Bounty* received on board three hundred and twelve hogs, thirty-eight goats, eight dozen of fowls, a bull and a cow, and a large quantity of bread-fruit, plantains, bananas, and other fruits. The mutineers also took with them eight men, nine women, and seven boys, with all of whom they arrived a second time at Toobouai, on the 26th of June, where they warped the ship up the harbour, landed the live stock, and set about building a fort of fifty yards square. Quarrels and disagreements, however, soon broke out amongst them. The poor natives were treated like slaves, and upon attempting to retaliate, were mercilessly put to death. Christian, finding his authority almost entirely disregarded, called a consultation as to what steps were next to be taken, when it was agreed that Toobouai should be abandoned; that the ship should once more be taken to Otaheite, where those who might choose it would be put ashore, while the rest, who preferred remaining in the vessel, might proceed wherever they had a mind. This was accordingly done. Sixteen of the crew went ashore at Matavai (fourteen of whom, as already stated, were received on board the *Pandora*, and two were murdered), while Christian with his eight comrades, and taking with them seven Otaheitan men and twelve women, finally sailed from Matavai on the 21st of September 1789, from which time they had never been more heard of.

Captain Edwards instituted a strict search after the fugitives amongst the various groups of islands in the Pacific, but finding no trace of them, he set sail, after three months' investigation, for the east coast of New Holland. Here, by some mismanagement, the *Pandora* struck upon the singular coral reef that runs along that coast called the "Barrier Reef," and filled so fast, that scarcely were the boats got out when she foundered and went down, thirty-four of the crew and four of the prisoners perishing in her. The concurring testimony of the unfortunate prisoners exhibits the conduct of Captain Edwards towards them, both before and after the wreck, as having been cruel in the extreme. After reaching a low, sandy, desert island, or rather *key*, as such are nautically termed, Captain Edwards caused his men to form tents out of the sails they had saved, under which he and his men reposed in comparative comfort; but he refused the same

indulgence to his miserable captives, whose only refuge, therefore, from the scorching rays of the sun was by burying themselves up to the neck amongst the burning sand, so that their bodies were blistered as if they had been scalded with boiling water. The Pandora's survivors reached Batavia in their boats, whence they obtained passages to England in Dutch vessels. A court-martial was soon afterwards held (September 1792), when six of the ten mutineers were found guilty, and condemned to death—the other four were acquitted. Only three of the six, however, were executed.

Nearly twenty years elapsed after the period of the above occurrences, and all recollection of the Bounty and her wretched crew had passed away, when an accidental discovery, as interesting as unexpected, once more recalled public attention to that event. The captain of an American schooner having, in 1808, accidentally touched at an island up to that time supposed to be uninhabited, called Pitcairn's Island, found a community speaking English, who represented themselves as the descendants of the mutineers of the Bounty, of whom there was still one man, of the name of Alexander Smith, alive amongst them. Intelligence of this singular circumstance was sent by the American captain (Folger) to Sir Sydney Smith at Valparaiso, and by him transmitted to the Lords of the Admiralty. But the government was at that time perhaps too much engaged in the events of the continental war to attend to the information, nor was anything further heard of this interesting little society until 1814. In that year two British men-of-war, cruising in the Pacific, made Pitcairn's Island, and on nearing the shore, saw plantations regularly and orderly laid out. Soon afterwards they observed a few natives coming down a steep descent, with their canoes on their shoulders, and in a few minutes perceived one of these little vessels darting through a heavy surf, and paddling off towards the ships. But their astonishment may be imagined when, on coming alongside, they were hailed in good English with, "Wont you heave us a rope now?" This being done, a young man sprang up the side with extraordinary activity, and stood on the deck before them. In answer to the question "Who are you?" he replied that his name was Thursday October Christian, son of the late Fletcher Christian, by an Otaheitan mother; that he was the first born on the island, and was so named because he was born on a Thursday in October. All this sounded singular and incredible in the ears of the British captains, Sir Thomas Staines and Mr Pipon; but they were soon satisfied of its truth. Young Christian was at this time about twenty-four years old, a tall handsome youth, fully six feet high, with black hair, and an open interesting English countenance. As he wore no clothes, except a piece of cloth round his loins, and a straw-hat ornamented with black cock's feathers, his fine figure and well-shaped muscular limbs were displayed to great advantage, and attracted

general admiration. His body was much tanned by exposure to the weather; but although his complexion was somewhat brown, it wanted that tinge of red peculiar to the natives of the Pacific. He spoke English correctly both in grammar and pronunciation; and his frank and ingenuous deportment excited in every one the liveliest feelings of compassion and interest. His companion was a fine handsome youth, of seventeen or eighteen years of age, named George Young, son of one of the Bounty's midshipmen.

The youths expressed great surprise at everything they saw, especially a cow, which they supposed to be either a huge goat or a horned sow, having never seen any other quadrupeds. When questioned concerning the Bounty, they referred the captains to an old man on shore, the only surviving Englishman, whose name, they said, was John Adams, but who proved to be the identical Alexander Smith before-mentioned, having changed his name from some caprice or other. The officers went ashore with the youths, and were received by old Adams (as we shall now call him), who conducted them to his house, and treated them to an elegant repast of eggs, fowl, yams, plantains, bread-fruit, &c. They now learned from him an account of the fate of his companions, who, with himself, preferred accompanying Christian in the Bounty to remaining at Otaheite—which account agreed with that he afterwards gave at greater length to Captain Beechey in 1828. Our limits will not permit us to detail all the interesting particulars at length, as we could have wished, but they are in substance as follows:—

It was Christian's object, in order to avoid the vengeance of the British law, to proceed to some unknown and uninhabited island, and the Marquesas islands were first fixed upon. But Christian, on reading Captain Cartaret's account of Pitcairn's Island, thought it better adapted for the purpose, and shaped his course thither. Having landed and traversed it, they found it everyway suitable to their wishes, possessing water, wood, a good soil, and some fruits. Having ascertained all this, they returned on board, and having landed their hogs, goats, and poultry, and gutted the ship of everything that could be useful to them, they set fire to her, and destroyed every vestige that might lead to the discovery of their retreat. This was on the 23d of January 1790. The island was then divided into nine equal portions amongst them, a suitable spot of neutral ground being reserved for a village. The poor Otaheitans now found themselves reduced to the condition of mere slaves; but they patiently submitted, and everything went on peaceably for two years. About that time Williams, one of the seamen, having the misfortune to lose his wife, forcibly took the wife of one of the Otaheitans, which, together with their continued ill-usage, so exasperated the latter, that they formed a plan for murdering the whole of their oppressors. The plot, however, was discovered,

and revealed by the Englishmen's wives, and two of the Otaheitan were put to death. But the surviving natives soon afterwards matured a more successful conspiracy, and in one day murdered five of the Englishmen, including Christian. Adams and Young were spared at the intercession of their wives, and the remaining two, M'Koy and Quintal (two desperate ruffians), escaped to the mountains, whence, however, they soon rejoined their companions. But the farther career of these two villains was short. M'Koy, having been bred up in a Scottish distillery, succeeded in extracting a bottle of ardent spirits from the *tee root*; from which time he and Quintal were never sober, until the former became delirious, and committed suicide by jumping over a cliff. Quintal being likewise almost insane with drinking, made repeated attempts to murder Adams and Young, until they were absolutely compelled, for their own safety, to put him to death, which they did by felling him with a hatchet.

Adams and Young were at length the only surviving males who had landed on the island, and being both of a serious turn of mind, and having time for reflection and repentance, they became extremely devout. Having saved a Bible and prayer-book from the *Bounty*, they now performed family worship morning and evening, and addressed themselves to training up their own children and those of their unfortunate companions in piety and virtue. Young, however, was soon carried off by an asthmatic complaint, and Adams was thus left to continue his pious labours alone. At the time Captains Staines and Pipon visited the island, this interesting little colony consisted of about forty-six persons, mostly grown-up young people, all living in harmony and happiness together; and not only professing, but fully understanding and practising, the precepts and principles of the Christian religion. Adams had instituted the ceremony of marriage, and he assured his visitors that not one instance of debauchery and immoral conduct had occurred amongst them.

The visitors having supplied these interesting people with some tools, kettles, and other articles, took their leave. The account which they transmitted home of this newly-discovered colony was, strange to say, as little attended to by government as that of Captain Folger, and nothing more was heard of Adams and his family for nearly twelve years, when, in 1825, Captain Beechey, in the *Blossom*, bound on a voyage of discovery to Beering Strait, touched at Pitcairn's Island. On the approach of the *Blossom*, a boat came off under all sail towards the ship, containing old Adams and ten of the young men of the island. After requesting and obtaining leave to come on board, the young men sprung up the side, and shook every officer cordially by the hand. Adams, who was grown very corpulent, followed more leisurely. He was dressed in a sailor's shirt and trousers, with a low-crowned hat, which he held in his hand in sailor fashion, while he smoothed down his bald forehead when ad-

dressed by the officers of the Blossom. The little colony had now increased to about sixty-six, including an English sailor of the name of John Buffet, who, at his own earnest desire, had been left by a whaler. In this man the society luckily found an able and willing schoolmaster. He instructed the children in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and devoutly co-operated with old Adams in affording religious instruction to the community. The officers of the Blossom went ashore, and were entertained with a sumptuous repast at young Christian's, the table being spread with plates, knives, and forks. Buffet said grace in an emphatic manner; and so strict were they in this respect, that it was not deemed proper to touch a morsel of bread without saying grace both before and after it. The officers slept in the house all night, their bedclothing and sheets consisting of the native cloth made of the native mulberry-tree. The only interruption to their repose was the melody of the evening hymn, which was chanted together by the whole family after the lights were put out; and they were awakened at early dawn by the same devotional ceremony. On Sabbath the utmost decorum was attended to, and the day was passed in regular religious observances.

In consequence of a representation made by Captain Beechey, the British government sent out Captain Waldegrave in 1830, in the Seringapatam, with a supply of sailors' blue jackets and trousers, flannels, stockings and shoes, women's dresses, spades, mattocks, shovels, pickaxes, trowels, rakes, &c. He found their community increased to about seventy-nine, all exhibiting the same unsophisticated and amiable characteristics as we have before described. Other two Englishmen had settled amongst them; one of them, called Nobbs, a low-bred, illiterate man, a self-constituted missionary, who was endeavouring to supersede Buffet in his office of religious instructor. The patriarch Adams, it was found, had died in March 1829, aged sixty-five. While on his deathbed, he had called the heads of families together, and urged upon them to elect a chief; which, however, they had not yet done; but the greatest harmony still prevailed amongst them, notwithstanding Nobbs' exertions to form a party of his own. Captain Waldegrave thought that the island, which is about four miles square, might be able to support a thousand persons, upon reaching which number they would naturally emigrate to other islands.

Such is the account of this most singular colony, originating in crime and bloodshed. Of all the repentant criminals on record, the most interesting perhaps is John Adams; nor do we know where to find a more beautiful example of the value of early instruction than in the history of this man, who, having run the full career of nearly all kinds of vice, was checked by an interval of leisurely reflection, and the sense of new duties awakened by the power of natural affections.

## THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.



**J**AMES HOGG, more familiarly known as the **ETTRICK SHEPHERD**, was born on the 25th of January 1772, in a cottage on the banks of the small river Ettrick, a tributary of the Tweed, in Selkirkshire, one of the most mountainous and picturesque districts in the south of Scotland. He was the descendant of a race long settled as shepherds in the same region. Robert Hogg and Margaret Laidlaw, his parents, had four sons, of whom James was the second, and all of whom were trained to the pastoral life;

the father having been elevated above the condition of a shepherd only for a short time, to return to it with the loss of all his earnings. This unfortunate event happened when James Hogg was but in his sixth year, and, accordingly, all his authentic recollections of early life have reference to the sheiling on the farm of Ettrick House, where his father settled after his misfortunes, having received the charge of a flock of sheep from the tenant of that farm, Mr Brydon of Crosslee.

Like many other men who have signalised themselves, Hogg appears to have been more indebted to his mother than his father for the fosterage, if not possession, of those talents which he displayed. "His mother, Margaret Laidlaw," says a memoir of him in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, "was a self-taught genius. Her mother had died while she was yet young; but being the eldest of several children, and her father far from wealthy, she was kept at home to superintend the household affairs, and assist in bringing up her younger brothers and sisters during those years when the children of the Scottish peasantry, even the poorest, are sent to school; and they at the proper age enjoyed the usual advantages. About the age of twelve or thirteen, she began to feel her inferiority to them; and on the Sabbath, her only day of rest, she used to wander out alone to a solitary hill side, with a Bible under her arm, and, humbled by a sense of her ignorance, to throw herself down on the heath, and water the page with bitter tears. By the ardour of her zeal she soon accomplished the object of her dearest wishes, and supplied the

deficiencies of her education. The race of wandering minstrels was not then extinct in her native glens; and from the recitations of one of them, an old man of ninety, she stored her memory with many thousand lines of the old Border ballad, which he alone knew. To his knowledge she succeeded; and there is reason to fear that much of it died with her.

"This woman, herself of an imaginative and enthusiastic mind, soon discovered in her son James a kindred spirit, and laboured in its cultivation with an earnestness greatly honourable to her, and to which, perhaps, the world is indebted for the 'Queen's Wake.' In the remote and solitary glens of these mountain districts, the cottages of the shepherds are often situated at great distances from other dwellings, and their tenants pass the winter months with no other society than that of their own family. Nothing can be conceived humbler in the way of human habitations than these cottages then were; yet they were frequently lighted by a brilliancy of imagination, and cheered by a gentleness of affection, and an enthusiasm of feeling, that Grecian sofas and gilded canopies cannot confer. In a sequestered mode of life, where the affections are limited in their range, they acquire a strength greater in proportion as the sphere of their action is narrowed; and imagination is most vigorous when it has to work on a small number of simple ideas. Never was a family more closely linked together than the children of this admirable woman; and never was a mind of great original power more strenuously exerted in the formation of the heart and the development of the understanding. She was in the daily habit of reading to them from the sacred volume such passages as she thought most likely to interest their minds and improve their moral feelings; and this she diversified by animated recitations from the Border ballad, something between chant and song, bringing also tales of superstition to her aid; or thrilling their hearts with the account of the death of some young shepherd who had perished not far from his own dwelling amid the mountain snows."

After a brief attendance at school, James was, at seven years of age, sent into the world to earn his own livelihood in the humble capacity of attendant on a few cows. The farmer who hired him for this employment gave him, in requital for his services, besides food and lodging, a ewe lamb and a pair of new shoes. Fluttering in rags, he returned to the parental hearth in the ensuing winter, and again received a little instruction in reading; he also tried writing, but did not get beyond scrawling in a large text hand. This terminated his school education, the whole having not extended over six months, or cost more than two or three shillings. On the return of spring, he was sent away to his former occupation of herding cows; and in this he was engaged for several years under various masters, till at length he rose to the more honourable one of keeping sheep.

The profession of a shepherd among the mountains of Selkirk



and Peebles shires, also in parts of the adjoining counties of Roxburgh and Dumfries, is one of considerable trust and responsibility. The shepherd has placed under his care large flocks of sheep, which feed over wide tracts of country, at the distance of many miles from the house of their proprietor, and during winter their shelter from snow storms requires more than usual diligence and labour. In order to insure fidelity in the discharge of his onerous duties, the shepherd is rewarded in a peculiar manner. Besides some distinct wages in money and kind, a certain number of sheep of his own are entitled to mingle and feed with the sheep of his master; and of these animals he has the wool and the natural increase, the sale of the whole being negotiated for him at the ordinary markets. Thus interested in the business of his employer, with whom he may be said to have a small risk and partnership, the shepherd enjoys a position superior to that of hired servants generally; and with time and inclination for study, and a mind deeply imbued with religious knowledge, he offers, in point of fact, one of the most favourable specimens of that remarkable class of men—the Scottish peasantry. A member of this highly-intelligent body James Hogg, like his forefathers, was now about to become. Having struggled through a desultory species of apprenticeship in the way of herding cows, he now, as he tells us, was promoted to the rank of a shepherd; still, however, occupying the situation of an assistant, and only looking forward to a place of trust as years crowned his endeavours.

At fourteen years of age he was able to save five shillings of his wages, "with which," says he, "I bought an old violin. This occupied all my leisure hours, and has been my favourite amusement ever since. I had commonly no spare time from labour during the day; but when I was not over-fatigued, I generally spent an hour or two every night in sawing over my favourite old Scottish tunes; and my bed being always in stables and cow-houses, I disturbed nobody but myself and my associate quadrupeds, whom I believed to be greatly delighted with my strains. At all events they never complained, which the biped part of my neighbours did frequently, to my pity and utter indignation."

This taste for playing the violin, as well as for reading, is far from uncommon in the district; and at dances and other merry-makings, some rural Orpheus is usually found to keep the party in amusement. But besides this love for the fiddle, Hogg seems almost, from infancy, to have possessed that vividness of fancy which prompts to versification. The fond and discerning eye of a mother early marked his talent in this respect, and she used to say to him, "Jamie, my man, gang ben the house, and mak me a sang," while she proposed a subject for his muse. How he succeeded in these boyish efforts is not stated in his memoirs; yet the effects of such a training on such a mind may easily be conceived. It contributed to fan the spark of poetry which nature had implanted in his bosom into a flame that poverty,

nor misfortune, nor neglect, nor even the sneer of the polished critic, could ever extinguish or diminish. It cannot be doubted that the nature of the scenery amidst which he was placed also helped to foster and inspire his genius. "The glens and the mountains of Ettrick and Yarrow combine almost all the soft beauty and wild sublimity that Highland scenery exhibits. In the lower district of Yarrow, that lovely stream winds among hills of no great height, gently swelling, and green to the summits; in some places finely wooded, but generally naked, and well suited to the pasture of flocks. This is their common character; but some miles from the mouth of the valley, dark, heathy mountains are seen towering to a considerable height above the surrounding hills, and give an interesting variety to the scene. Towards the head the glen widens, and embosoms St Mary's Loch and the loch of the Lowes; and above these sweet lakes terminates in a wild mountain-pass, that divides it from Moffatdale. In the loftiest and most rugged regions of this pass, the Gray-Mare's Tail, a waterfall of three hundred feet in perpendicular height, dashes and foams over stupendous rocks. This celebrated fall is formed by a stream that flows from Loch Skene, a dark mountain lake about a mile above it, surrounded by inaccessible heights on all sides save one, and that is strewn by a thousand black heathery hillocks of the most grotesque and irregular forms. This place is so solitary, that the eagle has built her nest in an islet of the lake for ages, and is overhung by the highest mountains in the south of Scotland. The character of Ettrick is similar to that of Yarrow, except, perhaps, that its tints are softer and more mellow, and it is destitute of lakes. These valleys, so celebrated in Border legend and song, are skirted by hills extending many miles on both sides; and as there is no great road through them, the people have long lived shut out from the rest of mankind, in a state of pastoral simplicity and virtuous seclusion, alike remote from the vices of boorish rusticity and fawning servility. Among the wild mountains at the head of Ettrick and Yarrow, the sturdy champions of the Covenant found an asylum when they were chased, like wild beasts, by a relentless persecution from every other part of the country. Their preachers held their conventicles in the most sequestered glens, and made many converts, from whom a number of the present race are descended; but while they cherish the memory of these glorious men, and, as well they may, retain all the noble-mindedness that arises from the consciousness of an illustrious ancestry, their moral features have lost much of the sternness of their fathers, and are softened down into the gentler virtues of more peaceful times; yet if we were asked what people of Britain had suffered least from the evil consequences of excessive refinement, we should answer, without hesitation, the inhabitants of Ettrick and Yarrow. In these interesting valleys there is hardly a cottage that has not its legend,

or a cleugh that is not famed for some act of romantic chivalry, or tenanted by some supernatural being, or sanctified by the blood of some martyr. In such a country, full of chastened beauty, and dark sublimity, and visionary agency, and glorious recollections, it was the good fortune of Hogg to be born, and to spend the greater part of his life."\*

Notwithstanding these varied aids, Hogg's muse was tardy in bursting into notice; his almost utter want of education, and other circumstances, keeping him in obscurity. Not until his eighteenth year, while serving on the farm of Willenslee, in Peeblesshire, did he obtain the perusal of any kind of books, the Bible excepted; and then it was only the *Life of Sir William Wallace* and the *Gentle Shepherd* which fell under his notice. These charmed him; but the rhymes, and the Scottish dialect, which he had not previously seen in print, were puzzling. His mistress afterwards gave him the perusal of some theological treatises, and also the newspapers, which he pored over with great earnestness. To give some further idea of the progress he made in literature at this period, he mentions that, being obliged to write a letter to his elder brother, he composed it in letters of the italic alphabet, having forgot what little he had learned of the script hand.

At Whitsunday 1790, Hogg left Willenslee, and hired himself to Mr Laidlaw of Black House, with whom he remained as a shepherd till 1800. Mr Laidlaw, a generous and intelligent man, showed him the greatest kindness, and encouraged, to the greatest degree, the peculiar talent with which the young shepherd had been gifted. Mr Laidlaw's library, a respectable one, was placed at the command of Hogg, and served to a certain extent to remedy the early defects of his education. It was while in this situation, in the spring of 1796, that Hogg first made the attempt to write verses. His account of this enterprise is given in the following graphic language:—

"For several years my compositions consisted wholly of songs and ballads, made up for the lasses to sing in chorus; and a proud man I was when I first heard the rosy nymphs chanting my uncouth strains, and jeering me by the still dear appellation of 'Jamie the poeter.'

"I had no more difficulty in composing songs then than I have at present; and I was equally well pleased with them. But then the writing of them!—that was a job! I had no method of learning to write save by following the italic alphabet; and though I always stripped myself of coat and vest when I began to pen a song, yet my wrist took a cramp, so that I could rarely make above four or six lines at a sitting. Whether my manner of writing it out was new, I know not, but it was not without singularity. Having very little spare time from my flock, which

\* *Edinburgh Magazine*, vol. ii. 1818.

was unruly enough, I folded and stitched a few sheets of paper, which I carried in my pocket. I had no inkhorn, but in place of it I borrowed a small phial, which I fixed in a hole in the breast of my waistcoat; and having a cork fastened by a piece of twine, it answered the purpose fully as well. Thus equipped, whenever a leisure minute or two offered, and I had nothing else to do, I sat down and wrote out my thoughts as I found them. This is still my invariable practice in writing prose. I cannot make out one sentence by study without the pen in my hand to catch the ideas as they arise, and I never write two copies of the same thing. My manner of composing poetry is very different, and, I believe, much more singular. Let the piece be of what length it will, I compose and correct it wholly in my mind, or on a slate, ere ever I put pen to paper; and then I write it down as fast as the A B C. When once it is written, it remains in that state; it being with the utmost difficulty that I can be brought to alter one syllable, which I think is partly owing to the above practice.

"The first time I ever heard of Burns was in 1797, the year after he died. One day during that summer a half daft man, named John Scott, came to me on the hill, and, to amuse me, repeated Tam O'Shanter. I was delighted. I was far more than delighted—I was ravished! I cannot describe my feelings; but, in short, before Jock Scott left me, I could recite the poem from beginning to end, and it has been my favourite poem ever since. He told me it was made by one Robert Burns, the sweetest poet that ever was born; but that he was now dead, and his place would never be supplied. He told me all about him: how he was born on the 25th of January, bred a ploughman, how many beautiful songs and poems he had composed, and that he had died last harvest, on the 21st of August. This formed a new epoch of my life. Every day I pondered on the genius and fate of Burns. I wept, and always thought with myself—what is to hinder me from succeeding Burns? I, too, was born on the 25th of January, and I have much more time to read and compose than any ploughman could have, and can sing more old songs than ever ploughman could in the world. But then I wept again because I could not write. However, I resolved to be a poet, and to follow in the steps of Burns."

The friend and confidant of the Shepherd on the important step of writing verses was Mr William Laidlaw, one of the sons of his employer. This ingenious and simple-hearted young man was a kindred spirit; "like himself, an unspoiled pupil of nature, who to a vigorous imagination added an acute judgment, and soon discovered the genius of the future poet through the ungainly exterior that concealed it. With a knowledge of character almost intuitive, he saw, under the unpretending simplicity of the Shepherd, a mind of strong originality, and capable of extraordinary things. He admired him to enthusiasm, and roused

him to a sense of his own importance, cheering him in his poetical attempts, and zealously propagating his fame; and though many of those to whom he showed his verses received them with indifference or condemnation, he continued unshaken in his judgment of the powers of his friend. Some time after the period of which we have been speaking, Mr (afterwards Sir Walter) Scott and Mr Leyden began to make their collections for the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. They had heard of Mr Laidlaw as a man likely to assist them in the object of their search. To him they applied, and by him Hogg was introduced to Mr Scott. He was at first rather surprised to hear that the poems to which he had been accustomed to listen to with such delight from his infancy, and which he supposed were little known out of his own glens, were sought after with such avidity by the learned and ingenious; yet he was proud to comply with the requisition, and wrote out several ballads for insertion in that work. Some of his own poetry was shown to Mr Scott, who approved of it. This was a sanction from which there was no appeal; and the most infidel of his acquaintances among the farmers and shepherds now began to discover merit in those productions which had lately been the subject of their ridicule. His fame now began to spread, and he was spoken of in Edinburgh and other places as a surprising man for his opportunities. At the first meeting between him and Mr Scott, that gentleman, after spending some hours in his company, declared that he had never met a man of more originality of genius, and henceforth became his zealous friend. From the time he began to write poetry, he had never doubted of his ultimate success. He felt within him the stirrings of inspiration so strong, that he could not doubt of his vocation. Yet the countenance of such a man was a triumph to him and his friend for which they had hardly dared to hope. All that he now wanted was a little mechanical skill, and he applied to his beloved art with the natural warmth of his temperament, kindled into enthusiasm by applause so highly valued, and was naturally enough led to the imitation of the Border ballad.”\*

In 1801, and while still untrained in writing, Hogg had the boldness, or, more properly, the recklessness, to print some of his productions, in order, as he says, “to appeal to the world at once. This noble resolution was no sooner taken than executed; a proceeding much of a piece with many of my subsequent transactions. Having attended the Edinburgh market one Monday with a number of sheep for sale, and being unable to dispose of them all, I put the remainder into a park until the market on Wednesday. Not knowing how to pass the interim, it came into my head that I would write a poem or two from my memory, and get them printed. The thought had no sooner

\* Edinburgh Magazine, vol. ii. 1818.

struck me than it was put in practice; and I was obliged to select, not the best poems, but those that I remembered best. I wrote several of these during my short stay, and gave them all to a person to print at my expense; and having sold off my sheep on Wednesday morning, I returned to the Forest. I saw no more of my poems until I received word that there were one thousand copies thrown off. I knew no more about publishing than the man of the moon; and the only motive that influenced me was the gratification of my vanity by seeing my works in print. But no sooner did the first copy come to hand, than my eyes were open to the folly of my conduct; for, on comparing it with the manuscript which I had at home, I found many of the stanzas omitted, others misplaced, and typographical errors abounding in every page. Thus were my first productions pushed headlong into the world without either patron or preface, or even apprising the public that such a thing was coming, and ‘unhousell’d, unanointed, unaneled, and with all their imperfections on their heads.’ ‘Will and Keatie,’ however, had the honour of being copied into some periodical publications of the time, as a favourable specimen of the work. Indeed all of them were sad stuff, although I judged them to be exceedingly good.”

The first song which he published—we presume in the volume above alluded to—was, he says, one entitled “Donald Macdonald,” written for the purpose of stirring up the martial ardour of the country on the threatened invasion of Bonaparte. This song was, for a number of years, exceedingly popular in Scotland; and some of the lines possess a beauty worthy of something better than a ranting ditty calculated to inspire vengeful emotions. The following, in allusion to the reception given by the Highlanders to the unfortunate Charles Stuart, are worthy of being quoted for their sentiment:—

“What though we befriended young Charlie?  
 To tell it I dinna think shame;  
 Poor lad, he came to us but barely,  
 And reckoned our mountains his hame.  
 ’Twas true that our reason forbade us,  
 But tenderness carried the day;  
 Had Geordie come friendless among us,  
 Wi’ him we had a’ gane away.”

Encouraged with the approbation of Scott, and introduced by that amiable and gifted individual to Mr Archibald Constable, publisher in Edinburgh, Hogg conceived the idea of writing some imitations of ancient ballads; and this being put in execution, “The Mountain Bard” was the result. It was published by Constable in 1801, and, consisting chiefly of pieces in the old ballad style, proved the first of the Shepherd’s respectable works. Tried by the test of time, however, few of the poems have retained any degree of popularity, and we can only instance one that obtains a place in modern selections—“The Author’s Address to

his auld Dog Hector," of which a copy will be found in the thirtieth number of the present series of Tracts. A few of the verses of the piece entitled "Farewell to Ettrick" are here worthy of quotation, as illustrating the state of the writer's feelings.

FAREWELL TO ETTRICK.

Fareweel, green Ettrick! fare-thee-weel!  
 I own I'm unco laith to leave thee;  
 Nane kens the half o' what I feel,  
 Nor half the cause I hae to grieve me.  
 There first I saw the rising morn;  
 There first my infant mind unfurled;  
 To ween that spot where I was born,  
 The very centre of the world.  
 I thought the hills were sharp as knives,  
 An' the braid lift lay whomeled on them,  
 An' glowred wi' wonder at the wives  
 That spak o' ither hills ayon' them.  
 As ilka year gae something new  
 Addition to my mind or stature,  
 So fast my love for Ettrick grew,  
 Implanted in my very nature.  
 I've sung, in mony a rustic lay,  
 Her heroes, hills, and verdant groves;  
 Her wilds and valleys, fresh and gay;  
 Her shepherds' and her maidens' loves.  
 I had a thought—a poor, vain thought!—  
 That some time I might do her honour;  
 But a' my hopes are come to nought,  
 I'm forced to turn my back upon her.  
 She's thrown me out o' house and hauld,  
 My heart got never sic a thrust!  
 And my poor parents, frail and auld,  
 Are forced to leave their kindred dust.  
 But fare-ye-weel, my native stream,  
 Frae a' regret be ye preserved!  
 Ye'll maybe cherish some at hame,  
 Wha dinna just sae weel deserve 't.

\* \* \*

My parents crazy grown wi' eild,  
 How I rejoice to stand their stay!  
 I thought to be their help and shield,  
 And comfort till their hindmost day;  
 Wi' gentle hand to close their een,  
 And weet the yird wi' mony a tear,  
 That held the dust o' ilka frien'—  
 O' friends sae tender and sincere.  
 It winna do; I maun away  
 To yon rough isle, sae bleak and dun:  
 Lang will they mourn, baith night and day,  
 The absence o' their darling son.

## THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

And my dear Will! how will I fen',  
Without thy kind and ardent care?  
Without thy verse-inspiring pen,  
My muse will sleep, an' sing nae mair.

Fareweel to a' my kith and kin!  
To ilka friend I held sae dear!  
How happy hae we often been,  
Wi' music, mirth, and hamely cheer!

\* \* \*

Fareweel, green Ettrick! fare-thee-weel!  
I own I'm something wae to leave thee;  
Nane kens the half o' what I feel,  
Nor half the cause I hae to grieve me.

From the publication of the Mountain Bard Hogg realised nearly three hundred pounds—a sum which, he tells us, drove him “perfectly mad.” Without experience or prudence, he plunged into the business of sheep-farming on his own account, and soon found himself involved in a series of misfortunes which would have depressed any less imaginative and buoyant mind. Giving up his rash undertakings, he attempted to procure employment once more as a shepherd; but his reputation of being a poet and a ruined farmer prevented any one from trusting him, and thus he spent the winter of 1809–10 in a state of idleness in his native district. “In utter desperation,” he proceeds to tell us in his memoirs, “in February 1810 I took my plaid about my shoulders, and marched away to Edinburgh, determined, since no better could be, to push my fortune as a literary man. It is true I had estimated my poetical talent high enough, but I had resolved to use it only as a staff, never as a crutch; and would have kept that resolve, had I not been driven to the reverse. On going to Edinburgh, I found that my poetical talents were rated nearly as low there as my shepherd qualities were in Ettrick. It was in vain that I applied to newsmongers, book-sellers, editors of magazines, &c. for employment. Any of these were willing enough to accept of my lucubrations, and give them publicity, but then there was no money going—not a farthing; and this suited me very ill. I again applied to Mr Constable to publish a volume of songs for me; for I had nothing else by me but the songs of my youth, having given up all these exercises so long. He was rather averse to the expedient; but he had a sort of kindness for me, and did not like to refuse; so, after waiting on him three or four times, he agreed to print an edition, and give me half the profits. He published one thousand copies, at five shillings each; but he never gave me anything; and as I feared the concern might not have proved a good one, I never asked any remuneration. The name of this work was ‘The Forest Minstrel;’ of which about two-thirds of the songs were my own, the rest furnished by correspondents; a number of them by the ingenious Mr T. M. Cun-



ningham. In general, they are not good; but the worst of them are all mine, for I inserted every ranting rhyme that I had made in my youth, to please the circles about the firesides in the country; and all this time I had never been once in any polished society—had read next to nothing—was now in the thirty-eighth year of my age, and knew no more of human life or manners than a child.”

The Forest Minstrel did not add to the reputation of the Shepherd, and is a work now all but forgotten. The most beautiful song in the volume is “Lucy’s Flittin’,” the production of Mr William Laidlaw. This much-admired lyric, which is sung to the plaintive air of Bonnie Dundee, is as follows:—

## LUCY’S FLITTIN’.\*

’Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk-tree was fa’in’,  
 And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,  
 That Lucy rowed up her wee kist wi’ her a’ in’t,  
 And left her auld maister, and neibours sae dear.  
 For Lucy had served i’ the glen a’ the summer;  
 She cam there afore the flower bloomed on the pea:  
 An orphan was she, and they had been gude till her;  
 Sure that was the thing brought the tear to her ee.

She gaed by the stable, where Jamie was stannin’;  
 Right sair was his kind heart the flittin’ to see:  
 “Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!” quo’ Jamie, and ran in;  
 The gatherin’ tears trickled fast frae her ee.  
 As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi’ her flittin’,  
 “Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!” was ilka bird’s sang;  
 She heard the crow sayin’t, high on the tree sittin’,  
 And Robin was chirpin’t the brown leaves amang.

“Oh, what is’t that pits my puir heart in a flutter?  
 And what gars the tears come sae fast to my ee?  
 If I wasna ettled to be ony better,  
 Then what gars me wish ony better to be?  
 I’m just like a lammie that loses its mither;  
 Nae mither or friend the puir lammie can see;  
 I fear I hae left my bit heart a’thegither,  
 Nae wonder the tear fa’s sae fast frae my ee.

Wi’ the rest o’ my claes I hae rowed up the ribbon,  
 The bonny blue ribbon that Jamie gae me;  
 Yestreen, when he gae me’t, and saw I was sabbin’,  
 I’ll never forget the wae blink o’ his ee.  
 Though now he said naething but ‘Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!’  
 It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see:  
 He couldna say mair but just ‘Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!’  
 Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.

\* Flittin’, in the Scottish dialect, signifies removal from one place to another.

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when its droukit;  
 The hare likes the brake and the braird on the lee;  
 But Lucy likes Jamie;"—she turned and she lookit,  
 She thought the dear place she wad never mair see.  
 Ah, weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless!  
 And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn!  
 His bonny sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,  
 Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return!

Discouraged from any further attempt in the meanwhile to write poetry, the Shepherd resolved to commence a literary paper, of a small size, to be published weekly. Being considered far from competent to take the charge of such an undertaking, he had great difficulty in obtaining a publisher; but at length this desideratum was found, and accordingly the first number of "The Spy," as it was termed, made its appearance on the 1st of September 1810: it was in the form of a sheet, quarto, and was sold for fourpence.

The Spy continued for a whole year, and increased the editor's literary reputation, but did little for the improvement of his circumstances; which may be in some measure accounted for by the manner in which the work was prepared and issued. The publisher was one of the old class of printers, steady frequenters of the public-house, or, as Hogg describes him, "a kind-hearted, confused body, who loved a joke and a dram. He sent for me every day about one o'clock, to consult about the publication; and then we uniformly went down to a dark house in the Cowgate, where we drank whisky and ate rolls with a number of printers, the dirtiest and leanest-looking men I had ever seen. My youthful habits having been so regular, I could not stand this; and though I took care, as I thought, to drink very little, yet when I went out I was at times so dizzy I could scarcely walk; and the worst thing of all was, I felt that I was beginning to relish it. Whenever a man thinks seriously of a thing, he generally thinks aright. I thought frequently of these habits and connexions, and found that they never would do; and that, instead of pushing myself forward as I wished, I was going straight to the mischief. I said nothing about this to my respectable acquaintances, nor do I know if they ever knew or suspected what was going on; but, on some pretence or other, I resolved to cut all connexion with Robertson; and, sorely against his will, gave the printing to the Messrs Aikman, then proprietors of the Star newspaper, showing them the list of subscribers, of which they took their chance, and promised me half the profits. At the conclusion of the year, instead of granting me any profits, they complained of being minus, and charged me with the half of the loss. This I refused to pay, unless they could give me an account of all the numbers published, on the sale of which there should have been a good profit. This they could not do; so I paid nothing, and received as little. I had, however, a good

deal to pay to Robertson, who likewise asked more; so that, after a year's literary drudgery, I found myself a loser rather than a gainer.

"In my farewell paper, I see the following sentence occurs, when speaking of the few who stood friends to the work :—' They have, at all events, the honour of patronising an undertaking quite new in the records of literature; for, that a common shepherd, who never was at school, who went to service at seven years of age, and could neither read nor write with any degree of accuracy when thirty, yet who, smitten with an unconquerable thirst after knowledge, should leave his native mountains and his flocks to wander where they chose, come to the metropolis with his plaid wrapped about his shoulders, and all at once set up for a connoisseur in manners, taste, and genius, has much more the appearance of a romance than a matter of fact; yet a matter of fact it certainly is; and such a person is the editor of the *Spy*.' "

The *Spy* was a melange of prose and poetry; some of the pieces, especially those referring to rural life, being of a class which would have done honour to any periodical. The following may be taken as a specimen of the prose narratives :—

## THE NITHSDALE FUNERAL.

The women are not mixed with the men at funerals, nor do they accompany the corpse to the place of interment; but in Nithsdale and Galloway, all the female friends of the family attend at the house, sitting in an apartment by themselves. The servers remark, that in their apartment the lamentations for the family loss are generally more passionate than in the other.

The widow of the deceased, however, came in amongst us, to see a particular friend, who had travelled far to honour the memory of his old and intimate acquaintance. He saluted her with great kindness, and every appearance of heartfelt concern for her misfortunes. The dialogue between them interested me; it was the language of nature; and no other spoke a word while it lasted.

" Ah! James," said she, " I did not think the last time I saw you that our next meeting would be on so mournful an occasion: we were all cheerful then, and little aware of the troubles awaiting us! I have since that time suffered many hardships and losses, James, but all of them were light to this:" she wept bitterly. James endeavoured to comfort her, but he was nearly as much affected himself. " I do not repine," said she, " since it is the will of Him who orders all things for the best purposes, and to the wisest ends; but alas! I fear I am ill fitted for the task which Providence has assigned me." With that she cast a mournful look at two little children who were peeping cautiously into the sheil. " These poor fatherless innocents," said she,

"have no other creature to look to but me for anything; and I have been so little used to manage family affairs, that I scarcely know what I am doing; for he was so careful of us all, so kind, and so good." "Yes," said James, wiping his eyes, "if he was not a good man, I know few who were so. Did he suffer much in his last illness?" "I knew not what he suffered," returned she, "for he never complained. I now remember all the endearing things that he said to us, though I took little heed to them then, having no thoughts of being so soon separated from him. Little did I think he was so ill; though I might easily have known that he would never murmur or repine at what Providence appointed him to endure. No, James, he never complained of anything. Since the time our first great worldly misfortune happened, we two have sat down to many a poor meal; but he was ever alike cheerful and thankful to the Giver.

"He was only ill four days, and was out of his bed every day. Whenever I asked him how he did, his answer uniformly was, 'I am not ill now.' On the day preceding the night of his death, he sat on his chair a full hour, speaking earnestly all the while to the children. I was busied up and down the house, and did not hear all; but I heard him once saying that he might soon be taken from them, and then they would have no father but God; but that *He* would never be taken from them, nor never would forsake them, if they did not first forsake him. 'He is a kind, indulgent Being,' continued he, 'and feeds the young ravens, and all the little helpless animals that look and cry to him for food, and you may be sure that he will never let the poor orphans who pray to him want. Be always dutiful to your mother, and never refuse to do what she bids you on any account, for you may be assured that she has no other aim than your good. Confide all your cares and fears in her bosom, for a parent's love is steadfast; misfortune may heighten, but cannot cool it.'

"When he had finished, he drew his plaid around his head, and went slowly down to the little dell, where he used every day to offer up his morning and evening prayers; and where we have often sat together on Sabbath afternoons, reading verse about with our children in the Bible. I think he was aware of his approaching end, and was gone to recommend us to God, for I looked after him, and saw him on his knees.

"When he returned, I thought he looked extremely ill, and asked him if he was grown worse. He said he was not like to be quite well, and sat down on his chair, looking ruefully at the children, and sometimes at the bed. At length he said feebly, 'Betty, my dear, make down the bed, and help me to it—it will be the last time.' These words went through my head and heart like the knell of death; all grew dark around me, and I knew not what I was doing.

"He spoke very little after that, saving that at night he desired me, in a faint voice, not to go to my bed, but sit up with him; 'for,'

said he, 'it is likely you may never need to do it again.' If God had not supported me that night, James, I could not have stood it; for I had much—much to do! A little past midnight my dear husband expired in my arms, without a groan or a struggle, save some convulsive grasps that he gave my hand. Calm resignation marked his behaviour to the last."

The next thing in which Hogg became deeply interested, in a literary way, was the FORUM—a debating society, established by a few young men, of whom our author, not now exactly a young man, was one of the first. "We opened our house to the public, making each individual pay a sixpence, and the crowds that attended, for three years running, were beyond all bounds. I was appointed secretary, with a salary of twenty pounds a-year; which never was paid, though I gave away a great deal in charity. We were exceedingly improvident; but I never was so much advantaged by anything as by that society; for it let me feel, as it were, the pulse of the public, and precisely what they would swallow, and what they would not. All my friends were averse to my coming forward in the Forum as a public speaker, and tried to reason me out of it, by representing my incapacity to harangue a thousand people in a speech of half an hour. I had, however, given my word to my associates; and my confidence in myself being unbounded, I began, and came off with flying colours. We met once a-week. I spoke every night, and sometimes twice the same night; and though I sometimes incurred pointed disapprobation, was in general a prodigious favourite."

At this period of his career, among the more respectable of his friends were Mr James Gray of the High School, and Mr John Grieve, a merchant in Edinburgh, and one who proved the perfect compatibility of elegant literary tastes with industrious business habits. These gentlemen perceived something above what is common in him, and he ultimately, in the year 1813, justified all their prepossessions by the production of the "Queen's Wake." This work consists of a series of ballads, purporting to be sung for the amusement of the young Mary Queen of Scots, on her arrival from France at the ancient palace of Holyrood. "The whole," observes a writer in the Edinburgh Magazine, already quoted, "is a delightful drama, in which poets are the competitors for glory, and the spectators and the judges—a beautiful young queen (who, after a long absence, had arrived in her dominions, and ascended the throne of her fathers) and her nobles, in all the splendour of court array. There is not a period in the history of Scotland that was so likely to give popularity to a similar work as that which the author has chosen for his Wake. It may be considered as a coronation festival for a sovereign, who was then as celebrated for her beauty and accomplishments as she was afterwards for her misfortunes. At the announcement of the subject, we hurry in imagination to Holyrood, and, mingling

with the crowd, strain every nerve to obtain but a glimpse of the queen, and to hear the songs of the minstrels; and so complete is the delusion, that the whole seems to be a real scene passing before our eyes. The narrative part of the poem is written with such purity of style, and is, withal, so graceful—the characters, some of which are drawings from life, are sketched with such fidelity and effect—the ballads are so original and imaginative, and so musical both in the sentiments and the numbers—that the world, who expected from the Ettrick Shepherd little else than unpolished rhymes on subjects of no deep interest, with an occasional dash of simplicity and nature, scarcely knew in what terms to express their wonder. The prejudices of years vanished in a few days, and the poet enjoyed the glory of the triumph of genius over misconception. Still, however, we discover in the Queen's Wake the maturity of the same elements of which the embryo is seen in the Mountain Bard. His favourite subjects are still the superstitions and the scenery of the glens and the mountains of Yarrow; but the mysteries of the one are more fully unveiled, and in the other the lights and the shades are disposed with so much more skill, as to produce a more beautiful and harmonious whole. In this poem there is, in his manner, a union of the simplicity and energy of the old rhymers with the polish of modern poetry; and such is its originality, that the author has not borrowed a single incident or character from the poetry of any other country, nor from any poet among ourselves, nor has he one classical allusion."

To justify these commendations, and afford some entertainment to the reader, we offer the following extracts from the Queen's Wake, commencing with "Kilmeny," a tale founded on the not uncommon tradition of a child being stolen by the fairies:—

## KILMENY.

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen;  
 But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,  
 Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,  
 For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.  
 It was only to hear the yorlin sing,  
 And pu' the blue cress-flower round the spring;  
 To pu' the scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,  
 And the nut that hang frae the hazel-tree;  
 For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.  
 But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',  
 And lang may she seek in the greenwood shaw;  
 Lang the laird of Duneira blame,  
 And lang, lang greet, ere Kilmeny come hame!

When many a day had come and fled,  
 When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,  
 When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,  
 When the beadsman had prayed, and the dead-bell rung,

Late, late in a gloamin', when a' was still,  
When the fringe was red on the western hill,  
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,  
The reek of the cot hung o'er the plain  
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane ;  
When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,  
Late, late in the gloamin', Kilmeny cam hame !

"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been ?  
Lang hae we sought baith holt and dean ;  
By linn, by ford, and greenwood tree,  
Yet ye are halesome and fair to see.  
Where gat ye that joup o' the lily sheen ?  
That bonny snood of the birk sae green ?  
And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen ?  
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been ?"

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,  
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face ;  
As still was her look, and as still was her ee,  
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,  
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea :  
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,  
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare ;  
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,  
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew.  
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,  
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,  
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,  
And a land where sin had never been—  
A land of love and a land of light,  
Without either sun, or moon, or night :  
Where the river swelled a living stream,  
And the light a pure and cloudless beam :  
The land of vision it would seem,  
And still an everlasting dream.

In yon greenwood there is a waik,  
And in that waik there is a wene,  
And in that wene there is a maik  
That neither hath flesh, blood, nor bane ;  
And down in yon greenwood he walks his lane !

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,  
Her bosom happed wi' the flow'rets gay ;  
But the air was soft, and the silence deep,  
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep.  
She kend nae mair, nor opened her ee,  
Till waked by the hymns of a far country.

She waked on a couch of the silk sae slim,  
All striped with the bars of the rainbow's rim ;  
And lovely beings round were rife,  
Who erst had travelled mortal life ;  
And aye they smiled, and 'gan to speer,  
"What spirit has brought this mortal here ?"

"Lang have I raikit the world wide,"  
A meek and reverend fere replied ;

"Both night and day I have watched the fair,  
 Eident a thousand years and mair.  
 Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree,  
 Wherever blooms femininity,  
 And sinless virgin, free of stain  
 In mind and body, found I nane.  
 Never, since the banquet of time,  
 Found I virgin in her prime,  
 Till ance this bonny maiden I saw,  
 As spotless as the morning snaw :  
 Full twenty years she has lived as free  
 As the spirits that sojourn this country.  
 I have brought her away from the snares of men,  
 That sin or death she never may ken."

They clasped her waist and her hands so fair ;  
 They kissed her cheek, and they combed her hair ;  
 And round came many a blooming fere,  
 Saying, "Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here !  
 Women are freed of the littand scorn—  
 Oh blest be the day Kilmeny was born !  
 Now shall the land of the spirits see,  
 Now shall it know what a woman may be !  
 Many long year in sorrow and pain,  
 Many long year through the world we've gane,  
 Commissioned to watch fair womankind,  
 For it's they who nurse the immortal mind.  
 We have watched their steps as the dawning shone,  
 And deep in the greenwood walks alone,  
 By lily bower, and silken bed,  
 The viewless tears have o'er them shed ;  
 Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep,  
 Or left the couch of love to weep.  
 We have seen ! we have seen !—but the time mene come,  
 And the angels will blush at the day of doom !

Oh, would the fairest of mortal kind  
 Aye keep these holy truths in mind—  
 That kindred spirits ilk motion see,  
 Who watch their ways with anxious ee,  
 And grieve for the guilt of humanity !  
 Oh, sweet to Heaven the maiden's prayer,  
 And the sigh that heaves a bosom so fair ;  
 And dear to Heaven the words of truth,  
 And the praise of virtue from beauty's mouth ;  
 And dear to the viewless forms of air,  
 The mind that kytles as the body fair !

Oh, bonny Kilmeny, free from stain,  
 If ever ye seek the world again—  
 That world of sin, of sorrow, and fear—  
 Oh tell of the joys that are waiting here !  
 And tell of the signs ye shall shortly see—  
 Of the times that are now, and the times that shall be !"

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,  
 And she walked in the light of a sunless day :



The sky was a dome of crystal bright,  
 The fountain of vision, and fountain of light;  
 The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,  
 And the flowers of everlasting blow.  
 Then deep in the stream her body they laid,  
 That her youth and beauty might never fade;  
 And they smiled on heaven when they saw her lie  
 In the stream of life that wandered by.  
 And she heard a song, she heard it sung,  
 She knew not where, but so sweetly it rung,  
 It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn:  
 "Oh blest be the day Kilmeny was born!  
 Now shall the land of the spirits see,  
 Now shall it know what a woman may be!  
 The sun that shines on the world sae bright—  
 A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light—  
 And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,  
 Like a golden bow, or a beamless sun,  
 Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair,  
 And the angels shall miss them travelling the air.  
 But lang, lang after baith night and day,  
 When the sun and the world have flown away,  
 When the sinner has gone to his waesome doom,  
 Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!"

They soofed her away to a mountain green,  
 To see what mortal never had seen;  
 And they seated her high on a purple sward,  
 And bade her heed what she saw and heard;  
 And note the changes that spirits wrought,  
 For now she lived in the land of thought.  
 She looked, and she saw no sun nor skies,  
 But a crystal dome of a thousand dyes.  
 She looked, and she saw no land aright,  
 But an endless whirl of glory and light;  
 And radiant beings went and came  
 Far swifter than wind or the linkèd flame.  
 She hid her een frae the dazzling view—  
 She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw a sun on a summer sky,  
 And clouds of amber sailing by;  
 A lovely land beneath her lay,  
 And that land had lakes and mountains gray;  
 And that land had valleys and hoary piles,  
 And merlit seas, and a thousand isles.  
 She saw the corn wave on the vale;  
 She saw the deer run down the dale;  
 And many a mortal toiling sore—  
 And she thought she had seen the land before.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,  
 The fairest that e'er the sun shone on!  
 A lion licked her hand of milk,  
 And she held him in a leash of silk;

And a leifu maiden stood at her knee,  
 With a silver wand and melting ee.  
 But there came a leman out of the west,  
 To woo the lady that he loved best;  
 And he sent a boy her heart to prove,  
 And she took him in, and she called him Love;  
 But when to her breast he 'gan to cling,  
 She dreit the pain of the serpent's sting.

Then a gruff untoward gysart came,  
 And he hounded the lion on his dame,  
 And the leifu maid with the melting eye,  
 She dropped a tear, and passèd by;  
 And she saw, while the queen frae the lion fled,  
 While the bonniest flower in the world lay dead,  
 A coffin was set on a distant plain,  
 And she saw the red blood fall like rain:  
 Then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew sair,  
 And she turned away, and durst look nae mair.

Then the gruff grim carle girmed amain,  
 And they tramped him down, but he rose again;  
 And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,  
 While he lapped the blood to the kingdom dear.  
 But the lion grew strong, and danger preef,  
 When crowned with the rose and the clover leaf;  
 Then he laughed at the carle, and chased him away,  
 To feed with the deer on the mountain gray:  
 He growled at the carle, and he gecked at heaven;  
 But his merk was set, and his erilis given.  
 Kilmeny a while her een withdrew—  
 She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw around her, fair unfurled,  
 One-half of all the glowing world,  
 Where oceans rowed, and rivers ran,  
 To bound the aims of sinful man.  
 She saw a people, fierce and fell,  
 Burst from their bounds like fiends of hell;  
 The lily grew, and the eagle flew,  
 And she herkit on her ravening crew.  
 The widows wailed, and the red blood ran,  
 And she threatened an end to the race of man:  
 She never lenit, nor stood in awe,  
 While claught by the lion's deadly paw.  
 Oh! then the eagle swinkit for life,  
 And brainzelit up a mortal strife;  
 But flew she north, or flew she south,  
 She met with the gowl of the lion's mouth.

With a mooted wing, and waeifu' mane,  
 The eagle sought her eiry again;  
 But lang may she cower in her bloody nest,  
 And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast,  
 Before she sey another flight,  
 To play with the norlan lion's might.

To sing of the sights Kilmeny saw,  
So far surpassing nature's law,  
The songster's voice would sink away,  
And the string of his harp would cease to play.  
But she saw that the sorrows of man were by,  
And all was love and harmony ;  
That the stars of heaven fell lonely away,  
Like the flakes of snow on a winter day.

Then Kilmeny begged again to see  
The friends she had left in her own country,  
To tell of the place where she had been,  
And the glories that lay in the land unseen ;  
To warn the living maidens fair—  
The loved of Heaven, the spirits' care—  
That all whose minds unmelit remain,  
Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,  
They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep ;  
And when she wakened, she lay her lane,  
All happed with flowers in the greenwood wene.  
When seven lang years had come and fled,  
When grief was calm, and hope was dead,  
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,  
Late, late in the gloamin', Kilmeny cam hame !

And oh her beauty was fair to see,  
But still and steadfast was her ee ;  
Her seymar was the lily flower,  
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower ;  
And her voice like the distant melody  
That floats along the twilight sea.  
But she loved to raik the lonely glen,  
And kept away from the haunts of men ;  
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,  
To suck the flowers, and drink the spring.  
But wherever her peaceful form appeared,  
The wild beasts of the hill were cheered ;  
The wolf played lithely round the field,  
The lordly bison lowed and kneeled,  
The dun-deer wooed with manner bland,  
And cowered beneath her lily hand.  
And when at eve the woodlands rung,  
When hymns of other worlds she sung,  
In ecstasy of sweet devotion,  
Oh then the glen was all in motion !  
The wild beasts of the forest came,  
Broke frae their bughts and folds the tame,  
And goved around, charmed and amazed ;  
Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,  
And murmured, and looked with anxious pain  
For something the mystery to explain.  
The buzzard came with the throstle-cock,  
The corby left her houf in the rock,

## THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

The blackbird along with the eagle flew,  
The hind came tripping o'er the dew ;  
The wolf and the kid their raik began,  
And the fox, and the lamb, and the leveret ran ;  
The hawk and the heron above them hung,  
And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their young ;  
And all in a peaceful ring were hurled—  
It was like an eve in a sinless world !

When a month and a day had come and gane,  
Kilmeny sought the greenwood wene ;  
There laid her down on the leaves sae green ;  
But Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.  
But oh the words that fell from her mouth  
Were words of wonder and words of truth ;  
But all the land was in fear and dread,  
For they knew not whether she was living or dead.  
It wasna her hame, she couldna remain ;  
She left this world of sorrow and pain,  
And returned to the land of thought again.

Our next specimen, which is in a different measure, is a tradition of the western isles, representing a conflict of the affections :

### MALCOLM OF LORN.

Came ye by Ora's verdant steep,  
That smiles the restless ocean over ?  
Heard ye a suffering maiden weep ?  
Heard ye her name a faithful lover ?  
Saw ye an aged matron stand  
O'er yon green grave above the strand,  
Bent like the trunk of withered tree,  
Or yon old thorn that sips the sea ?  
Fixed her dim eye, her face as pale  
As the mists that o'er her flew :  
Her joy is fled like the flower of the vale,  
Her hope like the morning dew !  
That matron was lately as proud of her stay  
As the mightiest monarch of sceptre or sway :  
Oh, list to the tale ! 'tis a tale of soft sorrow,  
Of Malcolm of Lorn and young Ann of Glen-Ora.

The sun is sweet at early morn,  
Just blushing from the ocean's bosom ;  
The rose that decks the woodland thorn  
Is fairest in its opening blossom.  
Sweeter than opening rose in dew,  
Than vernal flowers of richest hue,  
Than fragrant birch or weeping willow,  
Than red sun resting on the billow—  
Sweeter than aught to mortals given  
The heart and soul to prove—  
Sweeter than aught beneath the heaven,  
The joys of early love !

## THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Never did maiden and manly youth  
Love with such fervour, and love with such truth :  
Or pleasures and virtues alternately borrow,  
As Malcolm of Lorn and fair Ann of Glen-Ora.

The day is come, the dreaded day,  
Must part two loving hearts for ever ;  
The ship lies rocking in the bay,  
The boat comes rippling up the river ;  
Oh happy has the gloaming's eye

In green Glen-Ora's bosom seen them !  
But soon shall lands and nations lie,  
And angry oceans roll between them.

Yes, they must part, for ever part ;  
Chill falls the truth on either heart ;  
For honour, titles, wealth, and state,  
In distant lands her sire await.

The maid must with her sire away,  
She cannot stay behind ;  
Straight to the south the pennons play,  
And steady is the wind.

Shall Malcolm relinquish the home of his youth,  
And sail with his love to the lands of the south ?  
Ah no ! for his father is gone to the tomb :  
One parent survives in her desolate home !  
No child but her Malcolm to cheer her lone way :  
Break not her fond heart, gentle Malcolm—oh stay !

The boat impatient leans ashore,  
Her prow sleeps on a sandy pillow ;  
The rower leans upon his oar,  
Already bent to brush the billow.  
Oh, Malcolm ! view yon melting eyes,  
With tears yon stainless roses steeping !  
Oh, Malcolm ! list thy mother's sighs ;  
She's leaning o'er her staff and weeping !

Thy Anna's heart is bound to thine,  
And must that gentle heart repine ?  
Quick from the shore the boat must fly ;  
Her soul is speaking through her eye.  
Think of thy joys in Ora's shade ;  
From Anna canst thou sever ?

Think of the vows thou oft hast made  
To love the dear maiden for ever.

And canst thou forego such beauty and youth,  
Such maiden honour and spotless truth ?  
Forbid it !—He yields ; to the boat he draws nigh.  
Haste, Malcolm, aboard, and revert not thine eye.

That trembling voice, in murmurs weak,  
Comes not to blast the hopes before thee ;  
For pity, Malcolm, turn and take  
A last farewell of her that bore thee.  
She says no word to mar thy bliss ;  
A last embrace, a parting kiss,

## THE EITRICK SHEPHERD.

Her love deserves ; then be thou gone ;  
A mother's joys are thine alone.  
Friendship may fade, and fortune prove

Deceitful to thy heart,  
But never can a mother's love  
From her own offspring part.

That tender form, now bent and gray,  
Shall quickly sink to her native clay ;  
Then who shall watch her parting breath,  
And shed a tear o'er her couch of death ?  
Who follow the dust to its long, long home,  
And lay that head in an honoured tomb ?

Oft hast thou to her bosom prest,  
For many a day about been borne ;  
Oft hushed and cradled on her breast—  
And canst thou leave that breast forlorn ?

O'er all thy ails her heart has bled ;  
Oft has she watched beside thy bed ;  
Oft prayed for thee in dell at even,  
Beneath the pitying stars of heaven.  
Ah, Malcolm, ne'er was parent yet  
So tender, so benign !

Never was maid so loved, so sweet,  
Nor soul so rent as thine !

He looked to the boat—slow she heaved from the shore ;  
He saw his loved Anna all speechless implore :  
But, grasped by a cold and a trembling hand,  
He clung to his parent, and sunk on the strand.

The boat across the tide flew fast,  
And left a silver curve behind ;  
Loud sung the sailor from the mast,  
Spreading his sails before the wind.  
The stately ship, adown the bay,  
A corslet framed of heaving snow,  
And flurred on high the slender spray,  
Till rainbows gleamed around her prow.  
How strained was Malcolm's watery eye,  
Yon fleeting vision to descry !  
But ah ! her lessening form so fair,  
Soon vanished in the liquid air.  
Away to Ora's headland steep

The youth retired the while,  
And saw the un pitying vessel sweep  
Around yon Highland isle.

His heart and his mind with that vessel had gone ;  
His sorrow was deep, and despairing his moan,  
When, lifting his eyes from the green heaving deep,  
He prayed the Almighty his Anna to keep.

High o'er the crested cliffs of Lorn  
The curlew coned her wild bravura ;  
The sun, in pall of purple borne,  
Was hastening down the steeps of Jura.

## THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

The glowing ocean heaved her breast,  
Her wandering lover's glances under ;  
And showed his radiant form, imprest  
Deep in a wavy world of wonder.  
Not all the ocean's dyes at even,  
Though varied as the bow of heaven—  
The countless isles, so dusky blue,  
Nor medley of the gray curlew,  
Could light on Malcolm's spirit shed ;  
Their glory all was gone !  
For his joy was fled, his hope was dead,  
And his heart forsaken and lone.  
The sea-bird sought her roofless nest,  
To warm her brood with her downy breast ;  
And near her home, on the margin dun,  
A mother weeps o'er her duteous son.

One little boat alone is seen  
On all the lovely dappled main,  
That softly sinks the waves between,  
Then vaults their heaving breasts again ;  
With snowy sail, and rowers' sweep,  
Across the tide she seems to fly.  
Why bears she on yon headland steep,  
Where neither house nor home is nigh ?  
Is that a vision from the deep  
That springs ashore and scales the steep,  
Nor ever stays its ardent haste,  
Till sunk upon young Malcolm's breast ?  
Oh, spare that breast so lowly laid,  
So fraught with deepest sorrow !  
It is his own, his darling maid,  
Young Anna of Glen-Ora !  
" My Malcolm ! part we ne'er again !  
My father saw thy bosom's pain ;  
Pitied my grief from thee to sever ;  
Now I and Glen-Ora am thine for ever ! "

That blaze of joy, through clouds of wo,  
Too fierce upon his heart did fall.  
But ah ! the shaft had left the bow,  
Which power of man could not recall !  
No word of love could Malcolm speak ;  
No raptured kiss his lips impart ;  
No tear bedewed his shivering cheek,  
To ease the grasp that held his heart.  
His arms essayed one kind embrace—  
Will they enclose her ? Never ! never !  
A smile set softly on his face,  
But ah ! the eye was set for ever !  
'Twas more than broken heart could brook !  
How throbs that breast !—How glazed that look !  
One shiver more !—All ! all is o'er !  
As melts the wave on level shore ;

As fades the dye of falling even,  
 Far on the silver verge of heaven ;  
 As on thy ear the minstrel's lay—  
 So died the comely youth away.

Three editions of the Queen's Wake appeared in quick succession ; but, with what he calls his usual luck, Hogg, according to his own showing, did not receive the full pecuniary recompense to which he was entitled, through the difficulties in which his bookseller was involved. Mr Goldie, however, afterwards averred that the poet greatly overrated, to say the least of it, his losses on this occasion ; and such really appears, to a certain extent, to have been the case. Mr William Blackwood, the bookseller, having taken a leading part in the arrangement of Mr Goldie's affairs, became, through that circumstance, acquainted with Hogg, and thenceforward was his chief publisher. When Mr Blackwood, some years afterwards, set up his celebrated magazine, Hogg was one of his first contributors, being the writer, amongst other things, of the first draught of the *Chaldee Manuscript*, a paper which excited much local attention, by the freedom with which it handled Mr Constable and his literary friends. At this time, also, the Shepherd formed a friendship, which lasted for life, with Professor Wilson and Mr Lockhart. Besides numerous contributions to the magazines (particularly Mr Blackwood's) and annuals, he produced, in the six years following 1813, the poetical works entitled "The Pilgrims of the Sun," "The Hunting of Badlewe," "Mador of the Moor," "The Poetic Mirror," "Dramatic Tales," "Sacred Melodies," "The Border Garland," and "The Jacobite Relics ;" with the prose tales called "The Brownie of Bodsbeck," and "Winter Evening Tales."

All these works were productive of more or less emolument to him, and some of them attained a temporary popularity. From 1809 to 1814 he resided in Edinburgh, but in the latter year a generous patron changed his condition in a material degree. "I then received," says he, "a letter from the late Duke Charles of Buccleuch, by the hands of his chamberlain, presenting me with the small farm of Altrive Lake, in the wilds of Yarrow. The boon was quite unsolicited and unexpected, and never was a more welcome one conferred on an unfortunate wight, as it gave me once more a habitation among my native moors and streams, where each face was that of a friend, and each house was a home, as well as a residence for life to my aged father. The letter was couched in the kindest terms, and informed me that I had long had a secret and sincere friend whom I knew not of, in his late duchess, who had in her lifetime solicited such a residence for me. In the letter he said 'the rent shall be nominal ;' but it has not even been nominal, for such a thing as rent has never once been mentioned.



"I then began and built a handsome cottage on my new farm, and forthwith made it my head-quarters. But, not content with this, having married, in 1820, Miss Margaret Phillips, youngest daughter of Mr Phillips, late of Longbridge Moor, in Annandale, and finding that I had then in the hands of Mr Murray, Mr Blackwood, Messrs Oliver and Boyd, and Messrs Longman and Co., debts due, or that would soon be due, to the amount of a thousand pounds, I determined once more to farm on a larger scale, and expressed my wish to the Right Honourable Lord Montague, head trustee on his nephew's domains. His lordship readily offered me the farm of Mount-Benger, which adjoined my own. At first I determined not to accept of it, as it had ruined two well-qualified farmers in the preceding six years; but was persuaded at last by some neighbours, in opposition to my own judgment, to accept of it, on the plea that the farmers on the Buccleuch estate were never suffered to be great losers, and that, at all events, if I could not *make* the rent, I could write for it. So, accordingly, I took a lease of the farm for nine years.

"I called in my debts, which were all readily paid, and amounted to within a few pounds of one thousand; but at that period the sum was quite inadequate, the price of ewes bordering on thirty shillings per head. The farm required stocking to the amount of one thousand sheep, twenty cows, five horses, farming utensils of all sorts, crop, manure, and, moreover, draining, fencing, and building, so that I soon found I had not half enough of money; and though I realised, by writing, in the course of the next two years, £750, besides smaller sums paid in cash, yet I got into difficulties at the very first, out of which I could never redeem myself till the end of the lease, at which time live stock of all kinds having declined one-half in value, the speculation left me once more without a sixpence in the world—and at the age of sixty, it is fully late enough to begin it anew. It will be consolatory, however, to my friends to be assured that none of these reverses ever preyed in the smallest degree on my spirits. As long as I did all for the best, and was conscious that no man could ever accuse me of dishonesty, I laughed at the futility of my own calculations, and let my earnings go as they came, amid contentment and happiness, determined to make more money as soon as possible, although it should go the same way."

These confessions display the character of the man in genuine colours. It is necessary to say so; for otherwise, it might be doubted if any man would have taken a farm with the almost certain prospect before him of having to pay its rent out of resources unconnected with itself. Not less might it be doubted that any one could be regardless of the futility of those calculations on which his bread depended, if he merely retained the consciousness of upright intention. Such, really, was the mind of the Ettrick Shepherd—a union of uncommon poetical talents

with singularly obscure perceptions and judgment. During the years he spent at Mount-Benger, a young family had risen around him; and in the society of his wife, a prudent, modest, and amiable woman, he not only enjoyed a high measure of domestic happiness, but had the benefit of a friendly counsellor, who was fortunately able in some measure to make up for his own want of foresight and calculation. He now retired to his little farm of Altrive, designing to live upon what it produced to him, with the addition of his literary gains. Before this period he had become conspicuous, from his frequent introduction as an actor and interlocutor, in the series of whimsical papers entitled *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, which appeared from time to time in Blackwood's Magazine. Far beyond the sphere within which his poetical reputation was confined, he was now known for his eccentric habits and style of conversation, and endeared from the *bonhomie* which was made to shine through all the humours attributed to him. During his residence at Mount-Benger, and subsequently while living at Altrive, he paid frequent visits to Edinburgh, partly on the score of business, and partly to enjoy the society of his friends, who usually flocked about him in great numbers. He continued to exercise his pen actively, partly in prose, and partly in verse, and thus obtained an income, upon the whole, sufficient to maintain comfort, though it could never be described as regular. He had, while at Mount-Benger, published a succession of rustic tales, under the titles of "Three Perils of Man," and "Three Perils of Woman," and "Confessions of a Fanatic:" to these were now added the "Shepherd's Calendar," "Tales of the Wars of Montrose," and "The Queer Book," together with a multitude of shorter pieces contributed to annuals and magazines. A long narrative poem, under the name of "Queen Hynde," appeared in 1826, but failed to attract attention.

In 1831, the success of the new and cheap edition of the Waverley novels suggested to Mr Hogg a similar re-issue of his own prose fictions. He proceeded to London in order to negotiate for such a publication with individuals who had recently commenced business as publishers. In the great city, this simple child of the Selkirkshire hills found himself a lion of no small magnitude, and he was thus induced to enter largely into miscellaneous society. The attentions which he received were to him a source of immense pleasure, and he ever after spoke of this as the proudest era of his life. An arrangement being made for publishing his works, the first volume of "The Altrive Tales" appeared in the spring of 1832; but the series at that point was stopped by the almost immediate failure of the publishers. This was a severe blow, or would have been so to most men; but to the Ettrick Shepherd it never perhaps occasioned one gloomy hour. He continued to write, as before, for periodical works, and to realise occasional sums from these fruits of his pen; he

also gave to the world one separate volume, and that a very odd one, styled "Lay Sermons."\*

James Hogg was, at all periods of his life, a convivial man ; he delighted to meet his friends, and to regale them with his songs sung by himself, which were usually esteemed a treat of no ordinary kind. His constitution was naturally so strong, that his indulgences never seemed to have the least effect upon it, and many wondered to see him pass his sixtieth year with a robustness of frame, and a ruddiness of complexion, which most young men might have envied. At length he began to show slight symptoms of declining health, which ultimately proved to arise from a latent affection of the liver, and on the 21st of November 1835 he breathed his last.

Although some of the prose fictions and narratives of the bard of Ettrick continue popular among certain classes of readers, his literary reputation rests substantially on the Queen's Wake and his minor poetical pieces. Of the tender and kindly feeling, and the flow of homely yet pleasing imagery characterising these lesser productions, in which we include a few of his songs, a fine example may be given in

THE AULD MAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS WEE† HOUSE.

I like ye weel, my wee auld house,  
Though laigh thy wa's and flat thy riggin',  
Though round thy lum‡ the sourock grows,  
And rain-draps gaw thy cozy biggin'.

Lang hast thou happit mine an' me,  
My head's grown gray aneath thy kipple,  
And aye thy ingle cheek was free  
Baith to the blind man and the cripple.

What gart my ewes thrive on the hill,  
And kept my little store increasin' ?  
The rich man never wished me ill,  
The puir man left me aye his blessin'.

Troth I maun greet wi' thee to part,  
Though to a better house I'm flittin' ;  
Sic joys will never glad my heart,  
As I've had by thy hallan sittin'.

My bonny bairns around me smiled ;  
My sonsy wife sat by me spinnin' ;  
Aye liltin' o'er her ditties wild,  
In notes sae artless an' sae winnin'.

\* A handsome edition of Hogg's poetical works is now published by Messrs Blackie and Son, Warwick Square, London.

† Very little, or very small.

‡ Chimney.

### THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Our frugal meal was aye a feast;  
Our e'enin' psalm a hymn o' joy;  
Aye calm and peacefu' was our rest;  
Our bliss, our love, without alloy.

I canna help but haud thee dear,  
My auld storm-battered hamely sheilin',  
Thy sooty lum and kipples clear,  
I better loe than gaudy ceilin'.

Thy roof will fa', thy rafters start;  
How damp and cauld thy hearth will be!  
Ah! sae will soon ilk honest heart,  
That erst was bauld and blithe in thee!

I thought to cour aneath thy wa'  
Till death had closed my weary een,  
Then left thee for the narrow ha',  
Wi' lowly roof o' swaird sae green.

Fareweel, my house and burnie clear,  
My bourtree bush and bouzy tree;  
The wee while I maun sojourn here,  
I'll never find a hame like thee.

Of all the songs expressive of serious emotion which the poet ever wrote, the following one, little known, seems to us one of the most affecting :—

### THE FATHER'S LAMENT.

How can you bid this heart be blithe,  
When blithe this heart can never be?  
I've lost the jewel from my crown—  
Look round our circle, and you'll see  
That there is ane out o' the ring  
Who never can forgotten be—  
Ay, there's a blank at my right hand,  
That ne'er can be made up to me!

'Tis said as water wears the rock,  
That time wears out the deepest line;  
It may be true wi' hearts enow,  
But never can apply to mine.  
For I have learned to know and feel—  
Though losses should forgotten be—  
That still the blank at my right hand  
Can never be made up to me!

I blame not Providence's sway,  
For I have many joys beside;  
And fain would I in grateful way  
Enjoy the same, whate'er betide.

## THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

A mortal thing should ne'er repine,  
But stoop to the Supreme Decree!  
Yet oh! the blank at my right hand  
Can never be made up to me!

In expressing the doubts, and fears, and pains of love, the Ettrick Shepherd is extremely happy, though he more often adopts a semi-burlesque tone than the seriously-plaintive style of Burns. But the following stanzas may be read after the Lass of Ballochmyle, without any risk of detriment to the reputation of Hogg:—

### BONNY MARY.

Oh, Mary! thou'rt sae mild and sweet,  
My very being clings about thee;  
This heart would rather cease to beat,  
Than beat a lonely thing without thee.  
How dear the lair on yon hill cheek,  
Where many a weary hour I tarry!  
For there I see the twisting reek  
Rise frae the cot where dwells my Mary.

When Phœbus keeks outowre the muir,  
His gowden locks a' streaming gaily—  
When morn has breathed her fragrance pure,  
And life and joy ring through the valley—  
I drive my flocks to yonder brook,  
The feeble in my arms I carry,  
And every lammie's harmless look  
Brings to my mind my bonny Mary.

The exile may forget his home,  
Where blooming youth to manhood grew;  
The bee forget the honeycomb,  
Nor wi' the spring his toil renew;  
The sun may lose his light and heat,  
The planets in their rounds miscarry,  
But my fond heart shall cease to beat  
When I forget my bonny Mary.

We take the liberty of offering one more specimen of his lyrics, which has been dictated by a high poetic feeling, and could only have been written by a close observer of nature in her wilder haunts:—

### THE SKYLARK.

Bird of the wilderness,  
Blithesome and cumberless,  
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place—  
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

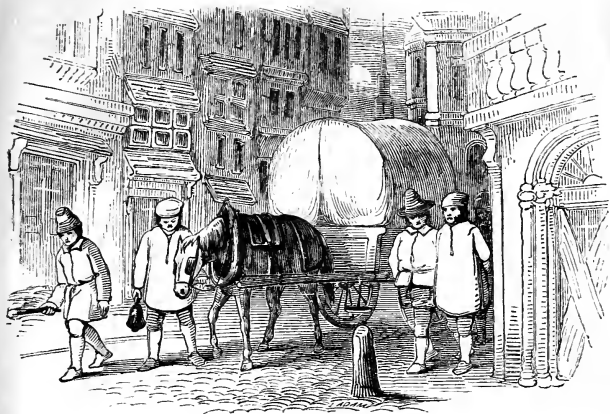
THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Wild is thy lay, and loud,  
Far in the downy cloud ;  
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.  
Where, on thy dewy wing,  
Where art thou journeying ?  
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,  
O'er moor and mountain green,  
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,  
Over the cloudlet dim,  
Over the rainbow's rim,  
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away !  
Then, when the gloaming comes,  
Low in the heather blooms  
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be !  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place—  
Oh to abide in the desert with thee !

Hogg was particularly successful in producing several songs which, though possessing little poetical merit, became popular from the national feeling incorporated in the composition. Among these may be mentioned "Cam ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg?" and "Charlie is my darling." One circumstance materially distinguishes Hogg's poetry from that of Burns—the Shepherd latterly wrote much that was below mediocrity, and evidently from an unpoetic motive. Urged on by magazine editors, publishers, and also his own necessities, he issued a multitude of perishable things, in place of concentrating his faculties upon works likely to live. Nevertheless, he has left more than enough for the attainment of distinction ; and several of his pieces may be said to have secured for him an imperishable fame.





## HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

ONE of the most striking facts presented to us by history, is the recurrence, at irregular intervals of time, of virulent diseases of an extraordinary character, which, breaking out unexpectedly in particular localities, have spread sometimes over certain defined districts, sometimes over entire countries, sometimes over all the civilised world, and sometimes even, it would appear, over the whole surface of our planet, everywhere defying the power and skill of man, and sweeping off myriads to their graves. To these awful visitations men have given the name, at once vague and appropriate, of the Pestilence or the Plague; reserving the name, however, especially for those cases in which human beings are the victims, and distinguishing similar recorded instances of unusual mortality among the lower animals by the name of the Murrain.

Of a general or universal plague, the best known instance in modern times is the famous pestilence, or "Black Death," as it was called, of 1348-9; which, taking its rise in Asia, spread westward into Europe, and raged fearfully for many months. The best account we have of this pestilence is that given by the celebrated Italian writer Boccaccio, in the introduction to his Decameron, where there is a vivid description of its ravages in the city of Florence. Of all the other narratives of a pestilence extant, the two most celebrated are that of the Plague at Athens in the year 430 before Christ, by Thucydides, and that of the Great Plague of London in 1664-5, by Daniel Defoe. No other narrative of the same description can be compared for truthfulness.

ness and accuracy with these two accounts, which, though written at an interval of two thousand years, the one by an ancient Greek, the other by an Englishman of the reign of Queen Anne, yet resemble each other in many points. There is this difference, however, between them, that while Thucydides was an actual eye and ear witness of what he describes, and was himself ill of the plague, Defoe wrote his account upwards of fifty years after the calamity to which it refers, and could have been but a mere infant in the arms when the plague was raging. Still there is abundant evidence that Defoe took pains to make his account an authentic one, by collecting such anecdotes and minute particulars as could be obtained from acquaintances who had survived the plague, as well as by consulting all the public and parish records and printed pamphlets by medical men and others relative to the plague year. His account, accordingly, may with perfect confidence be taken as, what it pretends to be, that of an eye-witness, who describes from personal recollection. In the following tract, therefore, we will present our readers with an abridgment of Defoe's "Journal of the Plague-Year in London;" retaining the whole substance of that inimitable account, and interweaving, as we proceed, such additional particulars as we can obtain from other sources.

## BREAKING OUT OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

During the early part of the seventeenth century, London had been repeatedly, if not almost yearly, visited by the plague, the generally confined thoroughfares, and the absence of any proper sanitary regulations, affording it on all occasions more or less scope. These visitations, common as they were, usually created some degree of alarm; and therefore, when it was announced in the month of September 1664 that plague had made its appearance in the metropolis, a certain excitement in the public mind was created. Little, however, appears to have been done to avert the contagion, and it may be said to have existed till the ensuing spring without any decided means being taken for its suppression.

At length, in March 1665, things became more alarming; it was ascertained that in St Giles and the neighbouring parishes several persons had died of plague. In May the weather became warm, so as to aggravate the complaint; and "in June," proceeds Defoe, "the infection spread in a dreadful manner. I lived without Aldgate, about midway between Aldgate Church and Whitechapel Bars, on the left-hand or north side of the street; and as the distemper had not reached to that side of the city, our neighbourhood continued very easy. But at the other end of the town their consternation was very great; and the richer sort of people, especially the nobility and gentry, from the west part of the city, thronged out of town, with their families and servants, in an unusual manner; and this was more particularly



seen in Whitechapel; that is to say, the broad street where I lived. Indeed nothing was to be seen but wagons and carts with goods, women, servants, children, &c.—coaches filled with people of the better sort, and horsemen attending them, and all hurrying away. This hurry continued some weeks; and the more so, because it was rumoured that an order of the government was to be issued out to place turnpikes and barriers on the road, to prevent people's travelling; and that the towns on the road would not suffer people from London to pass, for fear of bringing the infection along with them; though neither of these rumours had any foundation but in the imagination, especially at first."

These accounts by Defoe of the rapid spread of the plague, and the alarm which it caused, are borne out by other authorities. Thus, on the 13th of May, we find a privy-council held at Whitehall relative to the infection, and a committee of the lords appointed to consider the means of checking its progress. Under the auspices of this committee, the College of Physicians drew up a small pamphlet containing directions for the cure of the plague, as well as for preventing infection. One of the articles of this precious medical code is somewhat amusing. It is as follows:—"Pull off the feathers from the tails of *living* cocks, hens, pigeons, or chickens; and holding their bills, hold them hard to the botch or swelling, and so keep them at that part till they die, and by this means draw out the poison. It is good also to apply a cupping-glass, or embers in a dish, with a handful of sorrel upon the embers."

An extract from Pepys's Diary will help to give an idea of the excitement in London at the time the plague was beginning to rage. "June 7, the hottest day that ever I felt in my life. This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and '*Lord have mercy on us!*' writ there; which was a sad sight to me." Again, on the 17th of the same month, Pepys writes, "This afternoon, going with a hackney-coach from the Lord Treasurer's house down Holborn, the coachman I found to drive easily and easily, at last stood still, and came down, hardly able to stand, and told me that he was suddenly struck very sick, and almost blind; he could not see; so I alighted, and went into another coach with a sad heart for the poor man, and for myself also, lest he should have been struck with the plague."

To resume Defoe's account—"I now began," he says, "to consider seriously with myself concerning my own case, and how I should dispose of myself; that is to say, whether I should resolve to stay in London, or shut up my house and flee, as many of my neighbours did. After much anxious considering, sometimes resolving one way, sometimes another, I came to the conclusion that, upon the whole, it was my duty, and expedient for me in my trade and business, being that of a saddler, and though a

single man, with a house and shop full of goods to take care of, to remain in town, casting myself entirely upon the goodness and protection of the Almighty. I had an elder brother, however, a married man, who with his wife and children went out of town. During the month of July, and while our part of the town seemed to be spared in comparison of the west part, I went ordinarily about the streets as my business required, and generally went once in a day or in two days into the city to my brother's house, which he had given me charge of, and to see it was safe. But the city also began to be visited with the disease; and all this month of July people continued to flee. In August they fled in still greater numbers, so that I began to think there would be really none but magistrates and servants left in the city.

"Business led me out sometimes to the other end of the town, even when the sickness was chiefly there; and as the thing was new to me, as well as to everybody else, it was a most surprising thing to see those streets, which were usually so thronged, now grown desolate. One day being at that part of the town on some special business, curiosity led me to observe things more than usually, and indeed I walked a great way where I had no business; I went up Holborn, and there the street was full of people, but they walked in the middle of the great street, neither on one side nor other, because, as I suppose, they would not mingle with anybody that came out of houses, or meet with smells and scents from houses that might be infected. The inns of court were all shut up, nor were very many of the lawyers in the Temple, or Lincoln's Inn, or Gray's Inn, to be seen there. Whole rows of houses, in some places, were shut close up; the inhabitants all fled, and only a watchman or two left.

"It must not be forgot here that the city and suburbs were prodigiously full of people at the time of this visitation, I mean at the time that it began. The town was computed to have in it above 100,000 people more than ever it held before; the joy of the restoration having alone brought a vast number of families to London.

"The apprehensions of the people were strangely increased by the error of the times, in which, I think, the people, from what principle I cannot imagine, were more addicted to prophecies and astrological conjurations, dreams and old wives' tales, than ever they were before or since. People took to reading Lily's Almanac, and other such exciting works, almost all of which foretold the ruin of the city. Many persons, frantic from these or other causes, ran about the streets predicting all sorts of horrors. The trade of fortune-telling became so open, and so generally practised, that it became common to have signs and inscriptions set up at doors. 'Here lives a fortune-teller,' 'Here lives an astrologer,' &c. Certain it is that innumerable attendants crowded about their doors every day; and if but a grave fellow,

in a velvet jacket, a band, and a black cloak, which was the habit those quack-conjurors generally went in, was but seen in the streets, the people would follow him in crowds, and ask him questions as he went along.

"Gay and luxurious as the court then was, it began to put on a face of just concern for the public danger; all the plays and interludes which, after the manner of the French court, had been set up and began to increase among us, were forbid to act; the gaming-tables, public dancing-rooms, and music-houses, which multiplied and began to debauch the manners of the people, were shut up and suppressed; and the jack-puddings, merry-Andrews, puppet-shows, rope-dancers, and such-like doings, which had bewitched the common people, shut their shops, finding indeed no trade, for the minds of the people were agitated with other things, and a kind of sadness and horror at these things sat upon the countenances even of the common people; death was before their eyes, and everybody began to think of his grave, not of mirth and diversions.

"On the other hand, it was incredible, and scarcely to be imagined, how the posts of houses and corners of streets were plastered over with doctors' bills, and papers of ignorant fellows quacking and tampering in physic, and inviting people to come to them for remedies, which was generally set off with such flourishes as these; namely, 'Infallible preventive pills against the plague:' 'Never-failing preservatives against the infection:' 'Sovereign cordials against the corruption of air:' 'Exact regulations for the conduct of the body in case of infection; anti-pestilential pills:' 'Incomparable drink against the plague, never found out before:' 'A universal remedy for the plague:' 'The only true plague water:' 'The royal antidote against all kinds of infection:' and such a number more that I cannot reckon up, and if I could, would fill a book of themselves to set them down.

"Others set up bills to summon people to their lodgings for direction and advice in the case of infection; these had specious titles also, such as these:—'An eminent High-Dutch physician, newly come over from Holland, where he resided during all the time of the great plague last year in Amsterdam, and cured multitudes of people that actually had the plague upon them.' 'An Italian gentlewoman, just arrived from Naples, having a choice secret to prevent infection, which she found out by her great experience, and did wonderful cures with it in the late plague there, wherein there died 20,000 in one day.'"

But there was another madness beyond all this. "This was in wearing charms, philters, exorcisms, amulets, and I know not what preparations, to fortify the body against the plague, as if the plague was not the hand of God, but a kind of a possession of an evil spirit; and it was to be kept off with crossings, signs of the zodiac, papers tied up with so many knots, and certain words or figures written on them, as particularly that famous word

ABRACADABRA, with the letters arranged in a triangle or pyramid." In short, all remedies were grasped at that quackery or ignorance could suggest; the plague, meanwhile, spreading far and wide.

THE PLAGUE INCREASES—PRECAUTIONS TAKEN BY THE  
MAGISTRATES—HOUSES SHUT UP.

The mortality increased as the summer advanced. Thus, for the week ending the 13th of June 1665, the number of burials, according to the bills of mortality, were 558, and of these 112 were from plague; in the following week, the deaths from plague were reported at 168; in the week ending the 27th of June, they had risen to 267; and in that ending the 4th of July, they were 470; and to all these returns would require to be added the numbers of those who had really died of plague, but whose deaths had been attributed by their friends to other diseases.

It was at the beginning of July that the lord mayor and magistrates of the city of London—whose conduct during the whole period of the plague was as noble and praiseworthy as the conduct of public officers in a great emergency could be—published their orders for the regulation of the city. By these orders were appointed, in every parish, persons with the title of *examiners*, who were to be citizens of good repute, and whose office was to last two months. These examiners were to "be sworn by the aldermen, to inquire and learn from time to time what houses in every parish be visited, and what persons be sick, and of what diseases, as near as they can inform themselves; and upon doubt in that case, to command restraint of access until it appear what the disease shall prove; and if they find any person sick of the infection, to give orders to the constable that the house be shut up; and if the constable shall be found remiss and negligent, to give notice thereof to the alderman of the ward."

Besides these examiners, there were to be "women-searchers in every parish, such as are of honest reputation, and of the best sort as can be got in this kind; and these to be sworn to make due search and true report, to the utmost of their knowledge, whether the persons whose bodies they are appointed to search do die of the infection, or of what other diseases, as near as they can. No searcher, during the time of visitation, to be permitted to use any public work or employment, or keep a shop or stall, or be employed as a laundress, or in any other common employment whatsoever."

Surgeons were also to be appointed in each parish. "And forasmuch as the said chirurgeons are to be sequestered from all other cures, and kept only to this disease of the infection, it is ordered that every of the said chirurgeons shall have twelvecence a body searched by them, to be paid out of the goods of the party searched, if he be able, or otherwise by the parish."

Lastly, there were to be nurses or keepers to attend the sick persons in their houses, and watchmen to prevent ingress into or egress from the infected houses. The order for the watchmen was as follows:—"That to every infected house there be appointed two watchmen, one for every day, and the other for the night; and that these watchmen have a special care that no person go in or out of such infected houses whereof they have the charge, upon pain of severe punishment. And the said watchmen to do such further offices as the sick house shall need and require; and if the watchman be sent upon any business, to lock up the house, and take the key with him; and the watchman by day to attend until ten o'clock at night, and the watchman by night until six in the morning."

The general regulations to be observed by householders were as follow:—"Orders concerning Infected Houses and Persons sick of the Plague.—Notice to be given of the sickness. The master of every house, as soon as any one in his house complaineth either of blotch, or purple, or swelling in any part of his body, or falleth otherwise dangerously sick without apparent cause of some other disease, shall give notice thereof to the examiner of health within two hours after the said sign shall appear.

"Sequestration of the sick.—As soon as any man shall be found by this examiner, chirurgeon, or searcher to be sick of the plague, he shall, the same night, be sequestered in the same house; and in case he be so sequestered, then, though they die not, the house wherein he sickened should be shut up for a month, after the use of the due preservatives taken by the rest.

"Airing the stuff.—For sequestration of the goods and stuff of the infection, their bedding, and apparel, and hangings of chambers must be well aired with fire, and such perfumes as are requisite, within the infected house, before they be taken again to use. This to be done by the appointment of the examiner.

"Shutting up of the house.—If any person shall visit any man known to be infected of the plague, or entereth willingly into any known infected house, being not allowed, the house wherein he inhabiteth shall be shut up for certain days by the examiner's direction.

"None to be removed out of infected houses.—That none be removed out of the house where he falleth sick of the infection into any other house in the city (except it be to the pest-house, or a tent, or into some such house which the owner of the said house holdeth in his own hands, and occupieth by his own servants), and so as security be given to the said parish whither such remove is made, that the attendance and charge about the said visited persons shall be observed and charged in all the particularities before expressed, without any cost of that parish to which any such remove shall happen to be made; and this remove to be done by night: and it shall be lawful to any person

that hath two houses, to remove either his sound or his infected people to his spare house at his choice, so as if he send away first his sound, he do not after send thither the sick, nor again unto the sick the sound; and that the same which he sendeth be for one week at the least shut up, and secluded from company, for fear of some infection at first not appearing.

“Burial of the dead.—That the burial of the dead by this visitation be at most convenient hours, always before sunrising, or after sunsetting, with the privity of the churchwardens or constable, and not otherwise; and that no neighbours nor friends be suffered to accompany the corpse to church, or to enter the house visited, upon pain of having his house shut up, or be imprisoned. And that no corpse dying of the infection shall be buried, or remain in any church in time of common prayer, sermon, or lecture; and that no children be suffered, at the time of burial of any corpse, in any church, churchyard, or burying-place, to come near the corpse, coffin, or grave; and that all graves shall be at least six feet deep. And further, all public assemblies at other burials are to be forborne during the continuance of this visitation.

“No infected stuff to be uttered.—That no clothes, stuff, bedding, or garments, be suffered to be carried or conveyed out of any infected houses; and that the criers and carriers abroad of bedding or old apparel to be sold or pawned be utterly prohibited and restrained; and no brokers of bedding or old apparel be permitted to make any public show, or hang forth on their stalls, shop-boards, or windows towards any street, lane, common-way, or passage, any old bedding or apparel to be sold, upon pain of imprisonment. And if any broker or other person shall buy any bedding, apparel, or other stuff out of any infected house, within two months after the infection hath been there, his house shall be shut up as infected, and so shall continue shut up twenty days at the least.

“Every visited house to be marked.—That every house visited be marked with a red cross, of a foot long, in the middle of the door, evident to be seen, and with these usual printed words; that is to say, ‘Lord have mercy upon us!’ to be set close over the same cross, there to continue until lawful opening of the same house.

“Every visited house to be watched.—That the constables see every house shut up, and to be attended with watchmen, which may keep in, and minister necessities to them at their own charges, if they be able, or at the common charge if they be unable. The shutting up to be for the space of four weeks after all be whole. That precise order be taken that the searchers, chirurgeons, keepers, and buriers are not to pass the streets without holding a red rod or wand of three feet in length in their hands, open and evident to be seen; and are not to go into any other house than into their own, or into that whereunto they

are directed or sent for, but to forbear and abstain from company, especially when they have been lately used in any such business or attendance.

“Inmates.—That where several inmates are in one and the same house, and any person in that house happens to be infected, no other person or family of such house shall be suffered to remove him or themselves without a certificate from the examiners of the health of that parish; or in default thereof, the house whither she or they remove shall be shut up, as is in case of visitation.

“Hackney-coaches.—That care be taken of hackney-coachmen, that they may not, as some of them have been observed to do, after carrying of infected persons to the pest-house and other places, be admitted to common use till their coaches be well-aired, and have stood unemployed by the space of five or six days after such service.

“For the better execution of these orders, and such other rules and directions as upon further consideration shall be found needful, it was ordered and enjoined that the aldermen, deputies, and common-councilmen should meet together weekly, once, twice, thrice, or oftener, as cause should require, at some one general place accustomed in their respective wards, being clear from infection of the plague, to consult how the said orders may be put in execution.”

These orders extended of course only to that part of London called the City, which was under the jurisdiction of the lord mayor and aldermen; similar precautions, however, were put in force by the authorities in the other parts of the metropolis.

From the date of the publication of these orders, all the houses in which any one was ill of the plague were shut up and watched. How fearful to have walked along the deserted streets, seeing at every few paces a door boarded up, with a huge red cross painted on it, and the awful words, “Lord have mercy on us!” written beneath. But to gain an idea of these horrors, we must return to Defoe. “The shutting up of houses,” he says, “was at first counted a very cruel and unchristian method, and the poor people so confined made bitter lamentations; complaints of the severity of it were also daily brought to my lord mayor, of houses causelessly, and some maliciously shut up. I cannot say, but upon inquiry, many that complained so loudly were found in a condition to be continued; and others again, inspection being made upon the sick person, and the sickness not appearing infectious; or if uncertain, yet, on his being content to be carried to the pest-house, was released.”

The precautions adopted to keep the infected in their houses in many cases failed; for they got out, by the connivance of neighbours, through gardens or courts in the rear of the dwellings. Many who thus escaped were driven to dreadful exigencies and extremities, and perished in the streets or fields for

mere want, or dropped down by the raging violence of the fever upon them. Others wandered into the country, and went forward any way as their desperation guided them, not knowing whither they went or would go, till, faint and tired, and not getting any relief—the houses and villages on the road refusing to admit them to lodge, whether infected or not—they have perished by the roadside, or gotten into barns and died there, none daring to come to them, or relieve them, though perhaps not infected, for nobody would believe them.

“To come back to the case of families infected and shut up in their houses. The misery of those families is not to be expressed; and it was generally in such houses that we heard the most dismal shrieks and outcries of the poor people, terrified, and even frightened to death, by the sight of the condition of their dearest relations, and by the terror of being imprisoned as they were.

“As for myself, I went all the first part of the time freely about the streets, though not so freely as to run myself into apparent danger, except when they dug the great pit in the churchyard of our parish of Aldgate. A terrible pit it was, and I could not resist my curiosity to go and see it. As near as I may judge, it was about forty feet in length, and about fifteen or sixteen feet broad, and, at the time I first looked at it, about nine feet deep; but it was said they dug it near twenty feet deep afterwards in one part of it, till they could go no deeper for the water, for they had, it seems, dug several large pits before this; for though the plague was long a-coming to our parish, yet when it did come, there was no parish in or about London where it raged with such violence as in the two parishes of Aldgate and Whitechapel.

“I say they had dug several pits in another ground when the distemper began to spread in our parish, and especially when the dead-carts began to go about, which was not in our parish till the beginning of August. Into these pits they had put perhaps fifty or sixty bodies each; then they made larger holes, wherein they buried all that the cart brought in a week, which, by the middle to the end of August, came to from two hundred to four hundred a-week; and they could not well dig them larger, because of the order of the magistrates confining them to leave no bodies within six feet of the surface; and the water coming on at about seventeen or eighteen feet, they could not well, I say, put more in one pit; but now, at the beginning of September—the plague raging in a dreadful manner, and the number of burials in our parish increasing to more than was ever buried in any parish about London of no larger extent—they ordered this dreadful gulf to be dug; for such it was, rather than a pit.

“They had supposed this pit would have supplied them for a month or more when they dug it; and some blamed the churchwardens for suffering such a frightful thing, telling them that



they were making preparations to bury the whole parish, and the like. But time made it appear the churchwardens knew the condition of the parish better than they did ; for the pit being finished on the 4th of September, I think they began to bury in it on the 6th, and by the 20th, which was just two weeks, they had thrown into it 1114 bodies, when they were obliged to fill it up, the bodies being then come to lie within six feet of the surface. I doubt not but there may be some ancient persons alive in the parish who can justify the fact of this, and are able to show even in what place of the churchyard the pit lay better than I can. The mark of it also was many years to be seen in the churchyard on the surface, lying in length parallel with the passage which goes by the west wall of the churchyard, out of Houndsditch, and turns east again into Whitechapel, coming out near the Three Nuns Inn.

“It was about the 10th of September that my curiosity led, or rather drove me, to go and see this pit again, when there had been near 400 people buried in it ; and I was not content to see it in the daytime, as I had done before, for then there would have been nothing to have been seen but the loose earth, for all the bodies that were thrown in were immediately covered with earth by those they called the buriers, which at other times were called bearers, but I resolved to go in the night, and see some of them thrown in.

“There was a strict order to prevent people coming to those pits, and that was only to prevent infection ; but after some time that order was more necessary, for people that were infected, and near their end, and delirious also, would run to those pits, wrapt in blankets or rugs, and throw themselves in, and, as they said, bury themselves. I cannot say that the officers suffered any willingly to lie there ; but I have heard that, in a great pit in Finsbury, in the parish of Cripplegate—it lying open then to the fields, for it was not then walled about—many came and threw themselves in, and expired there, before they threw any earth upon them ; and that, when they came to bury others, and found them there, they were quite dead, though not cold.

“This may serve a little to describe the dreadful condition of that day, though it is impossible to say anything that is able to give a true idea of it to those who did not see it, other than this, that it was indeed very dreadful, and such as no tongue can express.

“I got admittance into the churchyard by being acquainted with the sexton who attended, who, though he did not refuse me at all, yet earnestly persuaded me not to go, telling me very seriously, for he was a good religious and sensible man, that it was indeed their business and duty to venture, and to run all hazards, and that in it they might hope to be preserved ; but that I had no apparent call to it but my own curiosity, which, he said, he believed I would not pretend was sufficient to justify my running

that hazard. I told him I had been pressed in my mind to go, and that, perhaps, it might be an instructing sight that might not be without its uses. 'Nay,' says the good man, 'if you will venture upon that score, 'name of God go in; for depend upon it, it will be a sermon to you, it may be the best that ever you heard in your life. It is a speaking sight,' says he, 'and has a voice with it, and a loud one, to call us all to repentance;' and with that he opened the door, and said, 'Go, if you will.'

"His discourse had shocked my resolution a little, and I stood wavering for a good while; but just at that interval I saw two links come over from the end of the Minories, and heard the bellman, and then appeared a dead-cart, as they called it, coming over the streets; so I could no longer resist my desire of seeing it, and went in. There was nobody, as I could perceive, at first in the churchyard, or going into it, but the buriers and the fellow that drove the cart, or rather led the horse and cart; but when they came up to the pit, they saw a man go to and again, muffled up in a brown cloak, and making motions with his hands under his cloak, as if he was in great agony; and the buriers immediately gathered about him, supposing he was one of those poor delirious or desperate creatures that used to pretend, as I have said, to bury themselves. He said nothing as he walked about, but two or three times groaned very deeply and loud, and sighed as if he would break his heart.

"When the buriers came up to him, they soon found he was neither a person infected and desperate, as I have observed above, nor a person distempered in mind, but one oppressed with a dreadful weight of grief indeed, having his wife and several of his children all in the cart that was just come in with him, and he followed in an agony and excess of sorrow. He mourned heartily, as it was easy to see, but with a kind of masculine grief that could not give itself vent by tears; and calmly desiring the buriers to let him alone, said he would only see the bodies thrown in, and go away; so they left importuning him. But no sooner was the cart turned round, and the bodies shot into the pit promiscuously, which was a surprise to him, for he at least expected they would have been decently laid in, though, indeed, he was afterwards convinced that was impracticable; I say no sooner did he see the sight, but he cried out aloud, unable to contain himself. I could not hear what he said, but he went backward two or three steps, and fell down in a swoon. The buriers ran to him and took him up, and in a little while he came to himself, and they led him away to the Pie Tavern, over against the end of Houndsditch, where it seems the man was known, and where they took care of him.

"As the plague increased, there was but one shift that some families had, and that not a few, when their houses happened to be infected; and that was this: the families who, in the first

breaking out of the distemper, fled away into the country, and had retreats among their friends, generally found some one or other of their neighbours or relations to commit the charge of those houses to, for the safety of the goods, and the like. Some houses were indeed entirely locked up, the doors padlocked, the windows and doors having deal-boards nailed over them, and only the inspection of them committed to the ordinary watchmen and parish officers; but these were but few. It was thought that there were not less than 1000 houses forsaken of the inhabitants in the city and suburbs, including what was in the out-parishes, and in Surrey, or the side of the water they called Southwark. This was besides the numbers of lodgers, and of particular persons who were fled out of their families, so that in all it was computed that about 200,000 people were fled and gone in all.

“For my own part, I had in my family only an ancient woman that managed the house, a maid-servant, two apprentices, and myself; and the plague beginning to increase about us, I had many sad thoughts about what course I should take, and how I should act. The many dismal objects which happened everywhere as I went about the streets, had filled my mind with a great deal of horror, for fear of the distemper itself, which was indeed very horrible in itself, and in some more than others: the swellings, which were generally in the neck or groin, when they grew hard, and would not break, grew so painful, that it was equal to the most exquisite torture; and some, not able to bear the torment, threw themselves out at windows, or shot themselves, or otherwise made themselves away; and I saw several dismal objects of that kind: others, unable to contain themselves, vented their pain by incessant roarings; and such loud and lamentable cries were to be heard, as we walked along the streets, that would pierce the very heart to think of, especially when it was to be considered that the same dreadful scourge might be expected every moment to seize upon ourselves.

“Terrified by those frightful objects, I would retire home sometimes, and resolve to go out no more; and perhaps I would keep these resolutions for three or four days, which time I spent in the most serious thankfulness for my preservation, and the preservation of my family, and the constant confession of my sins, giving myself up to God every day, and applying to him with fasting, and humiliation, and meditation; such intervals as I had, I employed in reading books, and in writing down my memorandums of what occurred to me every day.

“I had a very good friend, a physician, whose name was Heath, whom I frequently visited during this dismal time, and to whose advice I was very much obliged for many things. Dr Heath coming to visit me, and finding that I ventured so often out in the streets, earnestly persuaded me to lock myself up; and my family, and not to suffer any of us to go out of doors; to

keep all our windows fast, shutters and curtains close, and never to open them; but first to make a very strong smoke in the room, where the window or door was to be opened, with rosin and pitch, brimstone and gunpowder, and the like: and we did this for some time; but as I had not laid in a store of provision for such a retreat, it was impossible that we could keep within doors entirely. However, I attempted, though it was so very late, to do something towards it; and first, as I had convenience both for brewing and baking, I went and bought two sacks of meal, and for several weeks, having an oven, we baked all our own bread; also I bought malt, and brewed as much beer as all the casks I had would hold, and which seemed enough to serve my house for five or six weeks; also I laid in a quantity of salt butter and Cheshire cheese; but I had no flesh-meat, and the plague raged so violently among the butchers and slaughter-houses on the other side of our street, where they are known to dwell in great numbers, that it was not advisable so much as to go over the street among them.

“It is true people used all possible precaution; when any one bought a joint of meat in the market, they would not take it out of the butcher’s hand, but took it off the hooks themselves. On the other hand, the butcher would not touch the money, but have it put into a pot full of vinegar, which he kept for that purpose. The buyer always carried small money, to make up any odd sum, that they might take no change. They carried bottles for scents and perfumes in their hands, and all the means that could be used were employed; but then the poor could not do even these things, and they went at all hazards. Innumerable dismal stories we heard every day on this very account. Sometimes a man or woman dropped down dead in the very markets; for many people that had the plague upon them knew nothing of it till the inward gangrene had affected their vitals, and they died in a few moments; this caused that many died frequently in that manner in the street suddenly, without any warning; others perhaps had time to go to the next bulk or stall, or to any door or porch, and just sit down and die. These objects were so frequent in the streets, that when the plague came to be very raging on one side, there was scarcely any passing by the streets, but that several dead bodies would be lying here and there upon the ground: on the other hand, it is observable that though at first the people would stop as they went along, and call to the neighbours to come out on such an occasion, yet afterwards no notice was taken of them; but that if at any time we found a corpse lying, go across the way, and not come near it; or if in a narrow lane or passage, go back again, and seek some other way to go on the business we were upon; and in these cases the corpse was always left till the officers had notice to come and take it away, or till night, when the bearers attending the dead-cart would take it up and carry it away.”

## THE PLAGUE AT ITS HEIGHT—AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER 1665.

During the month of July the plague had been fearfully increasing. The deaths by plague for the week ending the 4th of July had been, as we have mentioned, 470; the deaths, however, for the week ending the 1st of August were reported at 2010; and this, as usual, was far below the real number.

"I had," continues Defoe, "taken my friend the physician's advice, and locked myself and my family up, and resolved to suffer the hardship of living a few months without flesh-meat, rather than to purchase it at the hazard of our lives.

"But though I confined my family, I could not prevail upon my unsatisfied curiosity to stay within entirely myself; and though I generally came frightened and terrified home, yet I could not restrain; only that, indeed, I did not do it so frequently as at first.

"In these walks I had many dismal scenes before my eyes, as, particularly, of persons falling dead in the streets, terrible shrieks and screechings of women, who, in their agonies, would throw open their chamber windows, and cry out in a dismal surprising manner. It is impossible to describe the variety of postures in which the passions of the poor people would express themselves.

"Passing through Token House-yard, in Lothbury, of a sudden a casement violently opened just over my head, and a woman gave three frightful screeches, and then cried, 'Oh death, death, death!' in a most inimitable tone, and which struck me with horror, and a chilliness in my very blood. There was nobody to be seen in the whole street, neither did any other window open, for people had no curiosity now in any case, nor could anybody help one another; so I went on to pass into Bell-alley.

"Just in Bell-alley, on the right hand of the passage, there was a more terrible cry than that, though it was not so directed out at the window; but the whole family were in a terrible fright, and I could hear women and children run screaming about the rooms like distracted, when a garret-window opened, and somebody from a window on the other side the alley called and asked 'What is the matter?' Upon which, from the first window, it was answered, 'My old master has hanged himself!'

"It is scarcely credible what dreadful cases happened in particular families every day. People, in the rage of the distemper, or in the torment of their swellings, which was indeed intolerable, running out of their own government, raving and distracted, and oftentimes laying violent hands upon themselves, throwing themselves out at their windows, shooting themselves, &c. Mothers murdering their own children in their lunacy; some dying of mere grief, as a passion; some of mere fright and

surprise, without any infection at all; others frightened into idiotism and foolish distractions; some into despair and lunacy; others into melancholy madness.

“The pain of the swelling was in particular very violent, and to some intolerable; the physicians and surgeons may be said to have tortured many poor creatures even to death. The swellings in some grew hard, and they applied violent drawing-plasters or poultices to break them; and if these did not do, they cut and scarified them in a terrible manner. In some, those swellings were made hard, partly by the force of the distemper, and partly by their being too violently drawn; and were so hard, that no instrument could cut them; and then they burnt them with caustics, so that many died raving mad with the torment, and some in the very operation. In these distresses, some, for want of help to hold them down in their beds, or to look to them, laid hands upon themselves, as already stated; some broke out into the streets, perhaps naked, and would run directly down to the river, if they were not stopped by the watchmen, or other officers, and plunge themselves into the water wherever they found it.

“We had at this time a great many frightful stories told us of nurses and watchmen who looked after the dying people; that is to say, hired nurses, who attended infected people, using them barbarously, starving them, smothering them, or by other wicked means hastening their end; that is to say, murdering of them. And watchmen being set to guard houses that were shut up, when there has been but one person left, and perhaps that one lying sick, that they have broken in and murdered that body, and immediately throwing it out into the dead-cart; and so it has gone scarcely cold to the grave.

“I cannot say but that some such murders were committed, and I think two were sent to prison for it, but died before they could be tried; and I have heard that three others, at several times, were executed for murders of that kind. But I must say I believe nothing of its being so common a crime as some have since been pleased to say.

“The robberies extended chiefly to wearing-clothes, linen, and what rings or money they could come at, when the person died who was under their care, but not to a general plunder of the houses; and I could give you an account of one of these nurses, who, several years after, being on her deathbed, confessed, with the utmost horror, the robberies she had committed at the time of her being a nurse, and by which she had enriched herself to a great degree; but as for murders, I do not find that there was ever any proof of the facts, in the manner as it has been reported, except as above.

“A neighbour and acquaintance of mine having some money owing to him from a shopkeeper in Whitecross Street, or thereabouts, sent his apprentice, a youth about eighteen years of age, to endeavour to get the money. He came to the door, and find-

ing it shut, knocked pretty hard, and, as he thought, heard somebody answer within, but was not sure, so he waited; and after some stay knocked again; and then a third time, when he heard somebody coming down stairs. At length the man of the house came to the door; he had on his breeches or drawers, and a yellow flannel waistcoat, no stockings, a pair of slipt shoes, a white cap on his head, and, as the young man said, death in his face. When he opened the door, says he, 'What do you disturb me thus for?' The boy, though a little surprised, replied, 'I come from such-a-one, and my master sent me for the money, which he says you know of.' 'Very well, child,' returns the living ghost; 'call as you go by at Cripple-gate church, and bid them ring the bell;' and with these words shut the door again, and went up and died the same day, nay, perhaps the same hour.

"This puts me in mind of John Hayward, who was at that time under-sexton of the parish of St Stephen, Coleman Street; by under-sexton was understood at that time gravedigger and bearer of the dead. This man carried, or assisted to carry, all the dead to their graves which were buried in that large parish, and who were carried in form; and after that form of burying was stopped, went with the dead-cart and the bell to fetch the dead bodies from the houses where they lay, and fetched many of them out of the chambers and houses; for the parish was, and is still remarkable, particularly above all the parishes in London, for a great number of alleys and thoroughfares, very long, into which no carts could come, and where they were obliged to go and fetch the bodies a very long way, which alleys now remain to witness it; such as White's-alley, Cross-Key-court, Swan-alley, Bell-alley, White Horse-alley, and many more. Here they went with a kind of handbarrow, and laid the dead bodies on, and carried them out to the carts; which work he performed, and never had the distemper at all, but lived about twenty years after it, and was sexton of the parish to the time of his death. His wife, at the same time, was a nurse to infected people, and tended many that died in the parish, being for her honesty recommended by the parish officers; yet she was never infected. He never used any preservative against the infection other than holding garlic and rue in his mouth, and smoking tobacco; this I also had from his own mouth; and his wife's remedy was washing her head in vinegar, and sprinkling her head-clothes so with vinegar as to keep them always moist; and if the smell of any of those she waited on was more than ordinary offensive, she snuffed vinegar up her nose, and sprinkled vinegar upon her head-clothes, and held a handkerchief, wetted with vinegar, to her mouth.

"It was under this John Hayward's care, and within his bounds, that the story of the piper, with which people have made themselves so merry, happened, and he assured me that it was

true. It is said that it was a blind piper; but, as John told me, the fellow was not blind, but an ignorant weak poor man, and usually went his rounds about ten o'clock at night, and went piping along from door to door; and the people usually took him in at public-houses where they knew him, and would give him drink and victuals, and sometimes farthings; and he in return would pipe and sing, and talk simply, which diverted the people; and thus he lived. It was but a very bad time for this diversion while things were as I have told; yet the poor fellow went about as usual, but was almost starved; and when anybody asked him how he did, he would answer, 'The dead-cart had not taken him yet, but that they had promised to call for him next week.'

"It happened one night that this poor fellow, whether somebody had given him too much drink or not, John Hayward said he had not drink in his house, but that they had given him a little more victuals than ordinary at a public-house in Coleman Street; and the poor fellow having not usually had a bellyful, or perhaps not a good while, was laid all along upon the top of a bulk or stall, and fast asleep, at a door in the street near London Wall, towards Cripplegate, and that upon the same bulk or stall, the people of some house, in the alley of which the house was a corner, hearing a bell, which they always rung before the cart came, had laid a body really dead of the plague just by him, thinking too that this poor fellow had been a dead body as the other was, and laid there by some of the neighbours.

"Accordingly, when John Hayward with his bell and the cart came along, finding two dead bodies lie upon the stall, they took them up with the instrument they used, and threw them into the cart; and all this while the piper slept soundly. From hence they passed along, and took in other dead bodies, till, as honest John Hayward told me, they almost buried him alive in the cart; yet all this while he slept soundly. At length the cart came to the place where the bodies were to be thrown into the ground, which, as I do remember, was at Mount-mill; and as the cart usually stopped some time before they were ready to shoot out the melancholy load they had in it, as soon as the cart stopped, the fellow awaked, and struggled a little to get his head out from among the dead bodies, when, raising himself up in the cart, he called out, 'Hey, where am I?' This frightened the fellow that attended about the work; but, after some pause, John Hayward, recovering himself, said, 'Lord bless us, there's somebody in the cart not quite dead!' So another called to him, and said, 'Who are you?' The fellow answered, 'I am the poor piper: where am I?' 'Where are you!' says Hayward. 'Why, you are in the dead-cart, and we are going to bury you.' 'But I aint dead though, am I?' says the piper; which made them laugh a little, though, as John said, they were heartily frightened at first: so they helped the poor fellow down, and he went about his business."



The number of weekly deaths had fearfully increased during the month of August. In the week ending the 1st of August, as we have already mentioned, the deaths from plague were 2010; the following week they had risen to 2817; the week after they were 3880; the week ending the 22d of August they were 4237; and the last week of August they were no less than 6102; and all these numbers were known to be under the reality. The state of the town at the end of August cannot be described: the doors and windows of houses boarded up, some because the owners had left town, others because the plague was within—the latter all having the conspicuous mark of the red cross upon them; the grass growing in the once crowded streets; no bustle of buying and selling as formerly; the country people afraid to venture into town, and selling their produce at its outskirts to persons appointed by the magistrates to receive it. All silent, dismal, and death-like. One item in the universal misery to which we have not yet alluded, was the distress caused by the cessation of industry. Defoe thus specifies the classes who suffered most in this respect:—"1st, All master workmen in manufactures, especially such as belonged to ornament and the less necessary parts of the people's dress, clothes, and furniture for houses; such as ribbon-weavers and other weavers, gold and silver lace-makers, and gold and silver wire-drawers, seamstresses, milliners, shoemakers, hat-makers, and glove-makers; 2d, all the extraordinary officers of the customs, likewise the watermen, carmen, porters, and all the poor whose labour depended upon the merchants; 3d, all the tradesmen usually employed in building or repairing of houses, such as bricklayers, masons, carpenters, joiners, plasterers, painters, glaziers, smiths, plumbers, and all the labourers depending on such; 4th, as navigation was at a stop, our ships neither coming in nor going out as before, so the seamen were all out of employment, and many of them in the last and lowest degree of distress; and with the seamen were all the several tradesmen and workmen belonging to, and depending upon, the building and fitting out of ships, such as ship-carpenters, calkers, ropemakers, dry coopers, sailmakers, anchor-smiths and other smiths, block-makers, carvers, gunsmiths, ship-chandlers, ship-carvers, and the like; 5th, all families retrenched their living as much as possible, as well those that fled as those that stayed; so that an innumerable multitude of footmen, serving-men, shop-keepers, journeymen, merchants' book-keepers, and such sort of people, and especially poor maid-servants, were turned off, and left friendless and helpless without employment, and without habitation; and this was really a dismal article. The women and servants," he adds, "who were turned off from their places, were employed as nurses to attend the sick in all places; and this took off a very great number of them."

The mortality reached its height in the month of September. In the beginning of that month the citizens were in a frenzy;

they thought God had resolved to make an end of the city. Whole families, and indeed whole streets of families, were swept away together; insomuch that it was frequent for neighbours to call to the bellman to go to such and such houses and carry out the people, for that they were all dead.

"As the desolation was greater during those terrible times, so the amazement of the people increased, and a thousand unaccountable things they would do in the violence of their fright, as others did the same in the agonies of their distemper; and this part was very affecting. Some went roaring, and crying, and wringing their hands along the streets; some would go praying and lifting up their hands to heaven, calling upon God for mercy. I cannot say, indeed, whether this was not in their distraction; but, be it so, it was still an indication of a more serious mind, when they had the use of their senses, and was much better, even as it was, than the frightful yellings and cryings that every day, and especially in the evenings, were heard in some streets. I suppose the world has heard of the famous Solomon Eagle, an enthusiast; he, though not infected at all, but in his head, went about denouncing of judgment upon the city in a frightful manner, sometimes quite naked, and with a pan of burning charcoal on his head. What he said or pretended, indeed, I could not learn.

"There were some people, however, who, notwithstanding the danger, did not omit publicly to attend the worship of God, even in the most dangerous times. And though it is true that a great many of the clergy did shut up their churches and fled, as other people did, for the safety of their lives, yet all did not do so; some ventured to officiate, and to keep up the assemblies of the people by constant prayers, and sometimes sermons or brief exhortations to repentance and reformation; and this as long as they would hear them. And dissenters did the like also, and even in the very churches where the parish ministers were either dead or fled; nor was there any room for making any difference at such a time as this was.

"It pleased God that I was still spared, and very hearty and sound in health, but very impatient of being pent up within doors without air, as I had been for fourteen days or thereabouts; and I could not restrain myself, but I would go and carry a letter for my brother to the post-house; then it was, indeed, that I observed a profound silence in the streets. When I came to the post-house, as I went to put in my letter, I saw a man stand in one corner of the yard, and talking to another at a window, and a third had opened a door belonging to the office. In the middle of the yard lay a small leathern purse, with two keys hanging at it, with money in it, but nobody would meddle with it. I asked how long it had lain there; the man at the window said it had lain almost an hour, but they had not meddled with it, because they did not know but the person who dropped it

might come back to look for it. I had no such need of money, nor was the sum so big that I had any inclination to meddle with it, or to get the money at the hazard it might be attended with; so I seemed to go away, when the man who had opened the door said he would take it up, but so, that if the right owner came for it, he should be sure to have it. So he went in, and fetched a pail of water, and set it down hard by the purse, then went again and fetched some gunpowder, and cast a good deal of powder upon the purse, and then made a train from that which he had thrown loose upon the purse—the train reached about two yards—after this he goes in a third time, and fetches out a pair of tongs, red-hot, and which he had prepared, I suppose, on purpose, and first setting fire to the train of powder, which singed the purse, and also smoked the air sufficiently. But he was not content with that; but he then takes up the purse with the tongs, holding it so long till the tongs burned through the purse, and then he shook the money out into the pail of water; so he carried it in. The money, as I remember, was about thirteen shillings, and some smooth groats and brass farthings.

“Much about the same time I walked out into the fields towards Bow, for I had a great mind to see how things were managed in the river, and among the ships; and as I had some concern in shipping, I had a notion that it had been one of the best ways of securing one’s self from the infection to have retired into a ship; and musing how to satisfy my curiosity in that point, I turned away over the fields from Bow to Bromley, and down to Blackwall, to the stairs that are there for landing or taking water. Here I saw a poor man walking on the bank, or sea-wall, as they call it, by himself. I walked a while also about, seeing the houses all shut up. At last I fell into some talk, at a distance, with this poor man. First I asked him how people did thereabouts. ‘Alas! sir,’ says he, ‘almost desolate—all dead or sick. Here are very few families in this part, or in that village, pointing at Poplar, where half of them are not dead already, and the rest sick.’ Then he, pointing to one house, ‘There they are all dead,’ said he, ‘and the house stands open; nobody dares go into it. A poor thief,’ says he, ‘ventured in to steal something, but he paid dear for his theft, for he was carried to the churchyard too last night.’ Then he pointed to several other houses. ‘There,’ says he, ‘they are all dead, the man and his wife, and five children. There they are shut up; you see a watchman at the door;’ and so of other houses. ‘Why,’ says I, ‘what do you here all alone?’ ‘Why,’ says he, ‘I am a poor desolate man; it hath pleased God I am not yet visited, though my family is, and one of my children dead.’ ‘How do you mean, then,’ said I, ‘that you are not visited?’ ‘Why,’ says he, ‘that is my house,’ pointing to a very little low boarded house, ‘and there my poor wife and two children live, if they may be said to live; for my wife and one of the children are visited, but

I do not come at them.' And with that word I saw the tears run very plentifully down his face; and so they did down mine too, I am sure.

'But,' said I, 'why do you not come at them? How can you abandon your own flesh and blood?' 'Oh, sir,' says he, 'the Lord forbid; I do not abandon them; I work for them as much as I am able; and, blessed be the Lord, I keep them from want.' And with that I observed he lifted up his eyes to Heaven, with a countenance that presently told me I had met with a man that was no hypocrite, but a serious, religious, good man; and his ejaculation was an expression of thankfulness that, in such a condition as he was in, he should be able to say his family did not want. 'Well,' says I, 'honest man, that is a great mercy, as things go now with the poor. But how do you live then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all?' 'Why, sir,' says he, 'I am a waterman, and there is my boat, and the boat serves me for a house. I work in it during the day, and I sleep in it at night; and what I get I lay it down upon that stone,' showing me a broad stone on the other side of the street, a good way from his house; 'and then,' says he, 'I halloo and call to them till I make them hear, and they come and fetch it.'

'Well, friend,' says I, 'but how can you get money as a waterman? Does anybody go by water these times?' 'Yes, sir,' says he, 'in the way I am employed there does. Do you see there five ships lie at anchor?' pointing down the river a good way below the town; 'and do you see,' says he, 'eight or ten ships lie at the chain there, and at anchor yonder?' pointing above the town. 'All those ships have families on board, of their merchants and owners, and such like, who have locked themselves up, and live on board, close shut in, for fear of the infection; and I tend on them, to fetch things for them, carry letters, and do what is absolutely necessary, that they may not be obliged to come on shore; and every night I fasten my boat on board one of the ships' boats, and there I sleep by myself; and, blessed be God, I am preserved hitherto.'

'Well, friend,' said I, 'but will they let you come on board after you have been on shore here, when this has been such a terrible place, and so infected as it is?'

'Why, as to that,' said he, 'I very seldom go up the ship-side, but deliver what I bring to their boat, or lie by the side, and they hoist it on board; if I did, I think they are in no danger from me, for I never go into any house on shore, or touch anybody, no, not of my own family; but I fetch provisions for them.'

'Nay,' says I, 'but that may be worse, for you must have those provisions of somebody or other; and since all this part of the town is so infected, it is dangerous so much as to speak with anybody, for the village is, as it were, the beginning of London, though it be at some distance from it.'

'That is true,' added he; 'but you do not understand me right. I do not buy provisions for them here; I row up to Greenwich, and buy fresh meat there, and sometimes I row down the river to Woolwich, and buy there; then I go to single farm-houses on the Kentish side, where I am known, and buy fowls, and eggs, and butter, and bring to the ships, as they direct me, sometimes one, sometimes the other. I seldom come on shore here; and I came only now to call my wife, and hear how my little family do, and give them a little money which I received last night.'

'Poor man!' said I, 'and how much hast thou got for them?'

'I have got four shillings,' said he, 'which is a great sum as things go now with poor men; but they have given me a bag of bread too, and a salt fish, and some flesh; so all helps out.'

'Well,' said I, 'and have you given it to them yet?'

'No,' said he; 'but I have called, and my wife has answered that she cannot come out yet, but in half an hour she hopes to come, and I am waiting for her. Poor woman!' says he, 'she is brought sadly down; she has had a swelling, and it is broke, and I hope she will recover, but I fear the child will die; but it is the Lord!' Here he stopped, and wept very much.

'Well, honest friend,' said I, 'thou hast a sure comforter, if thou hast brought thyself to be resigned to the will of God; he is dealing with us all in judgment.'

'Oh, sir,' says he, 'it is infinite mercy if any of us are spared; and who am I to repine?'

'Sayest thou so,' said I; 'and how much less is my faith than thine!' And here my heart smote me, suggesting how much better this poor man's foundation was on which he stayed in the danger than mine; that he had nowhere to fly; that he had a family to bind him to attendance, which I had not; and mine was mere presumption, his a true dependence and a courage resting on God; and yet, that he used all possible caution for his safety.

"I turned a little way from the man while these thoughts engaged me; for indeed I could no more refrain from tears than he.

"At length, after some further talk, the poor woman opened the door, and called 'Robert, Robert;' he answered, and bade her stay a few moments, and he would come; so he ran down the common stairs to his boat and fetched up a sack, in which was the provisions he had brought from the ships, and when he returned, he hallooed again, then he went to the great stone which he showed me, and emptied the sack, and laid all out, everything by themselves, and then retired; and his wife came with a little boy to fetch them away, and he called, and said such a captain had sent such a thing, and such a captain such a thing; and at the end added, 'God has sent all, give thanks to him.' When

the poor woman had taken up all, she was so weak she could not carry it at once in, though the weight was not much either; so she left the biscuit, which was in a small bag, and left a little boy to watch it till she came again.

'Well, but,' said I to him, 'did you leave her the four shillings too, which you said was your week's pay?'

'Yes, yes,' says he; 'you shall hear her own it.' So he calls again, 'Rachel, Rachel,' which it seems was her name, 'did you take up the money?' 'Yes,' said she. 'How much was it?' said he. 'Four shillings and a groat,' said she. 'Well, well,' says he, 'the Lord keep you all;' and so he turned to go away.

"As I could not refrain contributing tears to this man's story, so neither could I refrain my charity for his assistance; so I called him, 'Hark thee, friend,' said I; 'come hither, for I believe thou art in health, that I may venture thee;' so I pulled out my hand, which was in my pocket before. 'Here,' says I, 'go and call thy Rachel once more, and give her a little more comfort from me. God will never forsake a family that trust in him as thou dost;' so I gave him four other shillings, and bade him go lay them on the stone, and call his wife.

"I have not words to express the poor man's thankfulness; neither could he express it himself, but by tears running down his face. He called his wife, and told her God had moved the heart of a stranger, upon hearing their condition, to give them all that money, and a great deal more such as that he said to her. The woman, too, made signs of the like thankfulness, as well to Heaven as to me, and joyfully picked it up; and I parted with no money all that year that I thought better bestowed.

"I then asked the poor man if the distemper had not reached to Greenwich. He said it had not till about a fortnight before, but that then he feared it had; but that it was only at that end of the town which lay south towards Deptford Bridge; that he went only to a butcher's shop and a grocer's, where he generally bought such things as they sent him for, but was very careful. I asked him then how it came to pass that those people who had so shut themselves up in the ships had not laid in sufficient stores of all things necessary? He said some of them had, but, on the other hand, some did not come on board till they were frightened into it, and till it was too dangerous for them to go to the proper people to lay in quantities of things; and that he waited on two ships, which he showed me, that had laid in little or nothing but biscuit, bread, and ship beer, and that he had bought everything else almost for them. I asked him if there were any more ships that had separated themselves as those had done? He told me yes; all the way up from the point, right against Greenwich, to within the shore of Limehouse and Redriff, all the ships that could have room to ride two and two in the middle of the stream; and that some of them had several families on board. I asked him if the distemper had not reached them?

He said he believed it had not, except two or three ships, whose people had not been so watchful to keep the seamen from going on shore as others had been; and he said it was a very fine sight to see how the ships lay up the pool.

"When he said he was going over to Greenwich as soon as the tide began to come in, I asked if he would let me go with him, and bring me back; for that I had a great mind to see how the ships were ranged, as he had told me. He told me if I would assure him, on the word of a Christian and of an honest man, that I had not the distemper, he would. I assured him that I had not; that it had pleased God to preserve me; that I lived in Whitechapel, but was too impatient of being so long within doors, and that I had ventured out so far for the refreshment of a little air, but that none in my house had so much as been touched with it.

'Well, sir,' says he, 'as your charity has been moved to pity me and my poor family, sure you cannot have so little pity left as to put yourself into my boat if you were not sound in health, which would be nothing less than killing me and ruining my whole family.' The poor man troubled me so much when he spoke of his family with such a sensible concern, and in such an affectionate manner, that I could not satisfy myself at first to go at all. I told him I would lay aside my curiosity rather than make him uneasy, though I was sure, and very thankful for it, that I had no more distemper upon me than the freshest man in the world. Well, he would not have me put it off neither, but, to let me see how confident he was that I was just to him, now importuned me to go; so, when the tide came up to his boat, I went in, and he carried me to Greenwich. While he bought the things which he had in charge to buy, I walked up to the top of the hill under which the town stands, and on the east side of the town, to get a prospect of the river; but it was a surprising sight to see the number of ships which lay in rows, two and two, and in some places two or three such lines in the breadth of the river, and this not only up quite to the town, between the houses which we call Ratcliff and Redriff, which they name the Pool, but even down the whole river, as far as the head of Long Reach, which is as far as the hills give us leave to see it.

"I cannot guess at the number of ships, but I think there must have been several hundred sail, and I could not but applaud the contrivance; for ten thousand people and more, who attended ship affairs, were certainly sheltered here from the violence of the contagion, and lived very safe and very easy.

"I returned to my own dwelling, very well satisfied with my day's journey, and particularly with the poor man; also I rejoiced to see that such little sanctuaries were provided for so many families in a time of such desolation."

The conduct of the magistrates during this awful season cannot be too much praised. In the first place, the lord mayor, Sir

John Lawrence, and the sheriffs, the court of aldermen, and a certain number of the common councilmen, or their deputies, came to a resolution, and published it, namely, "that they would not quit the city themselves, but that they would be always at hand for the preserving of good order in every place, and for doing justice on all occasions; as also for the distributing the public charity to the poor; and, in a word, for the doing the duty and discharging the trust reposed in them by the citizens to the utmost of their power."

In pursuance of these orders, the lord mayor, sheriffs, &c. held councils every day, more or less, for making such dispositions as they found needful for preserving the civil peace. Consulting with each other, and with some physicians, it appeared to the magistrates that the kindling of large fires in the streets might have some effect in purifying the air and abating the plague. Accordingly, on the 2d of September, a proclamation was issued by the lord mayor to this effect, "Every six houses on each side of the way, which will be twelve houses, are to join together to provide firing for three whole nights and three whole days, to be made in one great fire before the door of the middlemost inhabitant; and one or more persons to be appointed to keep the fire constantly burning, without suffering the same to be extinguished or go out all the time aforesaid; and this to be observed in all streets, courts, lanes, and alleys; and great care to be taken where the streets, courts, lanes, and alleys are narrow, that the fires may be made of a proportionable bigness, that so no damage may ensue to the houses."

The effects of these fires do not appear to have been very beneficial, if we may judge from the continued increase of the number of deaths. "We, the physicians," says Dr Hodges in his *Loimologia*, or Account of the Plague, "opposed the kindling of the fires with all our authority. But the magistrates, over-anxious for the health of the city, and preferring the authority and example of our great Hippocrates, notwithstanding our expostulations, caused fires everywhere to be lighted. Alas! the three days had scarcely elapsed, when the mourning heavens, as if weeping for the innumerable funerals, extinguished the flames with profuse showers. Whether through the suffocating effluvia of the coals, or of the dampness of the rainy atmosphere immediately following, that very night brought unheard-of destruction, for truly more than 4000 perished before the morning." The night of this dreadful mortality appears to have been that of the 3d or 4th of September; and the weekly return of deaths on the 5th of the month was 8252, of which 6988 were by the plague. According to Defoe, however, at least 10,000 died that week of the plague; and as many in each of the two following weeks. "The plague," he says, "now raged beyond all that I have expressed, and came even to such a height, that, in the extremity, they began to break into that excellent order



of which I have spoken so much in behalf of the magistrates; namely, that no dead bodies were seen in the streets, or burials in the day-time; for there was a necessity, in this extremity, to bear with its being otherwise for a little while. And it is here to be observed that, after the funerals became so many, people could not toll the bell, mourn, or weep, or wear black for one another as they did before; no, nor so much as make coffins for those that died.

“In our parish of Aldgate, the dead-carts were several times, as I have heard, found standing at the churchyard gate full of dead bodies, but neither bellman nor driver, nor any one else with it. Neither in these nor many other cases did they know what bodies they had in their cart; for sometimes they were let down with ropes out of balconies and out of windows, and sometimes the bearers brought them to the cart, sometimes other people; nor, as the men themselves said, did they trouble themselves to keep any account of the numbers.

“Here, also, I ought to leave a further remark, for the use of posterity, concerning the manner of people’s infecting one another; namely, that it was not the sick people only from whom the plague was immediately received, but from those who, though infected, were apparently well. When people began to be convinced that the infection was received in this surprising manner, they began to be exceedingly shy and jealous of every one that came near them. Once, in a public day, whether a Sabbath-day or not I do not remember, in Aldgate church, in a pew full of people, on a sudden one fancied she smelt an ill smell; immediately she fancies the plague was in the pew, whispers her notion or suspicion to the next, then rises and goes out of the pew; it immediately took with the next, and so with them all, and every one of them and of the two adjoining pews got up and went out of the church, nobody knowing what it was offended them, or from whom.

“This immediately filled everybody’s mouth with one preparation or other, such as the old women directed, and some perhaps as physicians directed, in order to prevent infection by the breath of others; insomuch that if we came to go into a church, when it was anything full of people, there would be such a mixture of smells at the entrance, that it was much more strong, though perhaps not so wholesome, than if you were going into an apothecary’s or druggist’s shop; in a word, the whole church was like a smelling-bottle. In one corner it was all perfumes, in another aromatics, balsamics, and a variety of drugs and herbs; in another salts and spirits, as every one was furnished for their own preservation; yet I observed that after people were possessed with the belief, or rather assurance, of the infection being thus carried on by persons apparently in health, the churches and meeting-houses were much thinner of people than at other times before that they used to be; for this is to be said of the people of

London, that, during the whole time of the pestilence, the churches or meetings were never wholly shut up, nor did the people decline coming out to the public worship of God, except only in some parishes, when the violence of the distemper was more particularly in that parish at that time, and even then no longer than it continued to be so."

OCTOBER 1665—THE PLAGUE ABATES, AND GRADUALLY  
DISAPPEARS.

The plague, as we have already stated, was at its height during the five weeks which elapsed between the 22d of August and the 26th of September. The following are the entries in the bills of mortality for this period :—

	Burials.	Deaths by Plague.
August 22 to August 29, . . .	7496	6102
August 29 to September 5, . . .	8252	6988
September 5 to September 12, . . .	7690	6544
September 12 to September 19, . . .	8297	7165
September 19 to September 26, . . .	6460	5533
	<hr/> 38,195	<hr/> 32,332

It will be observed from this table that there was a considerable decrease in the number of deaths for the week ending 26th September as compared with the four weeks preceding; and although the number was still enormously great, this symptom was eagerly grasped at by the citizens as perhaps indicating the abatement of the plague, and the next week's returns were looked for with extraordinary anxiety. What delight, what hope spread through the city when it was known that the return stood as follows :—

	Burials.	Deaths by Plague.
September 26 to October 3, . . .	5720	4929

But we must leave Defoe to describe the gradual abatement, of which these diminished returns were the proof. "The last week in September," he says, "the plague being come to a crisis, its fury began to assuage. I remember my friend Dr Heath, coming to see me the week before, told me he was sure that the violence of it would assuage in a few days; but when I saw the weekly bill of that week, which was the highest of the whole year, being 8297 of all diseases, I upbraided him with it, and asked him what he had made his judgment from? His answer, however, was not so much to seek as I thought it would have been. 'Look you,' says he, 'by the number which are at this time sick and infected, there should have been 20,000 dead the last week instead of 8000, if the inveterate mortal contagion had been as it was two weeks ago; for then it ordinarily killed in two or three days, now not under eight or ten; and then not above one in five recovered, whereas I have observed that now

not above two in five miscarry; and, observe it from me, the next bill will decrease, and you will see many more people recover than used to do; for though a vast multitude are now everywhere infected, and as many every day fall sick, yet there will not so many die as there did, for the malignity of the distemper is abated;’ adding that he began now to hope, nay, more than hope, that the infection had passed its crisis, and was going off: and accordingly so it was; for the next week being, as I said, the last in September, the bill decreased almost 2000.

“It is true the plague was still at a frightful height, and the next bill was no less than 6460, and the next to that 5720; but still my friend’s observation was just, and it did appear the people did recover faster, and more in number, than they used to do. And indeed if it had not been so, what had been the condition of the city of London? for, according to my friend, there were not fewer than 60,000 people at that time infected, whereof, as above, 20,477 died, and near 40,000 recovered; whereas had it been as it was before, 50,000 of that number would very probably have died, if not more, and 50,000 more would have sickened; for, in a word, the whole mass of people began to sicken, and it looked as if none would escape.

“But this remark of my friend appeared more evident in a few weeks more; for the decrease went on, and another week in October it decreased 1843, so that the number dead of the plague was but 2665; and the next week it decreased 1413 more, and yet it was seen plainly that there was abundance of people sick; nay, more than ordinary, and many fell sick every day, but, as above, the malignity of the disease abated.”

The best idea of the rapidity of the progress of the city towards health will be obtained from the bills of mortality, which, continued from the last entry quoted, were as follows:—

	Burials.	Deaths by Plague.
October 3 to October 10, . . . .	5068	4327
October 10 to October 17, . . . .	3219	2665
October 17 to October 24, . . . .	1806	1421
October 24 to October 31, . . . .	1388	1031
October 31 to November 7, . . . .	1787	1414
November 7 to November 14, . . . .	1359	1050
November 14 to November 21, . . . .	905	652

from which period the numbers decreased regularly; till, on the week ending the 5th of December they stood thus—burials, 428; deaths from plague, 210.

Those who had left town now began to flock in again; the shops began to be opened; and the bustle of trade recommenced. “It is impossible,” says Defoe, “to express the change that appeared in the very countenances of the people that Thursday morning when the weekly bill came out. It might have been perceived in their countenances that a secret surprise and smile of joy sat on every-

body's face; they who would hardly go on the same side of the way with one another before, now shook each other by the hands in the streets. Where the streets were not too broad, they would open their windows and call from one house to another, and ask how they did, and if they had heard the good news that the plague was abated; some would return, when they said good news, and ask, 'What good news?' And when they answered that the plague was abated, and the bills decreased almost 2000, they would cry out, 'God be praised!' and would weep aloud for joy, telling them they had heard nothing of it; and such was the joy of the people, that it was, as it were, life to them from the grave. I could almost set down as many extravagant things done in the excess of their joy as of their grief, but that would be to lessen the value of it."

Counting from the 20th of December 1664, when it was first rumoured that the plague had broken out in Drury Lane, to the 19th of December 1665, when the plague had so far abated that the weekly deaths were about 250, the entire number of victims swept off by the pestilence in the city of London in these twelve months was, according to the official returns, 68,596; but according to the computation of Defoe and others, at least 100,000. In order to give as accurate a notion as possible of the symptoms, and its mode of attacking people, we may add, in conclusion, one or two particulars of an interesting kind, from a manuscript account of the plague preserved in the British Museum, and written by Mr William Boghurst, a medical practitioner in London during the fatal period.

"In the summer before the plague," he says, "there was such a multitude of flies, that they lined the insides of the houses; and if any threads or strings did hang down in any place, they were presently thick-set with flies, like ropes of onions; and swarms of ants covered the highways, that you might have taken up a handful at a time, both winged and creeping ants; and such a multitude of croaking frogs in ditches, that you might have heard them before you saw them. The plague was ushered in with seven months of dry weather and westerly winds. It fell first upon the highest grounds, as St Giles's and St Martin's, Westminster; but afterwards it gradually insinuated and crept down Holborn and the Strand, and then into the city; and at last to the east end of the suburbs; so that it was half a year at the west end before the east end and Stepney were affected. The disease spread not altogether by contagion at first, nor began only at one place, and spread farther and farther, as an eating and spreading sore doth all over the body; but fell upon several places of the city and suburbs like rain, even at the first. Almost all that caught the disease with fear died with tokens (spots on the body) in two or three days. About the beginning, most men got the disease with drinking, surfeiting, overheating themselves, and by disorderly living. Some died eight, ten, twelve, or

twenty days after they had been sick ; yet the greatest part died before five or six days. In the summer, about half of those who were taken sick died ; but towards winter, three parts in four lived. None died suddenly, as though struck with lightning or apoplexy. I saw none die under twenty or twenty-four hours.\* Spots appeared not much till the middle of June, and carbuncles not till the latter end of July, and seized mostly on old people, choleric and melancholy people, and generally on dry and lean bodies. Children had none. If very hot weather followed a shower of rain, the disease increased. Many people, after a violent sweat, or taking a strong cordial, presently had the tokens come out, so that every nurse would say, 'Cochineal was a fine thing to bring out the tokens.' Authors speak of several kinds of plagues—some which took only children, others maids, others young people under thirty ; but this of ours took all sorts. Yet it fell not very thick upon old people till about the middle or slack of the disease. Old people that had the disease, many of them were not sick at all ; but they that were sick, almost all died. I had one patient fourscore and six years old. Though all sorts of people died very thick, both young and old, rich and poor, healthy and unhealthy, strong and weak, men and women, of all constitutions, of all tempers and complexions, of all professions and places, of all religions, of all conditions, good or bad—yet, as far as I could discern, more of the good people died than of the bad, more men than women, and more of dull complexions than of fair. Black men of thin and lean constitutions were heavy-laden with this disease, and died, all that I saw, in two or three days ; and most of them thick with black tokens. People of the best complexions and merry dispositions had least of the disease ; and, if they had it, fared best under it. This year in which the plague hath raged so much, no alteration nor change appeared in any element, vegetable or animal, besides the body of man. All other things kept their common integrity, and all sorts of fruit, all roots, flowers, and medicinal simples were as plentiful, large, fair, and wholesome, and all grain as plentiful and good as ever. All kine, cattle, horses, sheep, swine, dogs, wild beasts and tame, were as healthful, strong to labour, and wholesome to eat, as ever they were in any year. Hens, geese, pigeons, turkeys, and all wild fowl were free from infection.†

\* There is an apparent contradiction on this point between Boghurst and Defoe ; probably, however, Defoe's cases of sudden deaths were cases of persons who had been ill for some time without being fully aware of it.


† There would seem to be a difference in this respect between the plague of London and the plague of 1348 at Florence, regarding which Boccaccio tells us that "such was the quality of the pestilential matter, as to pass not only from man to man, but, what is more strange, and has been often known, that anything belonging to the infected, if touched by any other creature, would certainly infect, and even kill that creature in a short space of time : and one instance of this kind I took particular

The summer following the plague very few flies, frogs, and such-like appeared. Great doubting and disputing there is whether the plague be infectious or not; because some think if it were infectious, it would infect all, as the fire heats all it comes near; but the plague leaves as many as it takes. Generally, every one is apt to judge by his own experience; and if any one may draw his conclusion from this, I have as much reason as any to think it not infectious, having passed through a multitude of continual dangers, being employed every day till ten o'clock at night, out of one house into another, dressing sores, and being always in the breath of patients, without catching the disease of any, through God's protection; and so did many nurses that were in like danger. Yet I count it to be the most subtle infectious disease of any."

Strange as it may appear, the doubts which were entertained in 1665 respecting the contagious nature of the plague remain till the present day unsettled; some inquirers arguing that the disease is communicated by touch, or infection from proximity with the diseased, while others consider it extends its influence by other means. The subject of this controversy is of little practical consequence. It is sufficient to know that plague, like its modern prototype cholera, is aggravated by insalubrious conditions of the atmosphere, and is intimately connected with neglect of cleanliness. In old London, as till the present day in eastern cities, it found scope for its ravages in confined alleys and courts, or wherever there was any lack of ventilation, sewerage, or a plenteous supply of water. The great fire which half destroyed London in 1666, twelve months after the disappearance of the pestilence, may be said to have banished plague from the metropolis; for the city was rebuilt on a more open scale, with some degree of reference to the health of the inhabitants. Much, however, still remains to be done. Many thoroughfares require to be opened up in densely-crowded neighbourhoods, streets and lanes need to be widened, slaughter-houses to be removed; besides not a little as respects improved dwellings for the humbler classes of society. It is gratifying to know that attention is now very generally directed to this important subject, and that ere long considerable improvements, calculated to insure the health of the metropolis, are likely to be carried into execution.

notice of; namely, that the rags of a poor man just dead, being thrown into the street, and two hogs coming by at the same time, and rooting amongst them, and shaking them about in their mouths, in less than an hour turned round and died on the spot." Of the plague at Athens also, Thucydides tells us that "the birds and beasts which usually prey on human flesh either never approached the dead bodies, of which many lay about uninterred, or if they tasted, died." Possibly, however, Mr Boghurst did not mean to deny that, under certain circumstances, the infection might be communicated from a sick patient to any brute with whom he might come in contact, but only that the contagion did not spread among the lower animals.

## SCHOOLS OF INDUSTRY.

N every large seat of population there may be observed to exist a class of children, less or more in point of numbers, who, notwithstanding all ordinary means for education, habitually loiter in the streets in a state of rags and wretchedness, attend no school, and glean a miserable livelihood from the practice of mendicancy. In cities and towns, where the Poor-Law is administered on a comprehensive and humane scale, the number of such incumberers of the public thoroughfares is of comparatively small amount; nevertheless there, as well as elsewhere, juvenile mendicancy and vagrancy are painfully visible, and demand investigation and correction. What may be the special reasons for this social disorder, it would be beyond our present purpose to inquire; in intemperance, and other depravities in parents, we should perhaps find a sufficient explanation of the phenomenon. Be the causes what they may, it must be obvious that the evil requires to be remedied. Thrown ruthlessly on public commiseration, the juvenile vagrants almost invariably fall into the commission of crime. From begging, the transition to petty pilfering seems easy and imperceptible, and from smaller to greater delinquencies the path is not by any means more difficult. Thus, from less to more, little by little, the infant beggar becomes the infant thief; and the infant thief becomes the youthful burglar. It is a curriculum of misery and crime, commencing with neglect, and ending in ruin.

The number of children brought before the various criminal tribunals of England is, I understand, about three thousand annually; and before the courts of Scotland a proportionally large number make their appearance. This host of juvenile criminals may be said to form the corps out of which the higher order of depredators spring. At eight or nine years of age, the unfortunate creature is brought before one of the lower police tribunals; at ten, he advances to the assizes; and from twelve to fourteen, having regularly matriculated, he is prepared for the Central Criminal Court, or the High Court of Justiciary. Before he is fifteen, he has most likely been convicted from six to eight times, and cost society some hundreds of pounds for trials and imprisonments.

The spectacle of a child arraigned for the commission of some technically grave offence is one of the most distressing which can be witnessed; yet its occurrence appears to have become so common, that it scarcely excites more than a transient remark. A few years ago, I was summoned to appear as a juror in the sheriff's criminal court at Edinburgh. On attending at an early hour in the morning, I found that I was one of forty-five persons

brought together on the same errand; many from distant parts of the county, and the whole, from the care on their countenances, appeared to feel that the sacrifice they were making to the injunctions of the law was by no means a light one. At length the court met, and was constituted by the chair being taken by the sheriff. The culprit was brought in, and arraigned. He was a little boy of twelve or thirteen years of age, dressed in a pair of tattered corduroy trousers; and his tangled hair, dirty face, and bare feet, told plainly to what class of the population he belonged—one of those poor wretched vagrant urchins whom I have mentioned as living on charity, and whose whinnings for halfpence are the annoyance of well-dressed passengers. If he had a father or mother, neither appeared on the present occasion. He was alone, and friendless. When addressed by the judge, he seemed puzzled in making a reply before so large an assembly. It was at length gathered from him that he pled “not guilty,” and so the case went to a jury, of which I was one. There was something exceedingly affecting, yet droll, in the whole affair. The apparatus evoked to try the little vagrant seemed like erecting a steam-engine of five hundred horse-power to kill a mouse. On the one side were the judge, prosecutor, solicitors, pro. and con., sundry subordinate officials, and the jury—a selection of fifteen from five-and-forty men, dragged from their daily avocations over a compass of at least thirty miles; on the other was a poor little dirty urchin, so short in stature, that his face barely reached the top of the table behind which he was placed; and to have a proper look of him, he was caused to stand upon a chair in front of the court. Crime charged—stealing an old brass candlestick worth sixpence. The theft was proved, as a matter of course; and in a very cool commonplace sort of way the culprit was condemned to six months’ imprisonment—the hint being added, that as this was his third offence of the kind, he should, on the next occasion, be brought before a higher tribunal. The warning was well meant; but as the poor creature could neither read nor write, and had been a neglected child since infancy, it may be doubted if he understood a single word that was addressed to him. After another case of a similar kind, the entire members of the jury were informed they might depart, and the court broke up. The expense to the country, and to the individuals employed in these miserable trials, could not, I am told, be estimated at less than one hundred pounds.

Nine months later, I was summoned as a juror in the supreme criminal court; and there, amidst a much more imposing apparatus of law and lawyers—for one thing, three learned judges on the bench—appeared to undergo his trial the same unfortunate little boy whom I had formerly seen before the sheriff. Working his way up, as it is called, he had passed through all the inferior tribunals, and improving as he proceeded, had com-



mitted a crime which inferred one of the highest statutory penalties. The hint of the sheriff had been made good. He was now before a higher court—the highest he could reach. Again there were all the minutæ of evidence, with harangues from lawyers; and again was the culprit found guilty, and condemned. Again was there an admonition from the presiding judge; again did the court break up; and again did every member of the jury wend his way home, in a state of moody discontent at having been put to so much trouble on so pitiful a business. As the assigned punishment was transportation, the country on this occasion incurred probably an obligation of three or four hundred pounds. Hundreds of pounds to punish a crime! Five pounds rightly laid out at first would most likely have prevented its commission. The possible ruin of a boy, body and soul, is a different and more impressive question.

This was no solitary case. Instances of the same kind are daily and universally occurring. It is not unusual to impute blame to magistrates and judges for not making an effort to remedy so gross an abuse; but the special duty of the tribunals over which they preside is to punish, not to prevent crime, and on society at large lies the responsibility of eradicating the great evil to which I have here drawn attention. What, then, asks the philanthropist, are the means to be adopted for accomplishing this desirable object? After every consideration which I have been able to give the subject, and after having visited various countries in which the reclamation of juvenile offenders has engaged the efforts of the state, I should say, as a general principle, that juvenile mendicancy and vagrancy cannot be eradicated without resorting to legal compulsion. In Prussia, all children are compelled by law to attend regularly at school—a school either chosen by the parent or by the state. In Holland, the law for enjoining school attendance is less stringent; but practically, through the efficacy of the administration of relief to the poor, and also by means of the police, juvenile vagrancy is repressed. In France, the riddance of young vagrants is effected in a different manner: all children falling into crime are humanely supposed to have acted without discernment, and are thereupon detained in prison, and educated till a certain age. Without entering into the controversial question as to the institution of a general plan of compulsory education in England and Scotland, it seems to me reasonable to infer, from the visible pressure of circumstances, that compulsion is absolutely necessary as far as the suppression of vagrancy is concerned. It might, I think, be safely adopted as a theory, that every act of mendicancy, along with apparently neglected destitution, should constitute a title to enforce attendance at school; such alternative being obviously preferable to compulsory detention in prison.

Supposing so much granted, it must be interesting to inquire what species of instruction and other attentions should be be-

stowed on the captured vagrant. Neglected children may be divided into three classes: first, orphans, who are of course entitled to come within the provisions of the Poor-Law; second, the children of parents who habitually neglect them, or perhaps encourage them in a course of vice; and third, children who perversely disobey the parental injunctions, and voluntarily become vagrants and thieves. The whole of these should receive a similar education, with only this difference, that the first or orphan class require to be clothed and boarded as well as instructed. What the second and third class require is, daily instruction and training; and as far as it can be enforced, or is eligible, the expense should be borne by the parents. Those who, from intemperance or other disreputable causes, abandon their children to public sympathy, are clearly guilty of a misdemeanour, and the least punishment to which they can be subjected is to cause them, by all available means, to contribute towards the general support and instruction of their offspring. With respect to the third class, the small expenses attendant on their education and training would be gratefully paid by parents to any institution which would undertake the office of tutor. Under the strong impulse of compassion, benevolent individuals and societies have established and supported schools in different places for the purpose of instructing and reclaiming the neglected children of towns; but while giving the highest praise for such disinterested efforts, I would humbly submit that the task they undertake is a *public duty*, and should, in every instance, fall within the scope of the public authorities, and be, as far as is necessary, at the public cost. Parochial boards, or guardians of the poor, are therefore the parties on whom is chargeable the function and responsibility of clearing the streets and highways of pauper and dissolute children, aided in their executive by the police and district magistracy, and with their ordinary funds, assisted by those forced or voluntary contributions from parents to which I have already made reference. Less than this would be to leave the work incompletely done, and at the same time unduly tax the benevolent to supplement, by their efforts, what should be, once for all, done as a matter of public duty.

So much for the organisation of any scheme for suppressing juvenile mendicancy. The next point for our consideration is the kind of instruction which the children should receive. The education of the poor should, I think, in all cases include not only moral and religious, but also industrial training. If any good practical end is expected, it will not be enough to impart the routine elements of letters, or to exercise the memory in repeating answers to questions. Moral and religious duties will require to be reduced to habit, and so likewise will many useful branches of knowledge need to be enforced by training. In a word, without the active exercise of both mind and body, directed to proper ends, the child, accomplished as he may seem to his

teachers, is only a kind of living automaton. Unaccustomed to think or act, he enters the world helpless, and prepared for yielding to the many petty temptations to a course of vice which beset him. Trained partly at home, the children of the virtuous and industrious orders stand in much less need of this species of culture; but to the abandoned poor it is essential. Exercised in no useful pursuit, they must be taught to use their hands in a number of humble but necessary duties; and as labour is in itself virtue, I should anticipate that the more they are so trained within reasonable bounds, the better will they be prepared, under the Divine blessing, for giving efficacy to religious instruction.

With views of this nature, the efforts of various authorised, as well as philanthropic bodies, have been very properly directed to the *industrial* training of the children under their care. The largest School of Industry which it has been my fortune to see is that at Norwood, within a few miles of London. Of my visit to this establishment in July 1839, I beg to offer the following account:—

#### VISIT TO THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL AT NORWOOD.

Norwood, in Surrey, from its suitable distance from town, and the salubrity of its situation, was, a number of years ago, selected by the guardians of the metropolitan poor as well calculated for the rearing of orphan, or otherwise destitute infants, having claims on the parochial establishments. These unfortunates were placed here at nurse in the cottages of the peasantry, where, as is well known, they were not in general treated in such a manner as to aid the effects of the healthful climate. Afterwards they were collected into a large establishment at Norwood, under the charge of one trustworthy individual, who contracted for their nurture *en masse*: it was this establishment, latterly under the care of the new Poor-Law Commissioners, which I had come to see.

I found the Norwood School of Industry, as it is now called, to be composed of a series of large brick buildings, in the midst of enclosed areas—the whole occupying the top of one of some swelling eminences, and thus presenting an aspect of cheerfulness rather uncommon in pauper institutions. The children, at present eleven hundred in number, and of various ages, from two or three to twelve or thirteen, are classed in two separate wards or divisions, according to their sex, and still further classified in their respective divisions, according to age and capacity. The present contractor and superintendent is Mr Aubin, a middle-aged man, of that aspect which I am accustomed (being a stranger in the south) to regard as characteristic of the frank and upright Englishman. He undertakes to pay all expenses, in consideration of his receiving four shillings and sixpence a-week for the support of each inmate—a rate which must be considered sufficient, though not by any means extravagant, considering the excellence and copiousness of the diet, the com-

fortable clothing and lodging, and the extent of intellectual and moral instruction which is conferred. It delights me with the sense of something worthy of a great city, to find the young outcasts of the streets of London thus handsomely provided for—for though a sufficient expenditure does not of course insure a right mode of management, it is certainly the only thing which makes that possible. Satisfied that the allowance ought to do all that is desirable, let us now inspect the establishment, to ascertain if the application of the funds be as judicious as their amount is generous.

Workhouse schools, under the old Poor-Law, having been of a very imperfect kind, the school at Norwood is a revised and remodelled institution, forming a pattern for the organisation of workhouse schools throughout the country. The great object held in view is to fit the children to engage, with alacrity and ease, in any species of useful employment to which they may be put on leaving school, and with minds so morally and religiously trained, that they stand as little chance as possible of finding their way either back to the workhouse or into the criminal jail—in short, to train them up not to be paupers, but active, intelligent, and good members of society. From what came under my notice, I should think there is little fear of the result.

The principal edifice consists of a very long school-room on the lower floor, fitted up with desks and forms, and divided partially by green cloth curtains, which can be raised at pleasure. At the end nearest the door of entrance is a gallery, or flight of seats, one above another like the steps of a stair, and to these the infant-school, consisting of about one hundred and thirty pupils, was immediately marched for instruction. No sooner had the little creatures, each in his clean linen blouse, taken their seats, than I was struck with their apparently healthy and robust appearance. There were not many intellectually good countenances or heads among them, but their rosy and chubby cheeks were an evidence of excellent and sufficient diet, and of a happy mental condition. The children being duly seated, an intelligent young teacher, skilled in infant-training, exercised them on a simple branch of useful knowledge, employing the oral and simultaneous method of instruction, and testing the intelligence of individuals by subsequent cross-examination. A class of about forty pupils, of a more advanced age, was next examined on the subject of Bible history; and the readiness of their replies to every question which could be asked in reference to facts in either the Old or New Testament, excited general surprise among the spectators present. The questioner was a clergyman of the established church, who had not previously seen the school, and who seemed highly pleased with the state of religious knowledge which was displayed. I passed from this to other classes, and finally was led out to the boys' courtyard, around which apartments for industrial training are situated.

The spectacle of human industry is always attractive. Even the idle like to look on while others are busy. But the interest of such scenes is greatly increased when the industry is exerted by youth, as it was on the present occasion. In the first room into which I was ushered, sat some twenty boys on low benches, making and mending shoes. This was the shoemaking school, and was under the charge of a young tradesman, who shaped the leather, and instructed the pupils in the mysteries of the gentle craft. Divested of their jackets, and tucked in brown leather aprons, the little fellows sat hammering and sewing away as busily as if in a regular workshop; and, on the whole, the shoes which they made were as well executed as those generally in use among boys who are engaged in country labour. From the shoemaking apartment I was conducted into that in which tailoring is, in a similar manner, taught to a certain number of boys. The clothes on which these worked were, like the shoes made by the young shoemakers, designed for the use of the establishment. Next I entered, in succession, the workshops devoted to instruction in the business of the blacksmith, and in that of the tinsmith. At both occupations boys were suitably engaged under the direction of masters. Departments for joinery and gardening were, I was told, not as yet commenced, but about to be so. I was then conducted at once to a large enclosed area or court, in which there is an apparatus representing the deck, mast, and rigging of a ship, with a couple of guns on carriages, the whole being designed for instruction in seamanship. A class of thirty boys, dressed in blue jackets and white trousers, and directed by an under naval officer, went through a variety of manœuvres with astonishing dexterity; among other things, manning the yards aloft, and afterwards letting themselves down by the ropes to the ground. On making inquiry, I found that this and all the other industrial operations which I had seen, or which may henceforth be added, are not taught to only a few selected boys out of the mass, but all the boys in the school are designed to be instructed in every department, one after the other. Thus every boy, it will be observed, must ultimately be able to make and mend his own shoes, clothes, and house furniture, to employ himself in iron and tin work, to cultivate a garden, and rear the more useful kind of herbs, and also, to a certain extent, to act the part of a sailor, should circumstances lead him to a life at sea. It is not the object of the commissioners, in establishing this description of industrial training, to make the boys proficient in any line of occupation, but to prepare them for some particular handicraft or service by which they may gain an honest living, and at least be enabled to increase the comforts of their household without an expenditure of their earnings. Who can doubt that such benefits as these will be realised from the course of instruction just described? and who can doubt that England would have been a very different thing at the present

day had such instruction, with all its moral aids, been afforded to the poor half a century ago?

From the courtyards of the boys we were led into those of the girls. Here, after examining the classes in the school in which reading, writing, knitting, sewing, and other exercises, formed the appropriate business, we proceeded to the apartments devoted to industrial occupations. The first was a washing-house, in which a number of girls were engaged at troughs in washing the linens of the establishment; and the next a place where a similar number of girls, forming an advanced class, were learning the equally necessary duties of ironing and mangling. The neat tidy dresses of the girls, and their generally smart appearance; were very remarkable, and contrasted favourably in my mind with the plain aspect of the workhouse females in my own country. Besides being taught to wash and dress clothes, so as to prepare them for being laundry-maids and for the duties of households, to which as wives they may be hereafter called, the girls are regularly instructed in sundry domestic offices, including a knowledge of plain cookery, serving of meals, nursing the sick or the very young children, milking cows, and the general management of a dairy. They are also accustomed to make inventories of clothes, to write out receipts for frugal cookery, to make out bills of articles sold in small shops, and to keep accounts of domestic expenditure. Their time is thus divided between instruction in school and industrial operations, while their attention throughout is directed to the duties and rewards of females generally in humble situations of life, and the caution, integrity, and perseverance requisite to secure their permanent well-being.

While inspecting this part of the establishment, I was introduced to the gentleman who acts as visiting physician, and by him politely conducted to the ward set apart as an infirmary or hospital. There were not, however, more than six or eight patients, and of these only three were confined to bed. The chief disease which makes its appearance, I was told, is scrofula; such being in many cases a result of the vicious lives led by the parents, for it need scarcely be mentioned that nearly the whole of the inmates are the children of the most depraved class of the population of London. Knowing the prevalence of ophthalmia in our Scotch workhouses—the inevitable result, and perhaps most unfailing mark, of inadequate food and comfort—I was anxious to make some inquiries on this point, and was glad to learn that, unless from the inherent effects of scrofula, ophthalmia was unknown, the wholesome and sufficient diet being apparently a complete preventive.\* My medical friend further mentioned a very interesting fact concerning the Norwood

\* The breakfast of the children consists of hasty-pudding made of flour and milk, also bread; three times a-week the dinner is of meat either roast or boiled, with vegetables; and supper every evening consists of bread and butter, and a quantity of sweet milk and water.

school: he stated that, since the introduction of the industrial and mechanical operations, the health of the children had been greatly improved. There were now considerably fewer under medical treatment than formerly; in fact, the indulgence in manual labour in the workshops had wrought like a charm, and sufficiently proved that it had increased instead of diminishing the mental pleasures and resources of the pupils. Possibly the wide dissemination of this very interesting fact may be serviceable in stimulating guardians of the poor to annex Schools of Industry to the already established seminaries of juvenile paupers.

With respect to the moral and religious training of the Norwood children, it is impossible of course for any one after a single visit to say anything, as from his own observation. Here I shall content myself with quoting the language of Dr Kay (now Mr Kay Shuttleworth), in his account of the establishment contained in the Fifth Annual Report of the Poor-Law Commissioners, to which the reader may be referred for much valuable matter on the training of pauper children. "The moral training," says he, "pervades every hour of the day, from the period when the children are marched from their bedrooms to the wash-house in the morning, to that when they march back to their bedrooms at night. By the constant presence of some teacher as a companion during the hours of recreation, they are taught to amuse themselves without mutual encroachment; they are trained in the practice of mutual forbearance and kindness; they are taught to respect property not their own, to avoid faults of language and manner, to treat their superiors with respectful confidence; they are trained in the practice of their religious duties, in a reverential observance of the Sunday, and in deference to the instructions of their religious teachers. Propriety of demeanour in their bedrooms, and at meals, is a matter of special anxiety." The schools are provided with a library, the books of which are anxiously perused by the more advanced pupils; and there is a gymnastic apparatus in the play-ground, for developing their physical strength and activity. "The industrial training of the children has already had the effect of reducing the age at which they are received into service, and of rendering premiums for apprenticeship unnecessary; not, however, in consequence of their skill in a particular handicraft, but because the children have acquired industrious habits." A better testimony of the truth of all this could not be found, than in the simple fact that both boys and girls are now eagerly sought for by masters and mistresses, so that no difficulty whatever exists in the way of their getting into an honest and regular means of employment.

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Twelve months afterwards, in July 1840, I again visited this interesting establishment at Norwood, and was glad to find that it continued to flourish. An infant-school had been added to the

other arrangements, and outline elementary drawing, principally with reference to industrial objects, now formed a branch of ordinary study for a number of the more advanced pupils. I was informed by Mr Aubin, the superintendent, that the introduction of simple drawing lessons on slates, besides amusing the children, had very greatly facilitated their progress in writing—a circumstance not at all remarkable, for skill in drawing and writing depends on the cultivation of the same imitative faculty. This was the first time I had seen drawing taught familiarly to poor children since my visit to the Dutch and Belgian schools in 1838.

The school, I now learn (1846), continues in the same state of activity; and many children who have left it are reported to conduct themselves with propriety, and to be in the way of attaining a respectable position in life.

This institution, however, greatly as it is to be admired, has always failed in absorbing all the destitute children of the metropolis. Like every other Poor-Law establishment, whether in England or Scotland, it has left to private societies of benevolent individuals the duty of succouring and educating a miscellaneous class of helpless juvenile paupers, whose claims to public compassion are as great as those who become the objects of regular parochial bounty. In consequence of this neglect—for which, possibly, statutory reasons could be advanced—the streets of the metropolis have never been altogether rid of infant beggars and thieves. With the view of checking the growth of juvenile vagrancy in London, an association of benevolent individuals, called the Children's Friend Society, was formed about 1830; and liberally supported by voluntary contributions. It carried on its operations for a number of years in an establishment at Hackney-Wick, for boys, and in another at Chiswick, for girls. The former I went to see in July 1840, and the following is a short notice of what came under my observation:—

#### VISIT TO INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL AT HACKNEY-WICK.

The establishment, which was situated near the suburb of Hackney, among green fields and gardens, consisted of a cluster of humble edifices enclosed from the public thoroughfare, with a large play-ground in the centre, and ten acres of garden and field behind. The buildings included a house for the family of the superintendent, a school-room, a sleeping apartment, in which was a long row of beds in the form of hammocks, a mess-room, and several workshops and tool-houses. The children, ninety in number, were dressed in a plain manner with blue linen blouses, and, to appearance, seemed a happy healthful collection of boys; mostly under twelve years of age. In answer to inquiries respecting the cause of their being inmates of the asylum, I learned that some were orphans, or utterly destitute children, picked up from the streets; others were boarded at the expense of parishes;



while several were of that class of juveniles usually denominated "bad boys," and whose parents sent them to this place, with the hope of removing them from the society of vicious companions, and of having them methodically trained under the moral discipline of the asylum. The fee charged for board and education was 4s. 6d. per week. The system of instruction appeared to embrace much useful, healthy, and profitable industry, with correct moral nurture, as well as a fair share of ordinary school instruction.

One of the most remarkable features in the arrangements of the school, like that at Norwood, was the variety of industrial occupation, suitable to different capacities and tastes. There were a small printing-office with a press and types, a carpenter's shop with a bench and tools, a blacksmith's shed with an anvil, hammer, and bellows, and also shoemaking and tailoring departments, in which all the shoes and clothes were made and mended. Each workshop was under the charge of an aged artisan, who acted as instructor in his craft. The printing-office was a neat little room, under the management of an old compositor; and here the boys printed all the reports for the institution, school tracts, and other papers. The out-of-door labour in the garden and field was conducted daily at fixed hours, except when the weather rendered it unsuitable. Along the margin of a rivulet, which wound its way through the premises, the young cultivators were taught to rear and manage a stock of water-cresses.

The regular duties of the day commenced as early as six o'clock; and after a certain period for school and breakfast, the boys formed divisions under monitors, received their tools from the tool-house, with instructions from the master, and proceeded in an orderly manner to their different appointments; the printers to their office; the carpenters, blacksmiths, shoemakers, and tailors to their shops; and the agriculturists to the field or gardens. At noon the various divisions assembled, formed a line, and proceeded to the tool-house, where each boy deposited his spade, &c. in its place; a general monitor being responsible for all the instruments of labour being kept clean, and in their proper places. The boys then washed themselves, were inspected by the master, instructed for a short time in gymnastic exercises, and afterwards went to dinner. For about an hour after dinner, they amused themselves in the play-ground, or in reading books from a small library kept for their use. At two o'clock, all again proceeded to labour in the gardens, or at their other employments, and afterwards received lessons in school. Such is something like the routine of daily occupation. On Saturdays there was a general examination, and every child was washed in a tepid bath. During fine weather in summer all were taught to swim in a neighbouring canal, under the eye of the master.

From this general outline of the scope and management of the institution, it will appear that the main object of its projectors

and supporters was the substitution of useful and profitable habits of industry for those of utter idleness and crime. That this important end was gained has been universally allowed. The only serious obstacle which the manager and patrons of the institution had to encounter, was the proper disposal of the children after they had been fitted for an honest course of life. Not being able to find situations readily for them in England—at least without apprentice fees, which could not be afforded—and not wishing to turn them adrift in the streets, which would have been inhuman, the society commenced the practice of sending the children, with their own consent and the consent of their parents, if these could be found, to the Cape of Good Hope, where, under the friendly care of a local committee, they were placed as apprentices to farmers or others requiring their services, and who became responsible for their correct and humane treatment. I regret to add, what is doubtless well known, that a public clamour was raised against this to all appearance unavoidable practice, the school funds fell off, and the institution was broken up.

Latterly, the want of this valuable establishment, supplementary to other charities in the metropolis, has been much felt; and the deficiency has given rise to various schemes for suppressing juvenile vagrancy, none of which, as far as I have heard, has fulfilled the desired purpose. General means for elementary education, as well as for succouring destitute children, alike failing in comprehensiveness, and ever leaving private benevolence to charge itself with duties belonging to the public at large, there have lately sprung up in London a class of schools for juvenile paupers, entitled "*Ragged Schools*." Without quarrelling with a name which is somewhat unfortunate, these ragged schools are allowed to be doing no little good, as indeed almost any kind of institution must do which keeps children out of mischief in the streets. Their usefulness is much marred by their being open only on Sundays, and at most three times through the week, and also from their routine of instruction embracing no industrial exercises. In comparison with the schools next to be described, they fall considerably short of what is desirable.

Having occasionally heard of the existence of a useful and well-conducted class of Industrial Schools for poor children in Aberdeen, I visited that town in October 1845, with the view of personally satisfying myself of their suitability for suppressing juvenile mendicancy and crime, and training to industrious and honest habits.

#### VISIT TO INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS AT ABERDEEN.

Towards the end of the year 1841, it became a matter of painful remark in Aberdeen, that, notwithstanding all that was done by the ordinary means for suppressing mendicancy, there were still two hundred and eighty children, under fourteen years of age,

known to maintain themselves by begging, having no other visible means of subsistence; and that seventy-seven children, of whom only about one-half could either read or write, were, within the preceding twelve months, inmates of the prisons. In other words, there were, out of the mass, seventy-seven children already advanced to the criminal stage, the others making a daily progress towards it. The announcement of these startling facts roused inquiry, and led to a subscription for the purpose of establishing a School of Industry, in which pauper boys, from eight to fourteen years of age, might receive daily shelter, food, work, and education. The school was opened on the 1st of October 1841, the pupils consisting partly of homeless boys from the house of refuge, and partly of boys who were gathered from the lowest haunts in the town. From the amount of funds subscribed at the time not exceeding £100, the committee felt it necessary to limit the number of admissions to sixty. The primary claim to admission was destitution, and that claim, once established, entitled the boy to attend the school, and to receive food and education in return for the profits of his labour. During the first six months 106 boys were admitted, and the average daily attendance was 37. Afterwards, the average increased to from 40 to 50. The removal of so many boys from the streets not only occasioned a perceptible diminution in the swarms of street beggars, but the superintendent of police reported that, subsequent to the opening of the school, a considerable decrease in juvenile delinquencies had taken place. This was corroborated by the Inspector of Prisons, who, in his seventh report to parliament, observes that, "during the half year ending 20th May 1841, 30 boys, under fourteen years of age, were committed to prison in Aberdeen; but that, during the half year ending 20th May 1842, the number was only 6." This marked success led to the establishment, in 1843, of a similar school for girls; which proved equally efficacious. The apparatus for extirpating juvenile mendicancy and crime, however, was not yet complete. Children who, from bad character, or some other cause, could not be received into either of the schools, remained unprovided for; while many parents, who made profits by their children begging, withdrew them, and the streets continued to be infested by the worst description of juvenile mendicants, almost all of them being known to the police as common thieves. It was evident that an additional institution was desirable, and that it should be conducted on the broadest principle of admission. A School of Industry on a new plan, supplementary to the others, was accordingly resolved on.

This school, quite novel, I believe, in Britain, was opened on the 19th of May 1845. On that day the authorities, taking advantage of powers in the local police act, issued instructions to seize and bring to this new School of Industry every boy and girl found begging. Upwards of seventy children were brought

in. Instead of being treated as criminals, they were washed, fed, given some little instruction, and when dismissed in the evening, were informed that they might or might not return next day, but that it was resolved that street-begging should no longer be tolerated. Nearly all came back voluntarily; and so on from day to day has the school ever since been in operation, the average attendance being about fifty. The expectations of the benevolent founders of the institution were to the utmost extent realised. Not a begging or vagrandising child was to be seen in the streets, nor, as far as general observation goes, has there been till the present day. I was sorry to learn that great financial difficulties were experienced in establishing this interesting school. Sceptical of its success or utility, the public did not readily contribute funds for its support, and the whole money in hand when it was begun amounted to no more than £4. Some aid, however, was obtained from the police authorities: they pay a male and female police officer, who act as teachers; and the institution was fortunate in obtaining the gratuitous use of a vacant soup-kitchen and its appendages, which answer as cooking and school-rooms. From this localisation, it became known as the soup-kitchen school.

On the day after my arrival, I made a round of visits to these different schools, commencing with the School of Industry for boys, to which I have first alluded. Occupying a species of garret in an old building near the House of Refuge, it owes nothing to exterior or internal decoration; but with that I was the better pleased. The too common practice of lodging abject pauper children in fine houses is, in my opinion, fraught with the worst consequences. In this garret, which was large, clean, and airy, I found nearly fifty little boys, of the ordinary ragged class whom one is accustomed to see roaming about the streets. They were seated around the place, at a proper distance from each other, in perfect silence, under the eye of a superintendent; and were occupied, some in teasing hair for mattresses, some in picking oakum, and others in making nets. To relieve the irksomeness of the employment, they occasionally sing in full chorus; and to give me a specimen of their powers in this respect, they all struck up a hymn, in a style at least equal to what is usually heard in country parish-churches. Next, a bundle of copy-books was laid before me; and a few, who seemed to be a kind of novices, not yet fully trained, gave me a specimen of their reading powers. Beneath, was a room fitted up with benches, which answers as school and eating-room; and here, on my second visit, I saw the whole at dinner, each with a hunch of bread and tin of barley broth before him—the food being supplied from the adjoining House of Refuge.

The discipline of the school is a happy blending of instruction with exercise and industrial training. The pupils meet at seven o'clock in the morning; first, they receive religious instruction

suited to their capacities, after which their attention is directed to the elements of geography, and the more striking facts of natural history, till nine o'clock. On two mornings of each week, an hour is devoted to instruction in vocal music. From nine to ten they get breakfast, which consists of porridge and milk. At ten they return to school, and are employed at different kinds of work till two in the afternoon. From two to three they dine, usually on broth, beef, and bread; occasionally on potatoes, soup, &c. From three to four they either work within doors, or, if the weather permit, are employed in the gardens partly in recreation. From four to seven they are instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic. At seven they get supper, same as breakfast; and are dismissed to their homes for the night at eight o'clock. A half holiday is allowed on Saturday after dinner, and on other days the half of each meal hour is allowed for recreation; and occasionally, when other arrangements allow, and the conduct of the scholars appears to deserve it, an hour or two is devoted to out-of-door exercise. On Sunday morning the scholars assemble at half-past eight o'clock, get breakfast at nine, attend public worship in the House of Refuge during the forenoon, and after dinner return home, to enable them, if so disposed, to attend church with their relations. At five o'clock they meet again in school, and are catechised; get supper at seven; and are dismissed as on other days.

The labour to which the scholars are put, such as teasing hair and net-making, is of a light nature, requiring no great exertion, and does not seem by any means irksome. At net-making several boys have acquired great expertness, and can easily earn a penny an hour. If a sufficiency of this kind of employment could be procured, the school would soon be self-supporting. Unfortunately, this is not the case; and, as a general average, the amount of each boy's earnings is at present about twenty-eight shillings per annum; such, however, being exclusive of the profits of a garden, which, if taken into account, would make the yearly earnings nearly thirty shillings. This sum is inadequate for the support of the institution, which, therefore, on its present footing, requires public assistance. During the past year the expenditure was £309, and the earnings £95; the sum actually required for the maintenance of the establishment being thus £214.

On the whole, the spectacle of this little colony of workers was satisfactory. A peculiar feature, remarked by every visitor of the school, is the order and quiet contentment manifested by the boys, and the interest with which they seem to pursue their several occupations. Acquiring habits of industry, they are gradually prepared for employment in the factories, to which, when the proper time arrives, they have little difficulty in gaining admission. And such we might naturally expect to be a result of the training here acquired. There is evidently, as I

have said before, a virtue in labour, which cannot be secured by mere theoretic teaching; and I only lamented, on leaving the institution, that means are not formed for considerably extending the field of its operations.

The next school to which I was introduced was the female School of Industry, situated in a more open part of the town, and in a house of more extensive accommodations. This institution, which I visited several times, is conducted under the auspices of a body of ladies, and superintended by a resident female teacher and assistant. The pupils, about fifty in number, are gathered from the humblest homes in the city. The routine of labour is more various, and perhaps more practically useful, than that of the boys. Besides being taught to sew, they assist in cooking, and other household operations, and therefore may be said to be in a course of preparation for entering domestic service. Neat, clean, and orderly in appearance, and under moral and religious instruction, I should expect that the aim of the foundresses of the institution would be fully realised. The produce of the sewing done in the school helps to meet the current expenditure. After the instructions and labours of the day, the pupils are dismissed to their respective residences for the night. On Sunday they attend church in a body, dressed in garments which remain with, and belong to, the institution. At this, as well as the other schools which I visited, the principal reading-books appeared to be favourite numbers of the work edited and published by my brother and myself under the title of "Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts." Stitched in strong brown paper, they were described as forming an exceedingly acceptable species of class-books, and I was satisfied, by cross-questioning the pupils, that they really comprehended and took an interest in what they read.

The last of my visits to the female School of Industry was in the evening on the occasion of the inmates being treated to tea and some musical entertainments by the lady patronesses, as a reward for good conduct; and it was gladdening to see the pleasure which universally beamed in their rosy countenances. It has been on divers occasions observed of this institution, that the plan of dismissing the children every evening, and sending them home to the wretched, if not polluting homes of their parents, must be calculated to root out any beneficial impressions made on their minds during the day; but while there may be some truth in remarks of this kind, it admits of the most conclusive evidence that, as a general principle, home lodgment is attended with the best effects. Domestic affections continue in activity; the child is delighted to return home at night, and to repeat the lessons and rules of conduct learned at school; and frequent instances have been known of a decided improvement in the character of the parent through the humble efficacy of the child. Each little girl may be considered a species of missionary

of civilisation, reaching and influencing the most miserable hovels. I was informed that it is a matter for observation that the houses of the parents of these children were in general much more cleanly than others of a similar class. Such are some of the practical benefits of this well-directed institution.

The school next in order to which my attention was directed, was that under the charge of the police in the soup kitchen. Here, as I said before, compulsion was the primary agent of attendance; the streets being daily swept of every begging child, each of whom, on being caught, was forthwith marched off to school. Such, it appears, were the attractions of warmth and daily food, that in a short space of time attendance became not only voluntary, but as regular as at any of the other schools in town. I found forty-six children, of an age varying from seven or eight to twelve or thirteen years, divided into two separate classes—the boys under a male, and the girls under a female instructor. Seated in an orderly manner on benches, the boys were picking oakum, and the girls were in the course of receiving lessons in sewing. The plainest elements of reading and writing, with religious knowledge and singing, are the sum of the general education. They are received at eight o'clock in the morning, and dismissed at half-past seven in the evening, having, during the day, in the intervals of labour, instruction, and exercise, received breakfast, dinner, and supper—the food, which is cooked in the premises, being of the same plain kind as is dispensed at the House of Refuge. The children in this school had a much less tidy appearance than those in either of the other schools I visited; yet there seemed nothing like discontent. All were cheerful at their allotted tasks; and on the teacher raising the note, they set off in a hymn with becoming spirit. One could not contemplate the scene presented by the well-filled apartment without emotion. Nearly fifty human beings rescued from a life of mendicancy and crime—the town rid of a perplexing nuisance—private and public property spared—and the duties of courts of justice reduced almost to a sinecure!\*

From certain printed reports which I received from Aberdeen in June 1846, it appears that the schools above alluded to con-

\* In a note which I have since received from Mr Robert Barclay, superintendent of police in Aberdeen, after alluding to the diminution of begging and stealing by the establishment of the boys' and girls' School of Industry, he observes that, in consequence of the opening and continuance of the soup-kitchen school, "there are now no begging children in the town, though there may be in the outskirts, and when any are found, they are taken to the school. Complaints of thefts by children are now seldom made, while at one time the complaints were numerous. Formerly, numbers of children (as many as ten at a time) were brought to the police-office; now, few are ever brought. I think the schools have tended greatly to diminish juvenile vagrancy and delinquency. Several of the children from the soup-kitchen school—and these of the worst character—have got into employment, and are working steadily."

tinued to realise all the expectations of their founders. The streets of the town were effectually rid of juvenile beggars and petty offenders, and the crop of thieves was cut off before it gained maturity. Nor was this all. From the report of the rural police committee of Aberdeenshire, it appears that the benefit of the schools is extended over all parts of the adjoining district. A few years ago, the number of juvenile vagrants which infested the county of Aberdeen was between 300 and 400. It was quite common to take up above 300 in the year. In the twelve months, however, ending April 1845, the number had diminished to 105; and in the year ending April 1846, it had sunk to 14. To the activity of the police is doubtless owing some of this remarkable diminution; but further, observes the committee, is it owing to "the establishment of the admirable Schools of Industry in Aberdeen—food and education having been provided for this unfortunate class, and thus even the shadow of an excuse has been taken away for sending out children to procure subsistence by begging. Your committee desire to draw particular attention to this subject, feeling it to be of the highest importance, because juvenile vagrancy is, they are persuaded, the nursery whence a large proportion both of the crime and the pauperism of after-years is furnished. Doubtless the Schools of Industry more immediately benefit the city of Aberdeen; but as it was from Aberdeen that most of the juvenile vagrants in the county issued, so now the county also is sharing largely in the benefit of these institutions."

An account of my visit to the Aberdeen Schools of Industry, in "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal," had the effect, it appears, of stimulating parties in Edinburgh to project an establishment of a similar kind in that city (December 1845), but I regret to say that expectations formed on this point have not yet (September 1846) been realised. An assumed difficulty in finding a house for the proposed school—as if there were not many places of a humble character open for choice, and quite suitable for the purpose—is advanced as the reason for delay; and thus nearly twelve months have been consumed without practically advancing a step. When the proposed School of Industry in Edinburgh shall be erected and opened for pupils, I am unable to say.

This unfortunate circumstance leads me to offer a caution to parties who may feel disposed to institute Schools of Industry. They must not attempt too much at first. The school, as in Aberdeen, needs not to be in a fine house, or in an edifice especially erected for its accommodation. The floor of an old dwelling, an airy garret, or any similar place, which can be obtained at a very small expense, will be found sufficient as a beginning; and I should lay it down as a general rule, that where almost any kind of accommodation can be readily obtained, there ought to be no waiting till something better casts up; anything, surely, must be preferable to allowing children to prowl like



wild animals about the streets. When an establishment is to be formed on a large and improved scale, it should, if possible, embrace a piece of ground for out-door labour, where the boys can be taught gardening, and be exposed to the cheering influences of external nature. A distinct establishment, or at least division for girls, where they can be instructed in household work and the use of their needle, is of not less importance. In all cases, however, whether as respects large or small establishments, the children should retire to their own homes, or homes found for them, at night. Schools of Industry should be day schools, not hospitals. Even if assuming their proper position under the guardianship of the Poor-Law administrators, they should, in general circumstances, be still nothing more than day schools. It is only, as in the case of the metropolis, where the number of destitute children exceeds the bounds of separate domestication and supervision, that establishments like those of Norwood or Hackney-Wick are, according to advanced views of education, allowable.

The expense supposed to be necessary for appending out-door labour to Schools of Industry, may perhaps deter projectors from attempting this branch of exercise and instruction; but from any evidence I have been able to obtain, it appears that, under proper management, the land will always produce more than sufficient to pay for the rent and outlay. I will mention one or two examples.

#### VISIT TO THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL AT EALING.

In the summer of 1840, I visited an Industrial School established by Lady Byron at Ealing, a village situated a few miles west from Paddington. Ealing is a neat, genteel-looking place, with a number of respectable inhabitants, to whom the sale of garden produce can be made. The school establishment possesses nothing attractive in its exterior. It is situated in a retired part of the village, and originally consisted of a barn and stable, which have been plainly altered, and rendered suitable as a school and boarding-house. At the time of my visit, the school consisted of ninety pupils, all boys, whose ages averaged from nine to twelve or thirteen; a number were boarders from London, being committed by their parents to the charge of Mr Atley, the master, for the purpose of initiation in industrial occupation, as well as ordinary branches of learning. The fee for day scholars is twopence per week. It happened to be a holiday when I entered the large enclosure; but notwithstanding this circumstance, I found a number of the pupils busy in their gardens; and the master assured me that, with few exceptions, the boys are happy to devote all their play hours to labour. Escaping from the school-room, they hasten to the tool-house for their spades, and are more delighted in keeping their small patches of ground in good order, than most boys are in pelting frogs, laying waste a parterre of

flowers, or following out any other anciently-established routine of destruction.

According to the rules of the establishment, the land is let in patches of five and ten roods, for which rent must be regularly paid. Ten roods are let for threepence per month, and five roods for three-halfpence. There are at present forty tenants, the greater part of whom possess only five roods, that being a sufficiently large stripe for the management of any single boy who has not acquired considerable confidence and experience. The crops universally grown are the same as those at Okham—peas and potatoes—but there are likewise a few other things, and some of the gardens are prettily embellished with flowers. The boys help each other in their labours, which must promote much good feeling amongst them, and train the mind to social intercourse. I was delighted to learn that these out-of-door labours—conducted, of course, under the eye of the master—have a moral tendency. No boy is ever known to steal anything from another, and no one injures his neighbour's property. The dignifying and improving power of labour was probably never so practically manifested as in this interesting juvenile community. Some of the more skilled pupils reap solid and immediate benefits from their industry. Gentlemen in the neighbourhood, with the best motives, purchase vegetables from them at their fair market value; and there being thus an outlet for the produce, no pains are spared to raise the most abundant crops. One boy, I was told, realised £2, 8s. of profit last year by his crop, and another £2, 4s.

Besides gardening, the boys are taught carpentry, and to use their hands in any other occupation that falls in their way. I was shown an outhouse which they had built with brick and mortar, and finished in every respect except slating. This edifice was designed as the carpenter's shop, and was shortly to come into use. The country air and exercise to which the pupils are exposed, the happiness they enjoy in their rural labours, and a mild routine of instruction in school, united in keeping them in good health and invigorating their mental capacities. The schoolmaster spoke also approvingly of their advancement in simple religious knowledge.

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About the same time I visited a School of Industry established and supported by Lord Lovelace at Okham, in Surrey, with which I was less pleased, as it was on a somewhat imperfect scale; yet that it was proving useful to the children of the surrounding district, there could be no reasonable doubt. A serious obstacle to the conducting of such schools is the over-suspiciousness of parents, who do not seem to believe that any individuals can be found to act from disinterested motives; many, indeed, imagine that the object of the originators of schools for gardening is to make money by the labour of the pupils. Ideas of this kind can only be advantageously met by all desirable explanations,

along with time and patience. In the following account of a visit made by Mr Frederic Hill to certain Industrial Schools,\* we have a pleasing example of the manner in which prejudices of this sort may be vanquished.

"The school education of our working and poorer classes," says he, "is, with few exceptions, very meagre. Even in the day schools, the instruction seldom extends beyond reading, writing, and the elements of arithmetic; and in by far the greater portion of the Sunday schools reading alone is taught. An imperfect acquaintance with the subjects mentioned, together with a certain amount of religious knowledge, is all that is even attempted to be given in our popular schools. While we zealously maintain that such an amount of direct instruction is far, very far, better than no instruction at all, it must be admitted that it is little indeed compared with what it is the duty and true interest of the country to afford. Can it be wondered at that drunkenness, idleness, and crime should abound, when so little is done to excite nobler tastes—to create a love of rational employment, and foster habits of industry; or to trace, explain, and illustrate the real opposition that exists between vicious practices and the true interests of those who indulge in them? One improvement, which we hope is spreading (an improvement, in our opinion, of great importance), consists in the mixture of manual labour, under qualified instructors, with the ordinary business of school education. Among the Schools of Industry to which we refer, one of the best which we have had an opportunity of inspecting is in Gower's Walk, Whitechapel, London. Placed in the heart of a district densely peopled with the poorer classes, the school owes but little to situation for the contentment and cheerfulness observable in the scholars, whose lively appearance cannot fail to strike every visitor; while the value of the acquirements they are making is amply manifested in the eagerness shown on the one hand to procure admission to the school, and on the other to obtain the departing pupils as apprentices. When we visited the school in July 1835, there were two long lists of applicants, the one of masters waiting for children, the other of parents wishing to send their sons and daughters as scholars.

"The industrial occupation of the boys is printing; that of the girls needlework. There are altogether about two hundred children in the school, rather more than one-half of whom are boys. Both boys and girls are in attendance during seven hours each day. Four hours of this time are given to the usual business of a school—namely, reading, writing, and arithmetic: the remaining three hours are employed by the girls in needlework, and the boys in printing; with this restriction, however, that no boy is allowed to join the class of printers (a privilege much

\* National Education; its Present State and Prospects. 2 vols. Knight, London.

coveted) until he can read, write, and cipher with a certain degree of facility. This regulation is found to act very beneficially, in furnishing a motive for increased diligence in the school-room. The printers, in number about sixty, are divided into three classes, some one class being always in the printing-office, and the others in the school-room. Thus the boys are refreshed and relieved by an alternation of manual and mental labour, and both the school-room and printing-office are constantly occupied. We were much pleased by the scene of life and bustle among the little printers. No lolling and yawning—no wistful looks at the slow-moving hands of the clock; the signs of cheerful industry were visible in every face, were apparent in the quick motion of every limb. The last time we called at the school happened to be on a holiday afternoon; but no stillness of the printing-office notified the term of relaxation. The busy hand of the compositor was moving to and fro as usual, and the pressman was tugging at his screw-bar with as much energy as ever. On inquiry, we found that the boys engaged were a class of volunteers, who—incredible as it may appear at Eton or Winchester—preferred passing their holiday at work to spending it in play.

“We particularly inquired whether the little printers entered fairly into competition with their elders in the same profession; or whether, in point of fact, there was not some protection—some favour of friends conceding better terms than are allowed elsewhere. We were, however, assured that the school depends on no partiality of the kind; that, on the contrary, a prevailing prejudice against works done by boys depresses their prices below those usually given for works executed in the same style. It is of course necessary that the little fellows should work many more hours than an adult printer, in order to obtain an equal remuneration: what the latter would get through in a day, may occupy one of them a week, a fortnight, or even a month; but as the work is paid for by the piece, it is evident that the increased time is followed by no additional recompense. As evidence of the neatness of the work, it is sufficient to refer to the reports of the National Society, which are always printed by these children. So far as appears to us, the typography of these books bears no mark of inferiority, and we believe it furnishes no clue to the age of those by whom it was executed, save what is found in the imprint—‘School Press, Gower’s Walk, Whitechapel.’ It is proper to remark, that the boys receive a good deal of instruction and assistance in the practice of their art; but the cost of this aid is taken out of the proceeds of the printing, which, even after this deduction, furnish a considerable sum towards the general expenses of the school, and finally give a handsome surplus to be divided among the boys.

“It appears that the school has existed on its present footing for nearly thirty years. The building, which was formerly a sugar

bakehouse, was applied to its present use by the benevolent and enlightened founder of the school, Mr Davies, who also endowed the school with the sum of £2000 in the three per cent. consols. The income of £60 a-year arising from this sum, and the use of the building rent free, are all that interfere with the self-supporting character of the establishment. Yet with this moderate help is a school carried on, in which two hundred children receive a comparatively good education, being trained in habits of cheerful industry, taught a useful art, and, moreover, instructed in the ordinary branches of a school education. And not only is all this effected, but a sum of money, averaging more than £100 a-year, is divided among the children according to their respective savings; one-half being immediately distributed in the form of pocket-money, and the remainder set aside to meet the expenses of outfit, apprentices' premium, &c. at the time of departure. A boy will in this way accumulate £4, £5, £6, or even £10, before leaving the school—no inconsiderable sum for a lad in this rank of life to start with in the world. The monthly gains of the little printers average about three shillings per boy, though sometimes an individual will have to receive as much as six shillings. A savings' bank has lately been opened in the school as an additional encouragement to thrifty habits, and the smallest sums, down to a single halfpenny, are received. Most of the children have become depositors, though they are quite at liberty to keep their money in their own possession. The bank was opened in February 1835, and when we visited the school in July, the deposits amounted to £23. One boy, a lad of thirteen years of age, was pointed out who alone had deposited £1 in this short time. This little fellow was of course one of the volunteer workers on the holiday afternoon; and we learnt that, not satisfied with the labour of the printing-office, he was in the habit of carrying out milk before he came to school in the morning, and of helping his father, a gunmaker, in the evening. From time to time the money collected in the school savings' bank is placed in the public savings' bank of the district, and the interest received is distributed in just shares among the boys. Each one is periodically furnished with a full statement of his account; and it is needless to say that, on passing into his hands, the document is certain to be subjected forthwith to a most rigorous audit.

“Without shutting our eyes to the defects of the system we have attempted to describe—defects, however, by no means peculiar to it—we feel ourselves fully warranted in setting a very high value on its advantages. In the formation of good habits—a principal object of early education—the effect of such plans must be far greater than is produced in many a school of high pretensions and of great expense; and humble as are its objects and its means, the school in Gower's Walk presents much which these prouder establishments would find well worthy of imitation.

“There are some other Schools of Industry with which we have had opportunities of becoming acquainted, and which are well deserving of attention. We refer particularly to the Refuge for the Destitute at Hoxton, the Warwick County Asylum, and Mr Allen’s School at Lindfield, Sussex. We visited the school at Lindfield in July 1831, and it had then been established several years. Not only had Mr Allen, the benevolent founder, no assistance in building his school, but most of the wealthy inhabitants endeavoured to thwart him; while among the peasantry themselves the most preposterous stories were afloat respecting his real designs. These poor people had been so little accustomed to see persons act from other than selfish motives, that they could not believe it possible that any one would come and erect a large building, at great cost and trouble to himself, merely from the desire of promoting their good. They felt sure that all this outlay was not without some secret object; and at last they explained all much to their own satisfaction, by referring it to the following notable project:—The building was to be applied to the diabolical purpose of kidnapping children; a high palisade was to be thrown up all round it, and other measures taken to prevent entrance or escape; then the school was to be opened, and everything to be carried on smoothly, and with great appearance of kind and gentle treatment, until such a number of children had been collected as would satisfy the rapacious desires of the wretches who had hatched the wicked scheme; when all at once the gates were to be closed upon them, and the poor innocents shipped off to some distant land! Greatly, indeed, must a school have been wanted where such unheard-of absurdity could circulate and obtain credence. At length the building, a most substantial and commodious one, was completed, though few, indeed, were those who at once ventured within the dreaded bounds. However, by dint of perseverance, this number was gradually increased. The few children who did come began in a short time to take home with them sundry pence which they had earned in plaiting straw, making baskets, &c.—arts they were learning at school. The boys began to patch their clothes and mend their shoes, without their parents paying a penny for the work. Meanwhile there came no authentic accounts of ships lying in wait on the neighbouring coast, nor had even the dreaded iron palisades raised their pointed heads. Little by little the poor ignorant creatures became assured that there was nothing to fear, but, on the contrary, much practical good to be derived from sending their children to the school; and that, strange and incredible as it might seem, the London ‘gemman’ was really come among them as a friend and benefactor.

“A breach being thus fairly made in the mud-bank of prejudice, it was not long before the whole mass gave way. In short, the scheme proved so completely successful, that at the time we visited the school, almost every child whose parents lived within

a distance of three miles was entered as a pupil, the total number on the list being no less than three hundred; though, from the frequent calls made upon the children for assistance in the fields, and from the bad state of the roads in certain seasons, the number in actual attendance did not exceed one hundred and fifty. About a hundred of the children form an infant school, their ages varying from a year and a half to seven years. For these a distinct part of the building and a separate playground are provided. The remaining two hundred are divided according to sex, the boys' rooms and playground being apart from those of the girls. The children are at school eight hours each day, three being employed in manual labour, and five in the ordinary school exercises. There is a provision for a diversity of tastes in the classes of industry; indeed, the most unbounded liberality is manifest in all the arrangements. Some are employed as shoemakers, others as tailors; and others again at plaiting, basket-making, weaving, printing, gardening, or farming. The children work very cheerfully, and, as we expected, are found to like the classes of industry better than 'school.' We say we *expected* to find this the case; for until the ordinary plans of instruction in reading, arithmetic, &c. are much improved, and the exercise made more intellectual and interesting, we fear that children will take but little pleasure in their school lessons. The first employment to which the little workers are put is plaiting straw. When they are expert at this, which is generally at the end of a few months, they are promoted to some other craft; the one of highest dignity being that of the printer. Before leaving the school, a child will often become tolerably expert in three or four trades. Those who work on the farm have each the sole care of a plot of land measuring one-eighth part of an acre, and each is required to do his own digging, sowing, manuring, and reaping. An intelligent husbandman, however, is always on the ground to teach those who are at fault. The plots of land were all in clean and nice order; and from the variety of produce—oats, turnips, mangel-wurzel, potatoes, and cabbages—the whole had a curious and amusing appearance, reminding one of the quilted counterpanes of former years.

"We found the system of *matayer* rent in use, each boy being allowed one-half of the produce for himself, the other half being paid for the use of the land, the wear and tear of tools, &c. One lad, twelve years old, had in this way received no less a sum than twenty-three shillings and sixpence as his share of the crop of the preceding year; and we were told that such earnings were by no means uncommon. Of course the practical knowledge to be acquired on a miniature farm of this kind would not be sufficient in itself to fit a boy for the cultivation of land upon that large scale on which alone it can be tilled to the greatest advantage; still he will have learned much that will be of direct use to him on a farm of any size; and what is far more important, he will have acquired habits of industry, intelligent

observation, and forethought: and thus prepared, he will learn as much in a few months as the dull and ignorant boy, whose only training has been in the hovel or at the plough, will acquire in as many years."

#### JUVENILE GARDENING.

According to the above account, it would be possible to support schools for boys in large towns from the united labour of the pupils, independently of small earnings which the pupils might individually retain. Perhaps it might be alleged that juvenile labour is a grievance; but, under proper restrictions, it could be rendered amusing, and in every respect beneficial; though, granting that it is as great a grievance as some consider it to be, I should be inclined to think it preferable to juvenile ignorance and juvenile starvation. Were the labour in the form of gardening, the objection would doubtless be removed. Schools embracing juvenile gardening might advantageously be established in the vicinity of every populous town, where the produce could be easily disposed of at a remunerating price, and where, if required, manure could be procured without difficulty. We have seen what has been done in the way of juvenile gardening at a boarding-school at Ealing; and have now to give an instance of its application to a day school in Warwickshire. The account is extracted from a newspaper of 1834.

"Two years ago, Mr Smith, a benevolent gentleman residing at the market town of Southan, in the county of Warwick, divided an acre of ground between twelve boys selected from the national school of that place. Their ages ran from twelve to sixteen or more; the spot selected for experiment formed an irregular square; the plots varied as to width or size, but each ran from the top to the bottom of the field; the rent demanded, not of course as a tax but a stimulant, was in some cases sixpence, and in others only one penny per month; and that there might be nothing in the shape of effect or display, Mr Smith made no previous inquiry as to the dispositions or talents of his juvenile tenants. At the commencement of an undertaking every way so interesting, the difficulty lay on the side of procuring tenants; but now that his views are known and appreciated, in place of a dozen, he could at any time obtain from forty to fifty, all eager to profit by the example of their schoolfellows, and the instructions of so kind and considerate a landlord. Originally, the plots and rents were made to quadrate as nearly as possible; but experience has shown the advantage of change, and the inexpediency of perfect uniformity. During the present summer, the tenants had increased to fifteen, and next year it is intended to part with two of the bigger boys, and divide their land into three 'takes.' To such as may feel inclined to adopt the same philanthropic plan, one or two hints may be useful or necessary. First, it should be recollected that the work is progressive; second,



that desire or taste must be created in the boys to raise, and in their parents to appreciate, useful garden vegetables, before the market is overstocked; and thirdly, as essential to these results, that *the supply of land must be kept under the demand.*

"Mr Smith superintends everything himself, and enacts very few rules. No boy is permitted to trespass on the property of his neighbour: working on Sundays is strictly prohibited; rent-time is fixed at eight o'clock on the first Monday of every month; punctual attendance is requested and given; the landlord meets his tenants in the kitchen, and transacts business with them according to the number of their plots; no rent is taken during the three winter months; and when the season closes, the benevolent master-man sups with his interesting foster-family, and makes each and all as happy as the rules of temperance and frugality will permit. On these occasions the conversation is turned on gardening; and however easy the colloquy may be, it is in every instance made the vehicle of instruction.

"The boys are expected to raise useful garden vegetables, such as peas, beans, onions, carrots, leeks, rhubarb, cabbages, &c. Potatoes to any extent are discouraged, while wheat or any other grain is forbidden. During the present season, Mr Smith's juvenile horticulturists had better crops than any other person in the town of Southan; and as to variety, the like, it is believed, was never witnessed on the same space of ground since gardening began. Besides supplying their parents with vegetables, the boys sell a portion, and earn in this way, according to the season, from fourpence to eightpence per day. Some of their parents are so considerate as to pay for what they take; and after discharging the monthly rent, the balance is carefully husbanded till Christmas, when it is expended on clothing, shoes, &c.

"Mr Smith's object, as will be at once perceived, is to train youth to habits of industry; and so completely has he succeeded, that boys, previously idle, immediately find employers from the simple circumstance that they have been a few days or weeks under his tuition. During the present summer, the whole have been in regular employment, while individuals, not a few grown to man's estate, have been lounging about in a state of idleness. Occupancy of a spot of earth, however small, the pleasure it yields, and the profit it produces, not only inspire new notions, but render the tenants more trustworthy, and in the opinion of the public furnish a guarantee which is preferred to those general certificates, which are too readily furnished to be of much value. No particular plan of cropping is strictly insisted on; and beyond a few general hints, everything is left to the judgment of the little fellows themselves. Of their own accord they make small beds of compost; burn roots, sticks, and rubbish; pick up stray droppings wherever they can find them; and, by the exercise of this species of industry, turn to excellent account what would otherwise become a nuisance. After a fair-day, it is quite

exhilarating to see them bustling about with their little barrows, and clearing all the lanes and streets in the neighbourhood. If the boys, so long as they behave themselves, ever lose their little lots, it is only to make way for younger brothers; and the owner, founding on this implied feeling of security, has no fear that they will ever do anything to injure the land. Distributing prizes was tried, but afterwards abandoned; for where all did their best, it was found injurious to make any marked distinctions; and Mr Smith thinks it better to give presents of the finer kinds of seeds, and garden tools. But here his intentions are frequently anticipated; and it is astonishing with what facility the youthful horticulturists manage to provide by honourable means whatever they are in want of. It is intended to encourage the cultivation of medical herbs, roses, and camomile flowers, with the view of affording employment in picking the latter.

"Once a-year a holiday is proclaimed, and the gardens inspected; and then the parents are exceedingly anxious to assist their children in making everything look trim, tidy, and clean. But this is prohibited, for the obvious purpose of teaching them to rely exclusively on their own resources. When the boys are at work, no strangers are permitted to enter the gardens, excepting their younger brothers or sisters; and their benevolent teacher has much pleasure in looking over the hedge of his own garden, and through some leafy screen, noting their proceedings.

"Mr Smith, like all genuine philanthropists, is exceedingly anxious that the example he has set should be followed by others. To the country there would be a great gain in industry, and to proprietors very little loss of rent. The garden-ground at Southan could not possibly bring more than £6 per acre; and the boys among them actually pay at the rate of £5, 8s. The following is a plan of the gardens of two of the boys:—

## I.

TWO FEET OF FLOWERS ALONG THE TOP.

ONE ROW OF ONIONS FOR SEED.

LETTUCE	MUSTARD	CRESS	TURNIP
FOR SEED.	FOR SEED.	FOR SEED.	FOR SEED.

EIGHT YARDS OF CABBAGES.

EIGHT ROWS OF PEAS—SHORT STICKS.

SIX ROWS OF BROAD BEANS.

FOUR FEET OF ONIONS.

ONE ROW OF DITTO FOR SEED.

TWO ROWS OF CABBAGES.

EIGHT ROWS OF PEAS.

TEN ROWS OF BEANS.

TEN ROWS OF WINTER CABBAGES, ALTERNATELY.

ONE ROW OF RED PICKLERS.

ONIONS,	CARROTS,	TURNIPS,
FOUR FEET WIDE.	DO.	DO.

## SCHOOLS OF INDUSTRY.

THREE ROWS OF KIDNEY BEANS.

ONE ROW OF CABBAGES.

THERE ARE 70 GOOSEBERRY BUSHES ROUND THIS PLOT—  
STRAWBERRIES, &c.

### II.

TWO FEET OF FLOWERS ALONG THE TOP.

ONE ROW OF BROAD BEANS.

SEVEN FEET OF CARROTS.

FOUR FEET OF ONIONS.

ONION SEED.		CARROTS.		ONIONS.		LETTUCES.
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FIVE ROWS OF LETTUCES.

SIX ROWS OF CABBAGES.

FIVE ROWS OF PEAS.

ONE ROW OF ONIONS.

FOUR FEET OF ONIONS.

FOUR ROWS OF PEAS.

- FOUR ROWS OF CABBAGES.

FOUR FEET OF TURNIPS.

FIVE ROWS OF POTATOES.

CABBAGE PLANTS SEED.		LETTUCE SEED.		ONIONS.		WINTER GREENS.
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THREE ROWS OF KIDNEY BEANS.

FIVE ROWS OF BROAD BEANS.

FIVE ROWS OF CABBAGES.

TURNIPS.		ONIONS.
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SIX ROWS OF POTATOES.

FOUR ROWS OF CABBAGES.

FOUR FRUIT TREES, GOOSEBERRIES, &c."

In France, as already mentioned, children who commit acts of vagrancy or crime are usually consigned for a certain number of years to prison for moral rectification. Latterly, asylums for reclaiming youth have been established in various departments of that country; and to give an idea of their character, I offer the following account of a visit which I made to Mettray in the summer of 1844.

### VISIT TO METTRAY.

Mettray is situated within a few miles of Tours, in the midst of a pleasant and fertile district of country. The founder of the *Colonie Agricole de Mettray*, as it is properly styled, is an enthusiastic philanthropist, who, animated by what he had seen of a rural penitentiary for youth at Horn, near Hamburg, returned to France, and commenced operations along with his friend, the Viscount Bretignères de Courteilles, on the estate of the latter gentleman. The project, after receiving the countenance and pecuniary assistance of a society formed on purpose to encourage it, was begun in 1839, since which time the establishment at Mettray has been gradually increasing in importance, and may now be said to be in as prosperous a condition as could reasonably be expected. I do not know any institution in England

with which to compare Mettray. It is not a place of voluntary retreat, like a house of refuge, because young criminals are sent to it by courts of justice; neither is it a prison, for it has no bolts, bars, or environing walls, and is, to all appearance, a singularly neat and orderly cluster of rustic cottages and mansions, in the midst of gardens, playgrounds, and fields. Arriving at the gateway where strangers are set down, the party of which I made one were shortly waited upon by one of the resident directors, a venerable gentleman in an ample blue surtout, and a long white beard. By this courteous old person we were obligingly conducted over the establishment, beginning with the dormitories, the workshops, the school-room, and the chapel, and ending with the infirmary, the kitchen, and the general sale depôt of manufactured articles. Explanations of the discipline and mechanic were given as we went from point to point, and various pamphlets were put into my hands, which are now lying before me, and at the service of any one who would wish to imitate the good deeds of the founders of Mettray.

In organising the institution, it has been a leading and judicious principle to imitate, as nearly as possible, the plan of parental supervision. All the inmates are divided into *families* of forty boys, each family under the general charge of a chief. Under this functionary are two *contre-mâîtres*, each having the special direction of a *section* of twenty boys. These *contre-mâîtres* are assisted by two lads, chosen by the prisoners from among themselves under certain regulations, and whose duties last for a month. The title given to these assistants is *frère aîné*, or elder brother; and it is an object of ambition to be considered worthy of such an appointment. The houses, ranged along two sides of a spacious garden, are individually adapted for the accommodation of a family. On the ground-floor is the workshop, with a shed outside for receiving implements of field labour. The upper part of the house consists of two floors, each containing twenty hammocks, and also bed-closets for the superintendents. The lower of these sleeping-rooms being cleared during the day by slinging aside the hammocks, is used as a refectory for the whole forty boys. At night, the dormitories being kept lighted, are under the surveillance of the *contre-mâîtres* and chiefs, who, by apertures in their respective closets, can watch the movements of their charges without being themselves seen. I see, by one of the printed reports, that the cost of each house, including furniture, amounts to 8300 francs, or £332, and that the annual rent per boy is under ten francs. In some instances the houses have been free gifts of wealthy donors, from motives of piety or benevolence. In one case a father has built a house in memory of a beloved daughter—a fine trait, I think, of paternal feeling. One of the royal princesses has also contributed a house to the establishment, which is patronised by the first families in France. Having viewed the houses and

workshops of shoemakers, carpenters, tailors, harness-makers, and blacksmiths, we were taken into the large school-room, where, at certain hours, instruction is given of an elementary kind, including the inculcation of religious and moral precepts. The chapel adjoining is a neat, though plain structure, and suited for the Roman Catholic form of worship; all other sects being excluded from the establishment, in order, as it is alleged, to prevent discussion and the growth of antipathies among the inmates—a poor apology, it will be considered, for limiting the charity to the members of one form of faith. In the infirmary, an airy suite of apartments, we found only a single patient. This department is under the management of three females; and, need I say, they are Sisters of Charity? The cleanliness, order, and tastefulness of this and other parts of the establishment charmed us, and, to mark our general approval, we purchased a variety of articles at the dépôt.

During our perambulations over the grounds, we had occasion to see parties of the inmates at work in the fields. With a dress mostly of coarse linen, straw-hats, bare legs, and clumsy wooden shoes, they cut a miserable figure, and a more ill-looking set of swarthy boys and lads could scarcely be pictured. The dress of the contre-maitres at the heads of their divisions was a little better, but also of linen; they appeared to exert a firm control over their gangs or families, and are, as I was informed, a respectable class of young men, who, by their training here, are well fitted for taking the command of similar establishments elsewhere. The number of inmates or prisoners in the colony at the time of my visit was one hundred and ninety.

To understand the principle of seclusion at Mettray, it must be recollected that there is a law in France which sweeps the country of juvenile offenders. Every boy or girl under sixteen years of age, convicted of a crime, is considered *guilty without discernment*, and if not claimed by parents, is retained in prison till twenty years of age. This partly accounts for the vast number of juvenile detenùs which I saw in various quarters; but there is another cause. Many children are abandoned and thrown upon the public in a very heartless way, and being seized by gens-d'armes wherever they may wander, they help materially to fill asylums and prisons. I was informed that such abandonment of children is frequently a result of second marriages—the man who marries a widow with children turning the whole into the streets. I do not remember having ever heard of any such barbarity in England, ill as step-children are sometimes treated. Mettray has received inmates, or colonists, as they are termed, from many of the principal prisons, where they have been selected from the mass for general good conduct, or other favourable circumstances, and also increased its numbers by taking boys abandoned by nurses or parents, or who are houseless and vagrant orphans.

The great object entertained by the founders and conductors of Mettray, is thoroughly to discipline and purify minds tainted with crime, or affected by unsettled habits; and, by instruction in different kinds of labour, strictly suitable for rural districts, put the unfortunate inmates in the way of earning an honest livelihood on dismissal. The question arises, Will the projectors succeed in their benevolent intentions? According to their own account, everything promises well for the institution. The boys are no doubt exposed to the most beneficial influences, and if anything can reclaim from incipient wickedness, this must do it. Still the formidable difficulty remains, of establishing the reclaimed youths in respectable situations throughout the country after leaving the colony. As the number is not great, this may be accomplished by dint of friendly interposition; but that an annual dispersion of some thousands could be effected—supposing France to be provided with such a colony in every department—is, I fear, not among things possible, unless the army were employed as a regular means of consumption. On the score of relieving the prisons, government pays, I believe, 160 francs for each convict annually; and as the produce of the labour greatly aids the voluntary contributions, the financial part of the scheme is encouraging. How far a colony of such a mixed character could be made to answer in England, is doubtful. The boys of Mettray do not run away, which, to an Englishman, seems very incomprehensible. But there are powerful reasons for this apparent self-denial. Independently of French, and, indeed, continental boys generally, being a poor-spirited set of urchins, without that love of adventure which is a mainspring of juvenile delinquency in this country, and is, in fact, a mainspring of all our greatness as a nation, it would be almost impossible for a colonist to abscond undetected. Were he to attempt such a freak, a gendarme would pick him up at the first town in which he set his foot, and he would be sent to prison in disgrace. Besides, no money is given to the colonists; the overplus of certain gains being carried to their account in the savings' bank of the establishment.

On the whole, the impressions made on my mind from a visit to Mettray were of an agreeable kind, and I felt assured it was, morally speaking, prodigiously in advance of prisons of all sorts, and would not unlikely form a model for further and perhaps still more favourable experiments in juvenile reclamation.

It would have been easy for me to have extended the present tract to the compass of a volume; for the subject is one of the most important of the day, and admits of much varied illustration. Enough, however, has been said to prove the necessity for, and value of, Schools of Industry, both as regards the prevention of crime, and the reclaiming of the young from vicious habits.

W. C.



## QUINTIN MATSYS, THE BLACKSMITH OF ANTWERP.

### I.

#### THE BLACKSMITH AND HIS FAMILY.

**N**EARLY four hundred years ago, there was, at a short distance from the city of Antwerp, a blacksmith's cottage. It was not much better than a hut—low-roofed, mud-walled, and consisting of only one room. It was situated a little aloof from the high road, in one of those solitary nooks which are so often found, when least suspected, in the neighbourhood of large cities. Only at times there came through the distance the faint hum of a populous town, and the high spires of the renowned cathedral stood out in bold relief against the sky, which was of that pale bluish gray peculiar to an October evening, when the brilliant autumn sunsets are in some degree gone by.

The blacksmith's wife sat spinning by the half-open door of her humble dwelling. She was a woman of middle age; her face was of that peculiar Flemish cast which the Dutch painters have made so well known—round, fair, and rosy, with sleepy eyes of pale blue, bearing an expression of quiet content, almost amounting to apathy. A few locks of silky flaxen hair peeped from under her Flemish cap, and were smoothly laid over a rather high forehead, where, as yet, no wrinkle had intruded. She looked like one on whom the ills of life would fall lightly;

who would go on in her own quiet way, only seen by the unobtrusive acts of goodness which she did to others. Such characters are lightly esteemed, and little praised, yet what would the world be without them?

The good Flemish dame sat at her work undisturbed, occasionally stopping to listen for the noise of her husband's forge, which resounded from the high road, a little way off, where the blacksmith had wisely placed it, as well to deaden the noise of the hammering in his little cottage, as to attract stray customers. At this distance the unceasing sound of the forge was rather lulling and pleasant than otherwise, and no doubt the wife often thought so, as it reached her ears, and told her of the unwearied diligence with which her husband toiled for her and her children. Their cottage had once been alive with many childish voices, but one by one all had dropped off, from sudden disease or inherent delicacy of constitution. Of eight, seven lay in the churchyard not far distant, and one only was left to cheer the blacksmith's cottage—little Quintin, the youngest born. No wonder was it, therefore, that the mother often turned her eyes within, where the child was amusing himself; and at such times the placid, almost dull expression of her face changed into a look of ineffable love, for he was her youngest and her only one.

At last the sound of the forge ceased. The blacksmith's wife immediately put by her distaff, and set about preparing the evening meal; for she knew her husband's daily work was over, and that he would soon be home. The sour kraut and the beer were laid on the rudely-carved plank, which, fitted on tressels, served for a table; and all was ready when the husband and father entered. He was a short, stout-built man; his broad face shone with good-nature, and his muscular frame showed strength which had not even begun to fail, though some gray locks mingled imperceptibly with his light curly hair. He nodded his head in cheerful thanks when his active wife brought him a large bowl of clear water, in which he washed his dusky face and hands; and then, without wasting words, sat down, like a hungry man as he was, to his meal. The wife, with a quiet smile, watched the eatables and drinkables disappear, interrupting him only to fill his plate or cup in silence, as a good wife ought; asking no questions until the first cravings of nature were satisfied.

When the blacksmith had finished his meal, he rested his brawny arms on the table, and looked in his wife's face—then for the first time broke silence. "I have had a long day's work, Gretchen; but that is not a bad thing for us, you know. I have shod all the elector's horses. He was travelling, and said none could do it so well as Matsys the blacksmith."

"It is a good thing to be spoken well of; but great people do not often notice such folks as we are," answered the quiet Gretchen.

"The elector need not be ashamed of speaking of or to an



honest man, who owes nothing to any one, and whose forge is never seen idle," said the blacksmith, who was an independent character in his way, though rather phlegmatic, like the rest of his countrymen. "But, by the by, working all day in the heat of that same forge makes one feel cold even here," continued he, shivering, and glancing towards the half-open door.

Gretchen rose up and closed it without saying a word.

"You are a good wife, Gretchen," said the blacksmith, looking at her affectionately: "you always think of your husband."

A pleased smile passed over Gretchen's face. "You know, Hans, it is near the end of October; we must begin to have larger fires, I think."

"And, thank God, we shall be able to have them, and also warm clothes; for I shall have plenty of work all winter. We will have a merry Christmas dinner, wife, and Quintin shall dance and sing, and have many nice things. But where is little Quintin?" asked the blacksmith, turning round.

"Here, father!" answered a sweet child's voice; and a little boy crept from out of a dark corner beside the hearth, where he had remained crouched while Matsys was eating his supper. He was slight, and rather delicate-looking, and dressed in the quaint Dutch fashion, which made him appear much older than he really was; and the uncommon intelligence of his countenance did not belie that impression. "I am here, father; do you want little Quintin?" said the child, lifting up the long dark lashes from his deep, violet-coloured, and beautiful eyes, which indeed formed the principal charm of a face not otherwise pretty.

"I want to know what you have been doing all day," said Matsys, drawing his son on his knee, and kissing him affectionately. The boy returned his father's rough but loving embrace, and then jumped off his knee, saying, "Wait a little, father, and I will show you."

He ran to a far corner of the room; the mother looked after him, saying, "Quintin often alarms me: he is always getting near the fire, and working and hammering. When I scold him, he only says that he is doing like his father."

The blacksmith burst into a loud cheerful laugh, that rung through the little cottage, in the midst of which Quintin appeared, bringing with him two armlets, as he called them, ingeniously worked in iron. The father took one of them from his son's tiny wrist, and put it on his own great thumb, laughing more than ever. "How did you make this clever little article?" asked he.

"Pray do not be angry, father," timidly answered the child; "but I found an old horse-shoe in the forge, and brought it home; and then I made it red-hot, and hammered it into shape with the poker."

"And how did you contrive to make this pretty little hand that fastens the bracelet?"

"I made it in clay, and then took the shape in sand, and poured the molten iron into it."

"Clever boy! clever boy!" cried the blacksmith, raising his hands and eyes in astonishment; then, recollecting himself, he said in a loud whisper to his wife, "Quintin will be a genius some day—a wonderful man; but we must not tell him so, lest it should make him vain."

The mother shook her head, smiling all the while; and little Quintin, who doubtless heard every word, grew red and pale by turns as he stood by his father's knee, proud and happy at the admiration his work excited.

"I'll tell you what, my boy," cried Matsys, "you shall come to the forge with me to-morrow; 'like father, like son.' I had no idea you had watched me to such good purpose. Let me see; how old are you? I forget exactly."

"Quintin will be ten years old at Christmas," said Gretchen; adding, with moistened eyes, "You know, Hans, he was born just two years after Lisa—poor little Lisa—and she would have been twelve now."

The father looked grave for a few moments, but soon recovered his cheerfulness when the eager upturned face of his pet Quintin met his. This one darling atoned for all his departed children; he had soon become reconciled to their loss, like most fathers; it is only in mothers' hearts that the memory of babes vanished to Heaven lingers until death.

Matsys twisted his coarse brown fingers in Quintin's fair curls, and said thoughtfully, "Well, ten years old is not too soon to begin; I was a year younger myself when my father made me work; to be sure I was stronger than Quintin, and was the eldest of a dozen boys and girls. But then Quintin shall do no hard work, and it will keep him out of mischief, and make him learn diligence betimes—always a good thing for a labouring lad. Not but what I shall have some gold florins to put by for him in time; but bad things happen sometimes, God only knows! However," continued the blacksmith, ending his long soliloquy, and speaking louder, "if you like, Quintin, to-morrow you shall begin to learn how to be as good a blacksmith as your father."

"And may I make plenty of bracelets like these?" inquired the boy.

His father laughed merrily. "You would take a long time to get rich if you never did anything but these little fanciful things. You must learn how to forge tools, and horse-shoes, and nails; but," continued he, noticing that the boy's countenance fell at this information, "don't be unhappy; you shall make bracelets now and then if you like, and rings too, if you are clever enough. And now, go and ask your mother what she says to this plan."

"I am quite willing, Hans," said his wife; "you know best;

but I shall often be very lonely without the child. However, you must send him over to see me sometimes in the day."

"Very well, wife; and now, all being settled, put out the fire, and let us go to rest, for it is long after sunset, and little Quintin will soon be half asleep here on my lap."

Gretchen kissed her little son, heard him repeat his prayers, then undressed him, and laid him in his straw bed. In another hour the quiet of night was over the cottage, and the little household it contained had all sunk into that deep slumber which is the sweet reward of labour.

## II.

### DEATH IN THE COTTAGE.

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth!" is a wise saying, and of mournful import. The holy man who wrote it knew its truth, and many a fearful heart, shrinking from the future, as well as many a one stricken to the earth when most confident of bliss, have acknowledged the same. They are words never written or spoken without an indefinable dread; for no one living is so happy, or so confident in his happiness, that he has nothing to fear.

Christmas drew nigh merrily. In the blacksmith's little family there was nothing but hopeful anticipation. The clear biting frost of a Dutch winter had set in, and all was gaiety; for this is an important adjunct of mirth in a country where all festivities are carried on by means of the frozen waters. Gretchen had bought her furs and her gay ribbons; all the Christmas gifts were ready, and the Christmas dinner provided. The blacksmith's wife had finished all her preparations, had brought out the great silver cup, a family heir-loom, the only vestige of riches, and had set out, ready for the morrow, one or two bottles of Rhenish wine, as a crowning treat for the Christmas festivities. Lastly, she brought out the eight carved wooden cups which had been added at the birth of each child, each bearing the initial letter of their names. It was the fancy of an old relative, a clever workman, who had thus enriched the stores of the blacksmith. Gretchen brought them out one by one, dusted them as carefully as if they were to be used, and as she did so, let fall a few quiet tears on each memorial of her little ones. Mechanically she arranged them in order, and then sighing deeply, put them all aside, leaving only Quintin's. She then dried her eyes with her apron, glanced round the cottage to see that all was right, and wrapping her warm mantle over her head, went outside the door to watch for her husband and child, for the loneliness of the cottage was too much for her.

It was a fine day for winter: there was no sunshine, but the white snow made everything light and cheerful. The frosty

weather caused the bells of the cathedral to sound louder and nearer; their merry peal rung out as if to drive away all care and melancholy thoughts; and while Gretchen listened to them, the mists of despondency which had gathered over her soul were, unconsciously to herself, swept away by their influence. The Dutch wife had little or no sentiment in her composition, yet she could not help giving way at this moment to fancies which mother-love alone could have roused in her placid mind. She thought no longer of the children lost on earth, but of the angels gained to Heaven.

Gretchen's reflections then turned towards those left to her—her husband and Quintin. She thought of Hans, his diligence and industry, and how he had gone through all the struggles of their younger days, until comparative riches, the fruit of his labour, were beginning to flow in upon them. Their cottage was as small as ever, to be sure, but still it boasted many little comforts which it had not when they first began life; and all was through Hans—good, steady Hans! Gretchen never thought how much her own careful economy had contributed to keep safe, and spend rightly, her husband's earnings. Then she looked forward to the future, calculated how long it would be before Hans might leave off work, and Quintin succeed him in the forge. And the mother then pictured Quintin grown to manhood, and smiled as she thought of his taking a wife, and making Hans and herself grow young again on playing with a troop of grandchildren.

The blacksmith's wife was in the midst of these reflections and anticipations when the sound of her husband's forge ceased. It was earlier than usual; but Gretchen was not surprised, as it was holiday time, and she thought that Matsys had got through his work quicker than ordinary, that he might be at home on Christmas eve. So she went into the cottage to await his return, and warm her chilled hands at the fire, which she took care to heap up in readiness for the cold and weary labourers, for Quintin was now indefatigable at his father's trade. She waited longer than usual, but neither came; the short twilight had passed away, and it was nearly dark. Still she feared nothing, but sat quietly by the fire.

At last the latched door was burst open, and little Quintin rushed in. He hid his pale face on his mother's bosom, sobbing bitterly:

"What is the matter? Who has vexed my little Quintin?" said the mother, soothing him.

"No one, mother; no one!" cried the child anew; "but they told me not to tell you. Father——"

"Where is your father? Is he coming home?"

"Yes, he is coming home—they are bringing him; but he will not speak, and he looks like Sister Lisa. That is what frightened me."

At this moment some neighbours entered: they were carrying

Hans. His wife rushed to him, and flung her arms round him with wild exclamations; but he made no answer, and she could not see him clearly for the darkness. They drew Gretchen away, and laid him on the bed. A bright blaze sprung up in the fire, and showed to the horror-stricken wife the face of the dead.

Death, sudden and fearful death, had come upon the strong man in the flower of his vigour and hope. The blacksmith had been engaged on his usual labours, when the horse that he was shoeing gave him a violent kick on the forehead: he sank on the ground, and rose up no more a living man.

### III.

#### LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

It was a mournful Christmas in the home of the widow and the fatherless. Until the day of the funeral, Gretchen, passive in her affliction, sat by the body of her husband, holding in her arms her sole treasure, her only child. She seemed calm, almost passionless; but her countenance, before so peaceful, was seamed with wrinkles that might have been the work of years, and her hair had grown gray in a single night. She kept her eyes fixed upon the corner where the dim outline of a human form was seen through the white covering, never moving them except to follow, with intense anxiety, every motion of little Quintin. To the child the scene was not new; he had seen death before, and had not feared to behold, and even to touch, the white marble figures of his brothers and sisters who had died since his infancy; but now he felt a strange awe, which kept him away from his father.

Those to whose hearths death comes slowly, preceded by long sickness, pain, and the anguish of suspense, can little imagine what it is when the work of the destroyer is done in a moment; when one hour makes the home desolate, the place vacant, the heart full of despair. And when, added to the deep sorrow within, comes the fear for the future without, the worldly thoughts and worldly cares that will intrude even in the bitterest and most sacred grief, when that loss brings inevitably with it the evils of poverty—then how doubly intense is the sense of anguish!

Thus, when the remains of poor Hans Matsys had been laid beside those of his children, and the widow returned to her desolate cottage, it was no wonder than her strength and courage failed her. She burst into a flood of passionate grief, to which her quiet and subdued character had hitherto been a stranger, rocking herself to and fro in her chair, unconscious, or else heedless, of Quintin's attempts to console her.

"My child! my child! we have no hope. God has forsaken us!" she cried at last.

"You had not used to say that, mother, when Lisa died. You told me to be good, and then God would never forsake me."

"I did, I did," cried the stricken woman; "but it is different now! Oh, Hans, Hans! why did you go away and leave me alone, all alone!"

"Not quite alone, mother," said Quintin, raising himself, and standing upright before her with a serious firmness foreign to his years; "you have me—Quintin. I will take care of you." And he stretched out his arms to his mother, his face beaming with intense affection, and his eyes glowing with thoughts and resolves which even she could not fathom. However, there was something in the child's countenance which inspired her with hope: she felt that Quintin would one day or other be her stay and comfort.

"But," said she, after she and her son had sealed their mutual love and confidence in a long embrace, "how are we to live? Your poor father worked too hard to save money, except for the last year; and how are we to find food, now that he is no longer here to work for us? You are too young, my poor Quintin, to keep on the forge; it must go into other hands. There is no hope for us: we must starve!"

"We shall not starve!" cried the boy, his slight form dilating with the earnestness of his manner as he drew himself up to his full height. "Mother, we shall not starve! I shall be a man soon; but, until then, we must be content with little. I can work well even now; whoever takes the forge will have me to help, I know. You can spin, mother, until I grow stronger and older, so as to be able to get money enough. You told me once, when I was trying to do something difficult, 'When there is a will, there is a way.' Now, mother, I have a *will*, a courageous one; and never fear but I shall make a *way*."

New comfort dawned on the widow's heart; she was no longer hopeless as before. The boy who, a few days before, had clung to her knees in childlike helplessness, looking to her for direction, advice, and assistance, now seemed to give her the counsel and strength of which she stood in such sore need. It is often so with those who are afterwards to be great among their fellow-men; in a few days, by some incident or sudden blow of misfortune, they seem to step at once from childhood to the threshold of premature manhood. With Quintin this change was not surprising; because his thoughts had ever been beyond his years, partly from the superiority of his mind even in childhood, and partly because he had lived entirely with his parents, and from various causes had never associated with those of his own age. These circumstances had given a maturity to his judgment and a strength to his feelings which made him, in the foregoing conversation with his mother, assume that unwonted energy and resolution which was afterwards the prominent feature of his character, and which even then was sufficient to make the forlorn

widow experience a feeling almost approaching to hope, as she read courage and firmness on every feature of the face of her only son.

From that time Quintin was no more a child. He seemed to think it incumbent on him to fill the place of his dead father; he went regularly to work at the forge, which had been taken by a kind-hearted neighbour, and Quintin's skill and dexterity atoned so much for his want of muscular strength, that he received good wages for a boy. These he regularly brought home; and no merchant ever told over the gains of his Indian vessels with more delight, than did Quintin count over the few pieces of silver into his mother's lap. There is a sweetness in the gains of labour which no gifts, however rich, can bestow; and Quintin often thought that the bread which was bought by his hard-earned money tasted better than any other. It might be that his mother thought so too; and when he stood beside her—Quintin now considered himself too old and manly to sit on his mother's knee—the smile returned to her face as she noticed his sturdy hands and cheek embrowned by labour, and said he was growing so like his father. No other eye would have traced the very faint resemblance between the honest but coarse features of the poor blacksmith, and the intellectual countenance of his son.

Quintin, after his father's death, occupied his leisure hours no more with the toys and trifles of his own manufacturing, in which he had before so much delighted. He would not waste a moment, and as soon as he returned from the forge, he always set himself to assist his mother in her household duties, suffering her to do nothing that he thought was too much for her strength, which had been much enfeebled by grief. Quintin was become a very girl in gentleness and in domestic skill, for he thought nothing beneath him which could lighten his mother's duties. He even learned to spin; and during the summer evenings Gretchen and her son sat together at their work, often until long after the inhabitants of the few scattered cottages around them had gone to rest. But Quintin and his mother feared the long bitter winter, and worked early and late to put by enough to keep them from poverty during the biting frost of their climate. Still, while they feared and took these precautions, they did not despair; for they knew how sorely such a feeling cramps the energies of even a strong mind, and thereby induces the very evils which are dreaded. So Quintin's hopeful spirit encouraged his mother, and they worked on, patiently waiting until better times should come.

#### IV.

##### THE GOOD ANGEL.

It was on a cold dreary February day that a boy came through the churchyard, where the poor, who had no storied epitaphs, nor

white marble shrines, awaited in peace their resurrection from clay. The boy was thinly and poorly clad, and his face and bare hands were blue with cold. He walked slowly, in spite of the chilliness around him; for his spirit was very heavy, and his steps refused to move as those of one who carries a light heart in his bosom.

It was Quintin Matsys, who was coming from his daily labour to a sorrowful home; for the unusual severity of the winter had drained their little store, and Quintin knew now, for the first time, what poverty and hunger were. He thought, in his simplicity, that he would come round by his father's grave, and say his prayers there, hoping that God would hear them, and send comfort. Quintin crept rather than walked; for his poor little feet were frozen, and sharp pieces of ice every now and then pierced through his worn shoes. He was thankful to have been all day in the warm shelter of the forge; but that made him now feel more keenly the bitterness of the cold without. He came at last to the little green hillock which had been watered with so many tears; it was not green now, but covered with frozen snow; not soft, but hard and sharp.

The mist of a coming storm was gathering over the churchyard before Quintin had finished his orisons. The boy could hardly distinguish the gate at which he entered, and was about to depart, when there rose up from a grave which he had not before noticed a white figure. It was slender and small; and Quintin's first thought was that an angel had been sent to answer his prayer. He was not alarmed; but knelt down again with folded hands, waiting to receive the heavenly messenger. But another glance told him that it was no angel that he saw, but a little girl wrapped in white fur, who came timidly to meet him.

"Will you tell me who you are?" asked she, putting out from her mantle a warm little hand, which shrunk from the touch of Quintin's chilly fingers.

"My name is Quintin Matsys," answered the surprised boy.

"You are very cold, poor Quintin, if that is your name. Give me your hands to warm them under my furs."

Quintin did so in silence.

"Where is your father?"

"Here!" said Quintin sadly, pointing to the grave. "My father has been dead a year."

"They tell me that my mother is dead too, because I never see her now. I sometimes come here to think of her. When my father is angry, I steal out of the house and come here, as I have done to-day. No one minds little Lisa."

"Lisa!—is your name Lisa?" cried Quintin eagerly. "I had a sister Lisa once; but she was much older than you." And the boy looked earnestly in the beautiful childish face of his new friend, as if to trace some slight resemblance to the sister he had lost, but remembered so well.



"I will be your sister Lisa!" exclaimed the little girl. "I like you—you look good." And she sprang up with a sudden impulse, put her arms round his neck, and kissed him. Quintin returned her affectionate embrace, and then asked her more about her father. He was a painter at Antwerp, and had been living near the village for several months—ever since his wife's death.

"And now," said Quintin, "I must go home. My mother is ill, and I have stayed too long already; but I will not leave you here all alone, Sister Lisa;" and the word Lisa lingered on the boy's lips with the fondness with which we pronounce a beloved name, even when owned by a stranger.

"Why did you not tell me your mother was ill? I live close by; we will go away together directly." And she took hold of his hand and set out.

The two young friends had not gone many steps when Quintin turned pale, and sank on a grave.

"What ails you, Brother Quintin?" asked the frightened child.

"I do not know," said Quintin faintly.

The little girl tried to encourage him; and then, with child-like reasoning, thought that something good would be the best resource. She drew from her pocket a sweetmeat, which she put in Quintin's mouth. He devoured it eagerly, and then, looking wistfully at her, he cried—"Have you another?" But immediately a crimson blush overspread his face. "I was wrong," said he, "to ask; but I am so hungry. I have tasted nothing since yesterday."

"Not eaten since yesterday!" exclaimed his compassionate little friend. "Poor Quintin!—no wonder you are tired! And your mother—has she nothing to eat?"

"I fear not indeed—unless some charitable neighbour has given her some dinner."

Lisa felt again in her pocket, and produced a biscuit, which she made Quintin eat; and then, as soon as he was able to go forward, she pulled him on. "I will go home with you, Quintin," said she. "Here is a fine gold piece that my father gave me; we will go and buy some supper, and take it together to your mother. I am very hungry too, and I will sup with you," she added with instinctive delicacy of feeling, wonderful in a child.

Quintin yielded to her gentle arguments; and, laden with good things, he and Lisa entered his mother's cottage. She was sitting, exhausted, beside the fireless and cheerless hearth; a small rush-candle in one corner just showed the desolation of the cottage, for they had been obliged to part with one thing after another to preserve life. The two children entered hand-in-hand. Gretchen looked surprised, but, from feebleness, did not speak.

"Mother, dear mother," cried Quintin, "I have brought you a good angel, who has come to save us from dying of hunger."

The child stepped forward and took her hand. "Here is plenty for supper; let me stay and share it. I am Lisa—little Lisa."

The similarity of name struck on Gretchen's ear; her mind was weakened by illness and want: she snatched the child to her bosom, crying out, "Lisa—my Lisa! are you come back to me again?"

The little girl, startled, uttered a cry. Gretchen set her down, and looked at her. "No, no—it is not my Lisa!" she said sorrowfully.

"I am not your own Lisa, but I will try to be," answered Quintin's friend, while the boy himself came forward and explained the whole. His mother was full of grateful joy. Without more words Quintin lighted the fire, while little Lisa, active and skilful as a grown woman, arranged the supper—not, however, before she had carefully administered some wine and bread to the thankful widow. All three sat down to a cheerful meal, Lisa holding one of Quintin's hands in hers the whole time, and watching him eat with an earnest pleasure which prevented her thinking of her own supper, and effectually contradicted her assertion that she was very hungry.

"You will not faint again, Quintin," she said at last.

The mother looked alarmed. "What has been the matter with you, Quintin? Have you, indeed, fainted from hunger? My poor boy! I thought you told me they were to give you dinner at the forge, and therefore you would not eat that piece of bread this morning?"

"Yes, mother; but—but—" said Quintin stammering, "they forgot all about it. I was not so very hungry, so I thought I would not come home until after dinner-time, that——"

"That your mother might have it all! My own boy—my dear Quintin, God bless you! You are husband, and son, and everything to me," cried the widow, folding him in a close embrace.

Lisa looked on, almost tearfully. "I wish my mother were here to kiss me as you do Quintin!" she said.

"Have you lost your mother, poor child?" asked Gretchen, turning towards her. "Then come to me—you shall be my own little Lisa."

"I am Quintin's sister already, so we shall all be happy together," cried the pleased child, who would have willingly stayed, had not the thoughtful Gretchen told Quintin to take her in safety to her own home. The children parted affectionately, and Quintin felt that Lisa's loving and hopeful spirit had left a good influence behind upon his own. He went home with less gloomy thoughts for the future; his mother, too, had a happy look on her care-worn face, which cheered the affectionate boy. He listened to her praises of the sweet Lisa, and bade her good-night with a lightened heart. Both mother and son felt the

day's events had shown them that there is no night of sorrow so dark to which there will not come, sooner or later, a bright and happy morning.

## V.

## THE FIRST PARTING.

Two years passed lightly over Quintin's head, bringing with them much happiness and little care. It seemed as if the meeting with Lisa had been the turning of their fortunes; from that time friends sprung up for the widow; and Johann Mandyn himself, the father of Lisa, helped Quintin to obtain work with the influence he possessed. But he was poor, and had little sympathy beyond his art, in which he placed his sole delight. Quintin and Lisa were inseparable in their childish friendship; the artist's daughter felt no scorn for the blacksmith's son, for she was too young to think of difference of station. Quintin worked at the forge, where he was invaluable, and his mother spun; so that the week's earnings were sufficient for the week's need, and poverty was no longer dreaded in the widow's now cheerful home. Gretchen became once more the stout, rosy, and good-humoured Flemish dame; for time heals all griefs, even the bitterest; and it is well that it should be so. A long-indulged sorrow for the dead, or for any other hopeless loss, would deaden our sympathies for those still left, and thus make a sinful apathy steal over the soul, absorbing all its powers, and causing the many blessings of life to be felt as curses. As the bosom of earth blooms again and again, having buried out of sight the dead leaves of autumn, and loosed the frosty bands of winter, so does the heart, in spite of all that melancholy poets write, feel many renewed springs and summers. It is a beautiful and a blessed world we live in, and whilst that life lasts, to lose the enjoyment of it is sin.

Gretchen's restoration to peace after her heavy trials was in a great measure owing to the influence of Lisa. This child was one of those sweet creatures who steal into our hearts like a gleam of sunshine. Why this was so, it was impossible to tell: she was not clever above her years, nor fascinating through her beauty, which then was not conspicuous; but there seemed an atmosphere of love around her which pervaded everything and every one with its influence. It was impossible not to love Lisa.

A good man once said to his daughter—"Why is it that every one loves you?" "I do not know," answered the child, "except that it is because I love everybody." This was the secret of Lisa's power of winning universal affection. Her little heart seemed brimming over with kind words and good deeds. She was never seen gloomy or unhappy, because her whole delight consisted in indulging her love of bestowing pleasure on others,

and therefore she never knew what it was to be sad. People may talk as they will, but it is in ourselves alone that the materials of happiness are to be found. Even love—we mean household, family love—need not always be reciprocal at first. A gentle and a loving spirit, though it may seem for a long time fruitless, will at last win love in return. It is useless to say, "I would be kind and affectionate if he or she would be so in return." Let us begin by showing love, and a requital will not fail us in the end.

Quintin's character matured rapidly. If his manly and resolute mind had wanted anything, it was the charm of gentleness, and this he learned from Lisa. They continued to call one another by the sweet names of brother and sister, and certainly no tie of kindred could be stronger than theirs. Lisa taught Quintin much that the misfortunes of his youth had prevented him from learning, so that he no longer lamented his ignorance of reading and writing—acquirements very uncommon in his present sphere, but which his ardent mind had always eagerly longed after. His bodily frame grew with his mental powers, and at thirteen Quintin was a tall and active youth, though never very strong. To say he loved the occupation which he pursued so steadily, and in which he was so successful, would not be true; and here it was that the quiet heroism of his character appeared. Quintin's heart was not in the forge, and the more learning he acquired, the more he felt this distaste increase. But he never told his mother, for he knew that it would detract from her happiness, and he manfully struggled against his own regrets.

When Quintin had attained his fourteenth year, a change took place in his fortunes. The young blacksmith, with the native taste which was inherent in him, had worked a number of iron rails with such ingenious ornaments, that the purchaser, a rich burgher of Antwerp, sent to inquire whose hand had done them. Quintin's master informed him; and the answer was, that the young workman should immediately go to the burgher, who had found him employment in the city.

A grand event was this in the boy's life. He had never seen Antwerp, but he and Lisa had often sat together on summer evenings watching the beautiful spires of the cathedral, while the little girl told him of all the wonders it contained; for Lisa inherited all her father's love of art. Now Quintin was about to realise these wonderful sights; and when he got home he could hardly find words to tell his mother and Lisa the joyful news. Quintin was too happy to notice that, while his mother congratulated him on his good fortune, a tear stood in her eyes, and that little Lisa—she still kept the pet name, which suited her low stature and child-like manners, though she was, in truth, but little younger than Quintin—looked very sad immediately after the first surprise had passed away.

"Will you be long away, Brother Quintin?" asked she, laying her hand on his arm.

"Only two or three months; perhaps not that."

"Three months seem a long time when you have never left your mother before in your whole life," said Gretchen mournfully.

Quintin then felt that his joy was almost unkind towards these dear ones, who would miss him so much. And yet it was such a good thing for him to find work at Antwerp; he would be well paid, and it was the sort of labour which he liked much better than his hard and uninteresting work at the forge. He urged all these arguments, except the last, to his mother and Lisa, and was successful in quieting their alarms, and in lulling their grief at losing him for a time. He was to leave the next morning, for there must be no delay, and the necessary preparations in some degree distracted Gretchen's thoughts from the approaching parting. Lisa assisted too, but her little fingers trembled while she tied up the small bundle in which Quintin's worldly wealth was deposited. He, good thoughtful boy, though his own heart sank after the first burst of delight, did not fail to cheer them both with merry speeches, telling Lisa that he would need a wagon and horses to bring home his goods, instead of the handkerchief in which they were taken thence, and such-like cheerful sayings—with little humour, but much good-natured cheerfulness.

Nevertheless, when all was ended, and the three sat down to their last meal together for some time, Gretchen's courage failed. She looked at her son; the thought struck her how soon his place would be vacant, and she burst into tears. Quintin consoled her. He felt almost ready to cry himself; but a boy of fourteen must not yield to such weakness, so he forcibly drove the tears back to their source. Lisa did not speak, but she changed colour, and several large bright drops slid silently down her cheek, and fell on her empty plate.

"Come, mother dear," said Quintin at last, "we really must not all look so very melancholy; I shall be quite too full of importance if you cry over me so much. And I shall be so rich when I come home. This will be the best winter we have had yet. You shall not spin any more, mother: indeed there will be no need, I shall be so independent. And three months will soon pass; Lisa will be near you; and, mother," he added gravely and affectionately, "you can trust me to be good, to remember all you have taught me, and to love you as much as ever, though a few miles away from you."

With such words did Quintin cheer the little party, until the time came for Lisa to go home. Her father, absorbed in his studies, though loving her sincerely, noticed her but little, and was content to leave her often for whole days with the blacksmith's widow, provided that Quintin brought her home at dusk.

It was now summer-time, and the children went along the oft-trodden way together hand-in-hand. At length the moment for parting arrived, and how sad it was, need not be particularly described.

"Do not forget Sister Lisa," were the last words Quintin heard from the child; and when the door of her father's house closed, and he saw her no more, Quintin felt more sorrowful than he had done since he beheld the cold earth thrown over his father.

## VI.

### QUINTIN'S LIFE AT ANTWERP.

It was a dull and dreary morning when Quintin set out on his journey. He was to proceed on foot to Antwerp; for in those days the poor and middling classes had to look to themselves alone for those powers of locomotion which are now open to every one. In the fifteenth century carriages were almost unknown; the sole mode of conveyance was on horseback; but the very wealthy, when aged or sick, indulged themselves with litters, or with rude wagons, drawn by horses. But none of these appliances of luxury were for Quintin Matsys; so he set forth on foot, carrying his bundle, tied to a stick, over his shoulder.

With the night had faded many of Quintin's brilliant anticipations of pleasure. When he awoke in the morning, and saw that the long drought had melted into rain, and that the dull mist rose up from the fields, shutting out from his view the city of his hopes, he would almost have been glad not to set out. At the last moment, when anticipation has vanished into certainty, it is seldom that we really feel happy in some pleasure long hoped for at last attained. So Quintin felt; and when he had indeed parted from his weeping mother—when he had lost sight of the cottage, passed the forge, and was out in the high road, he thought that if this was the first-fruits of good fortune he had almost rather stay at home all his life.

But the boy had not gone far when the mist—it was only a summer's mist, like his own sadness—cleared away; the sun rose brightly, and the cathedral spires were bathed in its golden radiance. They seemed a beacon of future hope to Quintin's now cheerful heart. To a fanciful and enthusiastic spirit like his, a mere trifle—the passing of a cloud, the bursting of a sunbeam, the sudden carol of a bird—will drive away care, until we wonder why we were so heavy-hearted before; and this sudden susceptibility to pleasure, unless blunted by very sore afflictions, is indeed a great blessing. So it was with Quintin. Encouraged by the sunshine around him, he went hopefully on his way, and before sunset reached Antwerp.

The first view of a great and populous city is always striking. But the young blacksmith's mind was naturally of too high a

tone to feel that stupid wonder with which such a sight would impress a country peasant who had less intellect than himself. Quintin walked through Antwerp, feeling himself elevated, not made lower, by the grandeur around him. Thus, when he came into the presence of his future patron, no false shame or self-abasement made him show to disadvantage the talents he possessed. The wealthy Herr Schmidt was pleased with him, and Quintin was at once placed with a clever iron-worker in the city.

The country youth now began a new life, which required all his energies. Left almost entirely to his own guidance, he acted as became the good boy he had always been, when his mother's eye was upon him, and her precepts in his ears. But he had so long been accustomed to judge for himself and for her, that this complete independence was scarcely new to him. His sole regret was when, after his day's work, he returned to his lonely room in a narrow street, and missed the kind face and smile of welcome; when he had to prepare his frugal meal himself, and to eat it alone, without those almost invisible cares which a mother, sister, or wife's hand bestows, and which, though often unperceived and unacknowledged, yet sweeten the food. Then Quintin missed also the fragrant breath of country air coming in at his window; and while he grew taller, and his mind increased in strength and acquirements, his brown cheek became paler, and his frame more slender, through his city life. But Quintin had one grand object—he wanted to grow rich, that his mother's closing days might know all the comforts of wealth. Another impulse, too, which he scarce acknowledged to himself, spurred him on. He had grown wiser, painfully wiser, since he had come to Antwerp. He then found out, for the first time, the difference the world shows between an artist's daughter and a poor blacksmith's son; that he and Lisa, when they grew up, could never call one another brother and sister. Other feelings than fraternal ones never entered into Quintin's simple mind; but he could not bear the thought of losing his sister Lisa; and the idea of raising his position in the world, so as to be able still to keep up the association with her, mingled in his ideas of gaining wealth for his mother to enjoy.

Quintin was not entirely without troubles, even in his good fortunes. His fellow-workmen envied his skill in fancy-working in iron, and many a plan was laid to injure the youth in his master's estimation. They stole from him his tools, complained of his overbearing conceit, and accused him of giving a false statement of his age, and representing himself as much younger than he really was, to gain his master's favour and approbation. This accusation Quintin's high spirit could ill brook. The principal weakness of his character was a want of gentleness, not surprising in one of his resolute temper, for the two qualities are seldom combined. He was more tried than ever he had been at

home, where his sole troubles came from without: he had none from within, for in the little household all was peace. This last allegation roused him to anger.

"I a liar!—I tell a lie!" cried the indignant boy; "I would not do it for the king himself. How dare you say so to my face!" and his eyes flashed with the violence of his feelings. His companions saw they had goaded him on too far: they said no more that day. Quintin went home, his spirit still chafing under the insult he had received, and there was no gentle Lisa to cast oil on the angry billows of his soul. The poor boy felt how lonely he was, and when he had shut the door, his anger melted into sorrow; he threw himself on his little bed, and covered his face, while hot tears of vexation, mingled with grief, burst through his fingers. His spirit was strong; but still Quintin was only a boy—not fifteen.

Next morning he rose, and went courageously to his work. He was making the iron cover to a well, wrought tastefully in a manner which he alone could do, therefore his master had intrusted him with it, and thus caused so much jealousy among the rest. When Quintin came to look for his tools, lo! hammer and file were gone. He inquired, first gently, then indignantly, for them; but his companions could not, or would not, give him a satisfactory answer. His anger kindled; but they only taunted him the more.

"How will you make your fine well cover without hammer or file?" cried one.

"Here is a pretty plight for the first workman in Antwerp to be in!" said another.

"The young genius will never finish his work!" exclaimed a third, bursting into a loud laugh.

"I will finish it though!" said Quintin, resolutely folding his arms, and standing before them with a determined air, though his face was very pale. "I will finish it, in spite of you all."

He turned away, took up the rest of his tools, locked up himself and his work in another part of the establishment, took no heed of the daily taunts which he met with, until the given time expired. The master came, and asked for the well cover; it was done! Quintin *had* finished it, as he said he would, without hammer or file. How he accomplished it, no one could tell; but the workmanship was inimitable; and this testimony to the genius and determination of the young blacksmith may be seen to this day over a well near the cathedral of Antwerp.

## VII.

### DISAPPOINTMENTS.

Lisa's fears proved true: Quintin did not come home for several months, not until mid-winter; and when he did return, his



adopted sister was not there to welcome him. Lisa, the affectionate Lisa, had departed with her father for Italy some time before. When Quintin returned, all that he found was a sisterly message left with his mother for him, and a lock of hair—one curl of the bright golden tresses which he had so many times twisted round his fingers in play. Quintin had, indeed, lost his Sister Lisa.

This was not his only disappointment. He had ever been a delicate boy, and his constant work while at Antwerp, together with the confined air of the city, had injured his health. He was long before he would confess this to himself, for he could not bear to slacken in his exertions; so he still remained where he had abundance of work, sending the fruit of his earnings to his mother, and keeping but little for himself. At last his master, a kind-hearted man, saw the sad change in the boy, who, listless and feeble, went about his work mechanically, without a smile or a hope. He sent Quintin home on his own horse, for the boy was now too feeble to walk, as he had done on his first entrance into Antwerp. And thus weakened in health, Quintin Matsys came home to his mother.

He had not known of Lisa's departure, and the closed-up, uninhabited dwelling, as he passed it, gave him a sudden alarm. When he learned the truth, it was a bitter disappointment to him, for his gentle little playmate had become entwined with every fibre of Quintin's heart. However, his fond mother's caresses were very sweet to the boy, who had been so long without them. Illness made him feel doubly how precious is a mother's love.

It was well that Quintin returned home in time; for he had not been there long, before a slow fever, the result of his anxious toil for so many months, seized him, and he was many weeks unable to move from the bed on which he lay. When he recovered a little, he was as feeble as a child. Gretchen watched and nursed him as in the days of his infancy; only too thankful to be spared the one absorbing dread to lose him for ever, she did not think of the future. But when Quintin began to feel better, he pined over the good prospects his illness had blighted, and thought sadly how long a time must elapse before he would be able to follow his trade. This idea retarded his gaining strength, and gave a painful cast of anxiety to his thin and sharpened features, for which his mother could not account. She, thinking of nothing but him, had not noticed how gradually the earnings of the year had dwindled away; but Quintin often thought of this.

One day Gretchen had propped up her son with pillows in his chair, and placed him in the warm noon by the open window. He looked so worn to a shadow, with his long hair grown thin and straggling, as the hair does in continued illness, falling over his attenuated face, and his large full eyes fixed with a melancholy gaze on the sky, that his mother could not refrain from

tears. She turned away, lest Quintin should see them, and busied herself with arranging her household affairs. She dusted the table and shelves, and then, in her search for more occupation, came to the silver cup where she kept her money. Many an anxious gaze had she often cast on that little cup; and now she uncovered it, by an irresistible curiosity, to see how much it contained, for she had not looked in it lately. There was but a single silver piece! Gretchen stood with it in her hand for some minutes, looking dolefully at the poor remnant of her treasure. Quintin turned his head feebly round.

"What are you doing there so long, mother?" he asked.

His mother closed the cup, but not before he had seen what she was doing. "How much money have you left, dear mother?" he said again; "not much I fear."

To conceal it would have distressed him more; so Gretchen showed her son the remaining coin.

Quintin's countenance fell—"Oh how unfortunate I am," he cried, "to have been ill here instead of gaining money! But I know I am nearly well—I am sure I can walk now." And he rose, but before he had moved three steps, he fell exhausted on the floor. Gretchen ran fearfully, and raised him; but all her consolations failed to reassure him. Quintin—the brave-hearted Quintin—for the first time in his life sank into despair. He had still courage enough to conceal his feelings from his mother; but he could not speak, and she laid him in his bed, and sang him to sleep, as she had done when he was a little boy—not knowing how deep was the poor boy's misery and hopelessness.

But this feeling could not last long in one of such energy as Quintin Matsys. Morning brought with it strength and hope, for in the long wakeful hours of night he had thought of a good plan.

"Mother," said Quintin, when she brought him his plain breakfast of milk and meal, and sat beside him, encouraging the slight appetite of the sick boy by all those persuasive words which loving hearts so well know how to use—"mother, I have been thinking of a way to gain money."

"Eat your breakfast, and tell me afterwards, my dear boy," said the anxious Gretchen. Quintin did so, and then began again to talk.

"You know, mother, when I was a child, I used to make all sorts of fanciful things in iron. Now, when I was at Antwerp, I saw that, in the grand religious processions, there were quantities of metal figures of saints used, and sold about the streets. I am sure I could make the same if I were to try; and the people buy such numbers, and give so high a price for them, you cannot think!" And Quintin, half raising himself, rested his elbow on the pillow, and looked anxiously in his mother's face.

Gretchen smiled cheerfully, to encourage him. "I think it is an excellent plan," said she; "but you must make haste and get

strong, so as to be able to make these figures; and do not be too anxious, or you will be longer in recovering."

"I will promise everything," answered Quintin; and his face grew brighter, so that his mother wondered to see how much better he looked.

Hope is the best physician in the world. Now that Quintin had something to look forward to, it was surprising how fast he improved. He was soon able to move about the room, and in a little time began to make the figures. His youthful skill returned, together with his childish pleasure in the work. Sickness brings us back to the enjoyment of simple and infantile pleasures; it takes away all the false gloss of the world, and restores our souls, in some measure, to their early freshness; we feel again like children—child-like in our feebleness, child-like in our enjoyment of things that seem trifles to others.

Thus Quintin would sit for hours, contentedly forming the figures in clay with his thin white fingers, that were, alas! incapable of harder work. Then he took moulds of them, into which his mother poured the molten metal, as Quintin had done in his first essay many years before. At last a number of graceful little figures were made, at which his proud mother lifted up her hands and eyes in admiration. She took them to a kind and honest neighbour, who was going to the grand festival at Antwerp; he sold them all, and faithfully brought back the money—a sum sufficiently large to maintain, until Quintin's complete restoration, the widow and her diligent boy.

## VIII.

### CHANGES.

It is an old and trite saying, how rapidly time urges on his flight: sometimes as a relentless, unsparing destroyer, but oftener as a swift-winged and beautiful angel, changing, yet not taking away, this world's blessings—making our past sorrows look dim in the distance, opening many flowers of pleasure on our way, and gradually ripening our souls for the great and glorious harvest of eternity.

Five years from the last epoch of our story, a young man sat all alone in a large cheerful room in the good city of Antwerp. The house was in one of the second-rate but respectable streets, and through the open windows might be distinguished the continuous trampling of feet, and the mingled sounds that rise up from a busy thoroughfare. The room where the young man sat was simply, but comfortably furnished: carved chairs, coarse but full hangings to the windows, and abundance of clean rushes strewed over the floor, showed that the occupier stood in no fear of poverty. His dress, too, though that of a plain burgher, was of good materials, carefully made, and well-arranged. The young

man himself was thin, almost spare in figure, and, as far as could be judged from the bending posture of one thinking deeply, appeared to be above the common height. His face was not handsome; but that very want of beauty added to its charm, because the eye, at first dissatisfied, was ever and anon discovering some new expression which gave unexpected delight. One becomes wearied of a handsome face, over which no change flits: it is far better to find out new beauties daily, than gradually to lose sight of those which fascinated at the first look. But Quintin Matsys—for it was indeed he of whom we speak—had one perfection so rarely seen, that great index of the mind and disposition—a beautiful mouth and chin. A Greek sculptor would have revelled in its exquisite curves—sharp, decided; the round, but not full lips, set close together, showing great firmness and steadiness of character, mingled with almost womanly sweetness. And when he raised his head, the dark-blue eyes were just the same as in the boy Quintin of old, though now full of grave, almost mournful thought.

A great change had come over Quintin in five years. He had risen from the blacksmith's low mud-walled cottage to comparative riches. He was now the best iron-worker in Antwerp. He lived in a good house, had workmen under him, and his smooth soft hands showed that he now had no need to handle the hammer. He walked through the streets of Antwerp a prosperous and respected man, though still so young; receiving salutations from the wealthy tradesmen and burghers of the place, and knowing that his present position was the result of his own diligence. But Quintin had had one great sorrow—he had lost his mother.

The unlearned, meek-spirited, but true-hearted Gretchen now slept in the lowly churchyard beside her husband and children. She had died not many months before, having seen and enjoyed her son's prosperity, knowing that it was the work of his own dutiful hands, aided by that blessing of Heaven which ever falls, sooner or later, upon patient industry exercised for a holy purpose. Therefore Quintin felt no violent grief at her peaceful death; but when all was over, and her place was vacant in the house where all needful comforts had surrounded her in her latter years, every hour in the day did Quintin miss his mother.

Often, when in the leisure hours which his raised condition in life afforded him, the young master of the house gazed discontentedly around on his comfortable dwelling, to which something was evidently wanting. He sat down almost cheerlessly to his plentiful meals, at which he felt so lonely. Quintin sighed for his mother, or else for some kind sisterly face to smile opposite to him; and then he thought of Lisa.

Since the hour of their parting he had never seen or heard of his childish friend. Johann Mandyn had never returned from Italy; and in those days, to be in a foreign country was as com-

plete a severance as death itself could occasion. Quintin heard no tidings of Lisa; even her existence was unknown to him; and his memory of her had become like an indistinct but pleasant dream. Five years at Quintin's time of life make such changes in the whole character, that we hardly recognise one of the thoughts and feelings of the past as being like those of the present.

Quintin had grown up to manhood, with the good qualities which his youth promised ripened into happy maturity, while adversity had taken away many of those feelings from which no one is free. He was now a high-principled, right-feeling young man, guided, but not led away, by the impulses of an affectionate heart. Many of the finer qualities of his soul were as yet undeveloped, though his natural refinement of mind had kept pace with his fortunes. Quintin had not yet felt the influence of love, though, as was natural, several youthful fancies had pleased his imagination for a time; but he always discovered something wanting, and his ideal of perfection was as yet unfulfilled. He had, in reality, never felt a stronger love than his devoted attachment to his mother, and his brotherly affection for Lisa, which now existed only in remembrance. Yet the influence of these two had assisted in making Quintin what he was. There is nothing so salutary to a young man as the unseen but magic power of a good mother or sister. It is a shield and safeguard to him, on his entrance into the world, to look back upon a home where he found, and might still find, a nearer approach to his ideal of goodness than elsewhere. Otherwise he is driven abroad to seek for what he cannot have at home, and his heart often makes its resting-place in some fancied perfection, which soon proves delusive.

Thus Quintin, in all his likings, invariably instituted comparisons with what he remembered of Lisa—what she was, or would be now; and his early association with a character like hers made his heart grow purer and better, and this high standard of excellence prevented his imagination from being led away. Thus was Quintin at the age of twenty.

## IX.

### A MEETING.

One evening, as Quintin was returning from a chapel in an obscure part of the town, to which he had gone for the performance of his religious duties, an unforeseen adventure occurred. As the small crowd of worshippers passed along, one of them, a female, stumbled and fell. The young girl's foot had slipped from a stone; and there she lay, unable to move, and her old nurse was lamenting over her, and chafing one of the delicate ankles.

"Is she much hurt?" inquired Quintin, bending over the stranger, so as to throw the light of his lantern on her face. It was very beautiful; fair, though colourless, and full of womanly sweetness, like one of Guido's Madonas. We cannot otherwise describe it. The voice which answered, too, was soft and musical, and thrilled in Quintin's heart like a tone heard long ago.

"It is nothing, thank you," were the few words she said. The old woman kept exclaiming loudly in a foreign tongue, of which the words, "Lisa—Signora mia Lisa!" struck Quintin's ear.

"Lisa! Is your name Lisa?" asked Quintin in the same words he had used so long ago.

"Yes, it is Lisa!" answered the wondering girl.

"But are you my Lisa, my Sister Lisa?" cried the young man, forgetting himself in his eagerness.

"I am indeed!" she cried, bending forward and looking fixedly at him; "if you are Quintin—Quintin Matsys."

Quintin's first joyful impulse was to press his adopted sister to his breast, as in old times; but he restrained himself, and only took the two hands which were stretched out to him, holding them in his, and kissing them many times.

"You have not quite forgotten, Quintin?"

"Nor you Sister Lisa?" were the first questions that passed between them; and then a strange silence fell upon the two, who, had they thought of such a meeting an hour before, would have fancied their subjects of conversation inexhaustible.

"And your mother, Quintin?" asked Lisa at last.

He did not answer; but the light fell on his sad face, and the girl guessed the truth.

"I had not thought of that," she cried, bursting into tears, and affectionately taking Quintin's hand. Another silence ensued, and then they spoke of changes.

"Things are strangely altered, when I did not know you, Lisa, as you passed me to-night."

"Nor I you; but that was no wonder, you are so changed," said the girl, looking at him intently.

"Were you thinking of the poor blacksmith?" asked the young man, almost mortified.

"No, indeed," cried Lisa, blushing deeply at what she thought had pained him—"no, indeed; I only thought of my brother Quintin."

"And are you not changed, Lisa? Are you, indeed, the same?" And with a sudden thought he took her left hand: there was no ring there. Quintin felt relieved; but Lisa had not noticed his movement, and answered him frankly and earnestly.

"Indeed, Quintin, I am not; I have never forgotten old times; you will always be the same to your sister."

A dearer word than sister just flitted across the young man's thought, but he said nothing. The surprised Italian nurse now drew near, and a few words from Lisa explained the meeting.

The young girl rose to go home to her father's house, which was not far distant; but her steps were feeble, and she was obliged to trust much to Quintin for support. Their young hearts were full of happiness as they walked together through the desolate streets, talking of olden days, of their united childhood, of all that had happened to them since, of her who had been as a mother to both. They spoke of the dead with loving regrets and gentle sadness, which rather spread a holy calm over their present joy than took away from it. And so they went to Lisa's home together, in the sweet reunion of their childish affection; and the quiet stars looked down upon them, as if rejoicing in their happiness.

## X.

## LOVE AND ITS SHADOWS.

A few weeks passed, during which Quintin and Lisa constantly met. They could not break through old ties—why should they? So they visited together their parents' graves in the old churchyard, and talked over their first meeting; then went to look at the poor cottage, and retraced the path from thence to Lisa's former home, the last walk they had taken together; and then their common faith was a bond of union. In short, love—first, deep and true love—stole into the hearts of Quintin and Lisa before they were aware. It was but the sudden ripening of the strong affection of their youth. They ceased to call one another "brother" and "sister," or, when they did, it was with a shrinking consciousness that these names, dear and tender as they were, were not those that lingered in their hearts, though unacknowledged.

How the discovery was effected each to the other, they probably could hardly tell themselves. Their yet unrevealed love was like a well-tuned harp, of which the lightest breath or touch would awaken its harmonious chords. And that breath, that touch, did come at last, and they were made happy by the sure and certain knowledge of each other's true affection. Lisa's nature was too frank and generous idly to sport with Quintin's love, or to deny her own for one of whom she felt a just pride; and when Quintin Matsys asked if he might one day call her not his sister, but his wife, his own beloved and true-hearted wife, she did not say him nay.

And now the young man had to ask boldly for the hand of his beloved. This required all his courage; for Johann Mandyn was known to be a harsh and irritable man; and even Lisa, who was the sole object which divided his affection with his art, had little influence over him. He was not a man of great genius; his talents were just sufficient to make him perceive this deficiency, and probably his temper was embittered by this cause. Yet his beautiful and soothing art had a charming influence over his

wildest moods ; it acted upon him like a spell, and to it he owed all the better and more refined qualities of his nature. He lived within, and for his pictures ; everything in the world outside he reckoned as nothing. His greeting of Quintin had been cold, though not unkind ; he congratulated him on his changed fortunes in a manner which showed how little he thought about either the young man or his destinies.

Quintin had need of all his love, and all his remembrance of Lisa, to warm his heart when he sat waiting for the painter in his studio. It was a large old-fashioned room, and the light from above gave it a mysterious cast. Opposite to the young man hung a dark-looking painting, from which gleamed out the wild fierce head—it was that of a fallen angel, and the fixed eyes followed him round the room, as he fancied, with a threatening aspect. He closed his eyes, and pictured Lisa's sweet face, but still the dark image pursued him.

At last Mandyn entered the room. He was a little man, with sharp thin features, and bright black eyes gleaming from under bushy eyebrows. He wore a dark velvet cap, which he was accustomed, in the energy of his solitary thoughts, or in earnest conversation, to twist in all directions upon his bald head, giving a wild and sometimes ludicrous air to his countenance.

At his entrance Matsys rose. The old man came and stood opposite to him, with his hands folded behind his back.

"You are an unusual visitor here," said he. "Have you been admiring my pictures? But I forgot; you do not care about such things."

Quintin muttered some vague compliments. At another time he would better have expressed the warm feelings with which he regarded art, as every higher mind must do ; but now he thought only of his errand, and with hesitation explained the reason why he came—his hopes, his love, and his worldly prospects.

The old painter listened in silence ; but a convulsive twitching of his thin lips showed that he was not insensible to the young man's words.

"Does my daughter love you?" he asked at length in a suppressed tone.

"Yes," said Quintin simply and truthfully.

"She has told you so?" cried the father in a passionate voice ; "then she must learn to forget her love, for she shall never become your wife."

Quintin turned pale. "Why not?—have you anything to urge against me? You can lay no crime to my charge. I am honest : I am not poor."

"Do you taunt me with *my* poverty?" exclaimed the angry painter. "Nevertheless, though I am poor, no daughter of mine shall ever wed a worker in vile metals."

The unfortunate young man compressed his lips together in strong emotion. It was a sore struggle between pride, anger,



and love; but he repressed his passion, and answered calmly, "Is that your sole reason?"

"It is," answered Mandyn, his wrath a little lulled, and surprised at Quintin's firmness and command of temper. "I have nothing to complain of in your position, your prospects, your character; but you are, in fact, only a blacksmith—an iron-worker; and my Lisa, my beautiful Lisa, is an artist's daughter—worthy to be an artist's wife, and such she shall be."

A pang shot through young Matsys' heart at the idea, and then his features relaxed into a less troubled expression. "She is so young still," he said, "you will not marry her to any one against her will? If I have no hope, do not make Lisa miserable by such a union."

"I will not," answered the father. "I love her too well: she shall have free choice. I am sorry for you," he continued, and his softened feelings made him take the young man's hand kindly. "I like you—I always did; but you are not a painter, and my child shall never marry any but an artist."

Quintin wrung his hand and went out. As he threaded the passages of the house with lingering steps, his eyes glanced round in search of his beloved. He was not disappointed: a door opened suddenly, and Lisa appeared. She looked anxiously and blushing up to him, but Quintin could not speak. He held fast the hand she laid on his, and turned his face away. They stood thus for some minutes, until Lisa said, "I knew it! My father is angry: we have no hope!"

"Do not say so, Lisa—my own Lisa! If we are certain of one another's love, we can never be hopeless."

Lisa shook her head. Poor girl! she knew her father better than Quintin did.

"You do not know how strong love is," passionately urged the young man. "Love can bear anything—can do anything! Oh, Lisa, Lisa! only say you will not give me up, and then you will see we are not without hope!"

"I will not give you up, Quintin; you know I love you," said the simple-hearted girl, her truthful soul beaming in her eyes; "but I will never disobey my father, who has always been kind to me until now."

"I do not ask you: I would not! There is no happiness for such unions. Only say you will not marry another—not yet—and I am content."

Quintin's hopeful courage communicated itself to his companion. Her confidence rose she knew not why; and the lovers parted, not in despair, but in patient expectation of better things.

"I dare not see you often," said Lisa as she bade him farewell; "but you know I shall not change."

"I know it," answered Quintin, "and I do not fear. Lisa, dear, you will—you shall be mine yet! Patience and hope. There is nothing impossible to love like ours."

XI.

THE STRONG HEART TRIUMPHS.

Quintin had spoken truly. This last and sorest disappointment had roused in him a firm determination, which few would have undertaken, but which was not surprising in a character like his. He would not relinquish his beloved Lisa, the friend of his childish days, the sister of his early affections, the object of his manhood's strong and ardent love. They clung together as those do who are left alone in the world without near ties, and parting was not to be thought of by them. Still, there was but one chance for their union, and this Quintin determined, come what would, to accomplish.

Johann Mandyn had said that his daughter should wed an artist, and an artist Quintin resolved to be. His mother, for whom alone he had sought the comforts of riches, stood in need of them no longer, and they were valueless in gaining Lisa for his bride. Quintin determined to relinquish everything for Lisa; his home, his profitable trade, his comforts; and to qualify himself, by patient and arduous study, to be a rival to Johann Mandyn himself. He sold his shop, his house, his furniture—everything that he could convert into money, to maintain himself during his studies; left Antwerp, and went to Haarlem, keeping his destination and intention secret from every one but Lisa. The old painter heard of his departure; wondered, pitied him, almost relented; but then his eye fell on the pictures with which his room was hung, and he doubted no longer.

"It is a glorious thing to be an artist!" cried the enthusiastic old man. "None but a painter is worthy of my Lisa!"

Meanwhile Quintin established himself at Haarlem as pupil to an artist there, and diligently began his studies. His progress was rapid; for love lightened his task, and, though he knew it not then, he was following the bent of his own mind. His soul was that of a painter: this predilection had shone forth throughout his whole life, when, through a sense of duty, he worked at a trade which he did not like. His genius only wanted some strong motive or happy incident to call it forth in fortunate exercise, and his disappointed love effected this. Still, the early path towards art is toilsome and difficult, and Quintin was often discouraged; but love, like faith, can remove mountains, and there are no obstacles invincible to a strong and loving heart.

As he advanced in his studies, the young man's whole soul became absorbed in his art; not that he loved or thought of Lisa less, but the awakened powers of his own mind, and his new-kindled perceptions of the beautiful, gave him intense pleasure. He was like a man who had found a treasure in what he thought was a desert to be passed through. He now loved

art for its own sake as well as for Lisa's, and almost forgave her harsh father for his unconquerable will.

It was with a delicious sensation of conscious power, and patient conquest over difficulties, that Quintin Matsys viewed his first picture. Many talk of the vanity of genius, self-sufficient, thinking itself above everything. But it is not so. Without a certain consciousness of innate talent, a man would be unequal to any great attempt; his very soul would sink within him, thinking of his weakness and inferiority. As well might a lovely woman look daily in her mirror, yet not be aware of her beauty, as a great soul be unconscious of the powers with which Heaven has gifted him; not so much for himself, as to enlighten others—a messenger from God himself, with a high and holy mission to perform. Wo unto him who abuses that mission!

Quintin Matsys was not vain, but he felt a noble satisfaction in himself and his work. His whole life had been a lofty struggle against difficulties. The last and greatest he was now surmounting; but he had yet to wait. He was too proud to come before Johann Mandyn's eye anything but a superior artist; so, during a long season of unwearied perseverance did Quintin toil. Now and then he secretly visited Antwerp, and received the sweet assurances of Lisa's affection and encouragement. Her woman's heart swelled with delicious pride in him who possessed its deepest feelings, and every new triumph of his was sweeter to her than, perchance, even to Quintin himself.

At last the young man had become a painter, and a great one. He returned to Antwerp, and went openly and boldly to Mandyn's house with his last and best picture in his hand. The artist was out; but Lisa came, surprised and doubtfully, to meet the stranger, and was greeted by her lover, who, with his countenance full of joy and hope, showed her his work. It was a household group; simple, life-like, and painted with that minute fidelity to nature and magic light and shadow for which Matsys' pictures are remarkable.

Lisa looked at it long and fixedly, and then turned her bright face, radiant with happy pride, to her lover. "Quintin, my dear Quintin, you are indeed a painter!" was all she said; but it was the sweetest praise to him.

And now they thought of the discovery to her father, how it should be effected. Their happiness was almost like that of children, and in the exuberance of their mirth they imagined a playful trick. The old painter had left on the easel his darling picture of the fallen angels, the same which had struck Quintin's excited imagination in the last momentous interview which had influenced so strongly his whole life. The young artist now took a brush, and painted on the outstretched limb of his former imaged tormentor a bee, with such skill and fidelity, that Lisa's joyous laughter, as she stood by Quintin's side, was irrepressible.

"He will surely be deceived," said she as they both departed from the studio, leaving Quintin's picture there, out of sight.

Mandyn came, and Lisa was right.

"How came the insect on my picture?" cried he, trying to brush it away; then discovering the clever delusion, he hastily called his daughter. "Who has done this?" said the old man.

A bright colour rose on the girl's cheek, and a happy smile flitted about her mouth, as she answered, "It was an artist, father, who has brought that picture for you."

Mandyn looked at it, and could not conceal his unfeigned admiration. "It is a noble picture—a beautiful picture!" he cried. "Where is the artist?—what is his name?"

"Quintin Matsys!" answered the young man himself, entering at the door, and standing modestly before the father of Lisa.

"You—you!" exclaimed Johann Mandyn; "have you become a painter? Where have you studied? Is this your work?"

"It is indeed; I painted it at Haarlem."

The old man's piercing eyes searched his countenance; but there was no room for doubt in the young man's ingenuous though self-possessed look. He gazed at Quintin, then at his daughter; and then went up to the former, and seized both his hands. With eyes full of tears, and in a broken voice, the old painter cried, "Quintin Matsys, you are indeed a great artist—greater than I. You are worthy to marry my Lisa: take her, and God bless you!"

And Johann Mandyn went out of the studio without saying another word.

## XII.

### WEDDED LIFE.

Quintin and Lisa were married, though not immediately; for the young painter loved his betrothed too well to suffer her to share the necessary difficulties of the struggle which must always be endured before fame and prosperity crown the toils of the seeker after such. But this struggle was not of long duration with Quintin Matsys. His evident talent, his unwearied perseverance, and, it might be, the little romance mingled with his story, soon won for him friends and patrons. As soon as Quintin felt that he need not dread the future, and that the present was free from difficulty, he wedded his beloved Lisa, and brought her to a cheerful home, not luxurious indeed, but far removed from poverty. And Lisa's gentle spirit needed no more to constitute her happiness. To be the patient, devoted wife, looking up to her husband as the model of all that was high and noble; keeping his household in order, that nothing might trouble him; surrounding him and all about him with a mantle of perfect love, which hid from every other eye, almost from her own, any slight failing which might obscure his character—

or hastiness produced by his intercourse with a world not always smooth—this was Lisa's daily life.

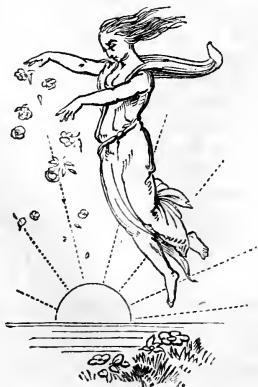
It is needless to say theirs was a blessed home; not perfect, for what on earth is perfect? but still as near to Heaven, and as complete in happiness, as an earthly home can be. Perhaps, too, the sorrows of Quintin's youth made him feel more deeply the quiet happiness of his mature age. To one who has been long travelling through a desert region, how sweet is every little flower that he finds on his path! Quintin and Lisa had not married in the first bloom of youth and hope, expecting to find earth a paradise, and wedded love a thornless rose. Their hearts were matured even beyond their years, and therefore they grew old together, daily loving one another the more, with a deep, earnest, household love, far stronger than in their earlier youth they could have conceived or pictured. Children sprang up around them; and Johann, their eldest son, his grandfather's darling, bade fair to be a worthy follower in the art which both his immediate progenitors had delighted in.

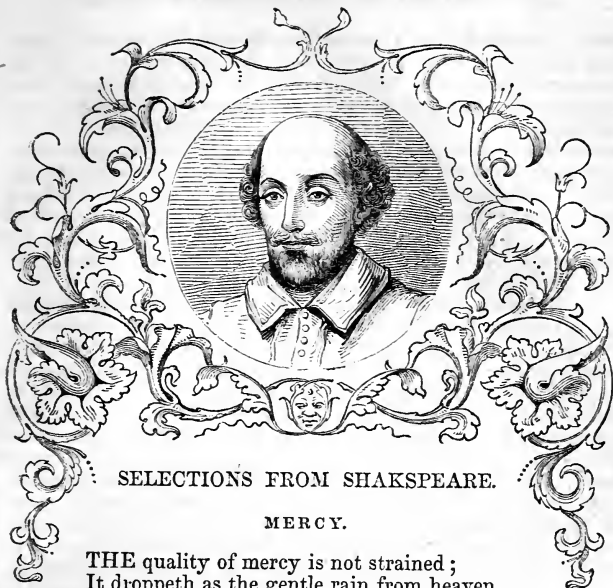
The life of Quintin Matsys as a painter is well known. He was one of the most extraordinary men of his time, when art was in its infancy, and when the stars of Michael Angelo and Raphael had yet scarcely risen. Matsys' style was peculiarly his own—he followed no school, imitated no master. Nature and his own mind were his sole guides. In general, he did not follow the higher style of art, but contented himself with depicting simple nature as she showed herself to his loving eye. Quintin never left his native city, nor visited Rome, nor studied the antique. Had he done this, several judges have declared that he would have become the noblest painter that his country ever produced, so great were his natural powers. His pictures are little known in England, with the exception of one at Windsor, "The Misers," which is universally esteemed and lauded. In his latter days Quintin painted an altar-piece for the noble cathedral of Antwerp, which still remains there as a testimony of the powers of his genius. Our own Reynolds visited it, and was struck beyond measure with this work of the blacksmith of Antwerp. The cold, cautious Sir Joshua, who seldom gave way to admiration or enthusiasm for any but his grand idol, Michael Angelo, was heard to declare that this "Descent from the Cross," by Quintin Matsys, was a wonderful picture at that early age of art, and that some of the heads were executed in a manner worthy of Raphael himself. Higher praise could scarcely have been given by any one.

Quintin and Lisa descended the vale of life together, slowly and peacefully. Johann Mandyn died, having gained his wish in seeing his Lisa an artist's wife, as she had been an artist's daughter, though this wish had been accomplished in a manner contrary to all his expectations. Quintin's origin cast no shade over his good name in the world's eye, or in that of his father-in-

law. The blacksmith's son had nobly and successfully fought against ill fortune; and it was no shame, but a glory to him, to have once been poor. Johann Mandyn himself acknowledged this; and Quintin and his wife never passed by the lowly home of his youth—the cottage and the forge—without a thrill, not of discontent, but of pleasure. Many and many a day, when they saw their children playing about the two graves—now, alas! three—in the churchyard which had witnessed their first meeting, did Quintin tell over again to the attentive little ones that old story, and Lisa pressed closer to her husband's arm, as she felt how justly proud she was of the noble and brave heart which had lived through all—triumphed over all.

We have now traced Quintin Matsys through the trials of his youth, and the cares of his manhood, to the settled calm of his middle age. As after a stormy morning there often comes a season of peace, and stillness, and sunshine, so in many instances do the sorrows of early life lead to a happy old age. May it be so to all those who have struggled, and do struggle, often with a weary and a fainting heart! But the reward, though it seem long delayed, must come at last. There is no storm so great that a true, courageous, and loving heart cannot live through, and, it may be, prove conqueror at last. Let this be the moral of Quintin's simple history; let it encourage the feeble, bring hope to the hopeless, and excite to energy the despairing. The most helped of Providence is he who helps himself; and he who shrinks from disaster in coward fear, or sinks in listless apathy, is not worthy to go through, but must fail in the ordeal. To all on earth should this watchword be precious—Despair not; endure all things: for to him who fears God, and loves his brother man, life can never be without hope.





SELECTIONS FROM SHAKSPEARE.

MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strained ;  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed ;  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown :  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.  
But mercy is above this sceptred sway :  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings ;  
It is an attribute to God himself ;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, man,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—  
That, in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy ;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy.

—*Merchant of Venice.*

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,  
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,  
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,  
Become them with one half so good a grace

As mercy does. If he had been as you,  
And you as he, you would have slept like him;  
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

—*Measure for Measure.*

## HUMAN LIFE.

ALL the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players :  
They have their exits and their entrances ;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms ;  
And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school : and then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow : then, a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth : and then, the justice,  
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances,  
And so he plays his part : the sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;  
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound : last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion ;  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

—*As You Like It.*

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time ;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !  
Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more : it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

—*Macbeth.*



## POWER OF MUSIC.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !  
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music  
 Creep in our ears ; soft stillness and the night  
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
 Sit, Jessica : look how the floor of heaven  
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;  
 There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest,  
 But in his motion like an angel sings,  
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim.  
 Such harmony is in immortal souls ;  
 But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

(*Enter musicians.*)

Come, ho ! and wake Diana with a hymn ;  
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,  
 And draw her home with music.

*Jessica.* I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

*Lorenzo.* The reason is, your spirits are attentive ;  
 For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
 Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud—  
 Which is the hot condition of their blood—  
 If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
 Or any air of music touch their ears,  
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,  
 Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze  
 By the sweet power of music. Therefore, the poet  
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;  
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
 But music for the time doth change his nature.  
 The man that hath no music in himself,  
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;  
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
 And his affections dark as Erebus :  
 Let no such man be trusted.

—*Merchant of Venice.*

If music be the food of love, play on ;  
 Give me excess of it ; that, surfeiting,  
 The appetite may sicken, and so die.  
 That strain again ! It had a dying fall :  
 Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south  
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
 Stealing and giving odour !

—*Twelfth Night.*

## OUTWARD SHOW.

So may the outward shows be least themselves;  
 The world is still deceived with ornament.  
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
 But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,  
 Obscures the show of evil? In religion,  
 What fatal error, but some sober brow  
 Will bless it, and approve it with a text,  
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?  
 There is no vice so simple, but assumes  
 Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.  
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins  
 The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;  
 Who, inward searched, have livers white as milk?  
 And these assume but valour's excrement,  
 To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,  
 And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;  
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,  
 Making them lightest that wear most of it:  
 So are those crisped snaky golden locks,  
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,  
 Upon supposed fairness, often known  
 To be the dowry of a second head,  
 The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre.  
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore  
 To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf  
 Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,  
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on  
 To entrap the wisest.

—*Merchant of Venice.*

Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,  
 Even in these honest mean habiliments;  
 Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:  
 For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;  
 And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,  
 So honour peereth in the meanest habit.  
 What! is the jay more precious than the lark  
 Because his feathers are more beautiful?  
 Or is the adder better than the eel  
 Because his painted skin contents the eye?  
 Oh no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse  
 For this poor furniture and mean array.

—*Taming of the Shrew.*

## FORGIVENESS.

*Oliver.* WHEN last the young Orlando parted from you,  
 He left a promise to return again  
 Within an hour ; and, pacing through the forest,  
 Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,  
 Lo, what befell ! He threw his eye aside,  
 And mark, what object did present itself !  
 Under an oak, whose boughs were mossed with age,  
 And high top bald with dry antiquity,  
 A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,  
 Lay sleeping on his back ; about his neck  
 A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,  
 Who with her head, nimble in threats, approached  
 The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly  
 Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,  
 And with indented glides did slip away  
 Into a bush : under which bush's shade  
 A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,  
 Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,  
 When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis  
 The royal disposition of that beast  
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead :  
 This seen, Orlando did approach the man,  
 And found it was his brother—his elder brother.

*Celia.* Oh, I have heard him speak of that same brother ;  
 And he did reckon him the most unnatural  
 That lived 'mongst men.

*Oli.* And well he might so do,  
 For well I know he was unnatural.

*Rosalind.* But, to Orlando ; did he leave him there,  
 Food to the sucked and hungry lioness ?

*Oli.* Twice did he turn his back, and purposed so ;  
 But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,  
 And nature, stronger than his just occasion,  
 Made him give battle to the lioness,  
 Who quickly fell before him.

—As You Like It.

## EXILE.

*Duke Senior.* Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,  
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
 Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods  
 More free from peril than the envious court ?  
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam—  
 The season's difference. As the icy fang,

And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,  
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,  
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say—  
This is no flattery: these are counsellors,  
That feelingly persuade me what I am.  
Sweet are the uses of adversity;  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;  
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

*Amiens.* I would not change it. Happy is your Grace  
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune  
Into so quiet and so sweet a style!

*Duke S.* Come, shall we go and kill us venison?  
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools—  
Being native burghers of this desert city—  
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads  
Have their round haunches gored.

*1st Lord.* Indeed, my lord,  
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;  
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp  
Than doth your brother, that hath banished you.  
To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself  
Did steal behind him as he lay along  
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:  
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,  
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,  
Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,  
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,  
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears  
Coursed one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,  
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,  
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,  
Augmenting it with tears.

*Duke S.* But what said Jaques?  
Did he not moralise this spectacle?

*1st Lord.* Oh yes, into a thousand similes.  
First, for his weeping in the needless stream:  
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou makest a testament,  
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more  
To that which had too much." Then, being alone,  
Left and abandoned of his velvet friends;  
"'Tis right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part  
The flux of company." Anon, a careless herd,  
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,

And never stays to greet him. "Ay," quoth Jaques,  
 "Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;  
 'Tis just the fashion. Wherefore do you look  
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"  
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through  
 The body of the country, city, court,  
 Yea, and of this our life ; swearing that we  
 Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and, what's worse,  
 To fright the animals, and to kill them up,  
 In their assigned and native dwelling-place.

*Duke S.* And did you leave him in this contemplation?

*2d Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting  
 Upon the sobbing deer.

*Duke S.* Show me the place ;  
 I love to cope him in these sullen fits,  
 For then he's full of matter.

—*As You Like It.*

All places that the eye of Heaven visits,  
 Are, to a wise man, ports and happy havens :  
 Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;  
 There is no virtue like necessity.  
 Think not the king did banish thee ;  
 But thou the king. Wo doth the heavier sit  
 Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.  
 Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,  
 And not the king exiled thee ; or suppose  
 Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,  
 And thou art flying to a fresher clime.  
 Look ; what thy soul holds dear, imagine it  
 To lie that way thou goest, not whence thou comest.  
 Suppose the singing birds musicians ;  
 The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strewed ;  
 The flowers fair ladies ; and thy steps no more  
 Than a delightful measure or a dance ;  
 For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite  
 The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

—*King Richard II.*

#### VIRTUE NOT TITLES.

*Bertram.* BUT follows it, my lord, to bring me down  
 Must answer for your rising ? I know her well ;  
 She had her breeding at my father's charge.  
 A poor physician's daughter my wife ! Disdain  
 Rather corrupt me ever !

*King.* 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which  
 I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,

Of colour, weight, and heat, poured all together,  
 Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off  
 In differences so mighty : if she be  
 All that is virtuous (save what thou dislik'st,  
 A poor physician's daughter), thou dislik'st  
 Of virtue for the name : but do not so :  
 From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,  
 The place is dignified by the doer's deed :  
 Where great additions swell, and virtue none,  
 It is a dropsied honour : good alone  
 Is good, without a name : vileness is so :  
 The property by what it is should go,  
 Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair ;  
 In these to nature she's immediate heir ;  
 And these breed honour ; that is honour's scorn,  
 Which challenges itself as honours born,  
 And is not like the sire. Honours best thrive,  
 When rather from our acts we them derive  
 Than our fore-goers : the mere word's a slave,  
 Debauched on every tomb ; on every grave,  
 A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,  
 Where dust and damned oblivion is the tomb  
 Of honoured bones indeed. What should be said ?  
 If thou canst like this creature as a maid,  
 I can create the rest : virtue and she  
 Is her own dower ; honour and wealth from me.

—*All's Well that Ends Well.*

## G R I E F.

I PRAY thee, cease thy counsel,  
 Which falls into mine ears as profitless  
 As water in a sieve : give not me counsel ;  
 Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,  
 But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.  
 Bring me a father that so loved his child,  
 Whose joy of her is overwhelmed like mine,  
 And bid him speak of patience ;  
 Measure his wo the length and breadth of mine,  
 And let it answer every strain for strain ;  
 As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,  
 In every lineament, branch, shape, and form.  
 If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard ;  
 Cry—sorrow, wag ! and hem when he should groan ;  
 Patch grief with proverbs ; make misfortune drunk  
 With candle-wasters ; bring him yet to me,  
 And I of him will gather patience.  
 But there is no such man. For, brother, men  
 Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief

Which they themselves not feel ; but, tasting it,  
 Their counsel turns to passion, which before  
 Would give preceptual medicine to rage,  
 Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,  
 Charm ache with air, and agony with words :  
 No, no ; 'tis all men's office to speak patience  
 To those that wring under the load of sorrow ;  
 But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,  
 To be so moral, when he shall endure  
 The like himself : therefore give me no counsel :  
 My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

—*Much Ado about Nothing.*

## CHEERFULNESS.

*Antonio.* I HOLD the world but as the world, Gratiano ;  
 A stage, where every man must play a part,  
 And mine a sad one.

*Gratiano.* Let me play the fool :  
 With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come ;  
 And let my liver rather heat with wine,  
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.  
 Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,  
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?  
 Sleep, when he wakes ? and creep into the jaundice  
 By being peevish ? I tell thee what, Antonio,  
 I love thee, and it is my love that speaks ;  
 There are a sort of men, whose visages  
 Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond ;  
 And do a wilful stillness entertain,  
 With purpose to be dressed in an opinion  
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;  
 As who should say, " I am Sir Oracle ;  
 And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark !"  
 Oh, my Antonio, I do know of these,  
 That therefore only are reputed wise  
 For saying nothing ; who, I am very sure,  
 If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,  
 Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.  
 I'll tell thee more of this another time :  
 But fish not, with this melancholy bait,  
 For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.

—*Merchant of Venice.*

## FEAR OF DEATH.

AY, but to die, and go we know not where.  
 To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot ;  
 This sensible warm motion to become

A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit  
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
 In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice ;  
 To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,  
 And blown with restless violence round about  
 The pendent world, or to be worse than worst  
 Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts  
 Imagine howling ! 'Tis too horrible !  
 The weariest and most loathed worldly life  
 That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment  
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
 To what we fear of death.

—*Measure for Measure.*

### LOVE OF LIFE.

BE absolute for death ; either death or life  
 Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life—  
 If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing  
 That none but fools would keep : a breath thou art  
 (Servile to all the skiey influences),  
 That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,  
 Hourly afflict : merely, thou art death's fool ;  
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,  
 And yet run'st toward him still. Thou art not noble ;  
 For all the accommodations that thou bear'st,  
 Are nursed by baseness. Thou art by no means valiant ;  
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork  
 Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,  
 And that thou oft provok'st ; yet grossly fear'st  
 Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself ;  
 For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains  
 That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not :  
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get ;  
 And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain ;  
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,  
 After the moon. If thou art rich, thou art poor ;  
 For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,  
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
 And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none ;  
 For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,  
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins,  
 Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,  
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor  
 age ;  
 But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,  
 Dreaming on both : for all thy blessed youth  
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms



Of palsied eld ; and when thou art old, and rich,  
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,  
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this  
 That bears the name of life? Yet in this life  
 Lie hid more thousand deaths : yet death we fear  
 That makes these odds all even.

—*Measure for Measure.*

## LEGAL JUSTICE.

*Angelo.* WE must not make a scarecrow of the law,  
 Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,  
 And let it keep one shape, till custom make it  
 Their perch and not their terror.

*Escalus.* Ay, but yet  
 Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,  
 Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas ! this gentleman,  
 Whom I would save, had a most noble father.  
 Let but your honour know  
 (Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue)  
 That, in the working of your own affections,  
 Had time cohered with place, or place with wishing,  
 Or that the resolute acting of your blood  
 Could have attained the effect of your own purpose,  
 Whether you had not, some time in your life,  
 Erred in this point which now you censure him,  
 And pulled the law upon you.

*Ang.* 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus ;  
 Another thing to fall. I not deny,  
 The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,  
 May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two  
 Guiltier than him they try. What's open made to justice,  
 That justice seizes. What know the laws,  
 That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,  
 The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,  
 Because we see it ; but what we do not see,  
 We tread upon, and never think of it.  
 You may not so extenuate his offence,  
 For I have had such faults ; but rather tell me,  
 When I, that censure him, do so offend,  
 Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,  
 And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die !

*Escal.* Well, Heaven forgive him ! and forgive us all !  
 Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall :  
 Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none ;  
 And some condemned for a fault alone.

—*Measure for Measure.*

## AUTHORITY.

COULD great men thunder  
 As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;  
 For every pelting, petty officer  
 Would use his heaven for thunder;  
 Nothing but thunder. Merciful Heaven!  
 Thou rather with thy sharp, sulphureous bolt  
 Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,  
 Than the soft myrtle. Oh, but man—proud man!  
 Dressed in a little brief authority,  
 Most ignorant of what he's most assured,  
 His glassy essence, like an angry ape,  
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven  
 As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,  
 Would all themselves laugh mortal.

—*Measure for Measure.*

Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar,  
 And the creature run from the cur?—There,  
 There thou might'st behold the great image of authority:  
 A dog's obeyed in office. \* \* \*  
 Through tattered clothes small vices do appear;  
 Robes and furred gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,  
 And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;  
 Arm it in rags—a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

—*King Lear.*

## WOMAN'S LOVE.

*Julia.* OH, know'st thou not his looks are my soul's food?  
 Pity the dearth that I have pined in,  
 By longing for that food so long a time.  
 Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,  
 Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow  
 As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

*Lucetta.* I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;  
 But qualify the fire's extreme rage,  
 Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

*Jul.* The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns;  
 The current, that with gentle murmur glides,  
 Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage;  
 But when his fair course is not hindered,  
 He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,  
 Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
 He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;  
 And so by many winding nooks he strays,  
 With willing sport, to the wild ocean.  
 Then let me go, and hinder not my course.

I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,  
 And make a pastime of each weary step,  
 Till the last step have brought me to my love;  
 And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,  
 A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

*Duke.* There is a lady, sir, in Milan here,  
 Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,  
 And nought esteems my aged eloquence:  
 Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor  
 (For long ago I have forgot to court:  
 Besides, the fashion of the time is changed);  
 How, and which way, I may bestow myself,  
 To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

*Valentine.* Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:  
 Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,  
 More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

*Duke.* But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

*Val.* A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her:  
 Send her another; never give her o'er;  
 For scorn at first makes after-love the more.  
 If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,  
 But rather to beget more love in you:  
 If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;  
 For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.  
 Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;  
 For, *get you gone*, she doth not mean *away*:  
 Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;  
 Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.  
 That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,  
 If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

—*Ibid.*

#### WOMAN'S DUTY.

Fy, fy! unknit that threatening unkind brow;  
 And dart not scornful glances from those eyes  
 To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:  
 It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;  
 Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;  
 And in no sense is meet or amiable.  
 A woman moved is like a fountain troubled—  
 Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;  
 And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
 Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.  
 Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
 Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee  
 And for thy maintenance: commits his body

To painful labour, both by sea and land ;  
 To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,  
 While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe ;  
 And craves no other tribute at thy hands  
 But love, fair looks, and true obedience—  
 Too little payment for so great a debt.  
 Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
 Even such a woman oweth to her husband ;  
 And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,  
 And not obedient to his honest will,  
 What is she but a foul contending rebel,  
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?  
 I am ashamed that women are so simple  
 To offer war where they should kneel for peace ;  
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
 Where they are bound to serve, love, and obey.  
 Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,  
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world ;  
 But that our soft conditions and our hearts  
 Should well agree with our external parts ?  
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms !  
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,  
 My heart as great ; my reason, haply, more,  
 To bandy word for word, and frown for frown.  
 But now I see our lances are but straws ;  
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,  
 That seeming to be most, which we least are.  
 Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot ;  
 And place your hands below your husband's foot :  
 In token of which duty, if he please,  
 My hand is ready—may it do him ease.

—*Taming of the Shrew.*

#### ADMIRATION.

ALL tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights  
 Are spectacled to see him. Your prattling nurse  
 Into a rapture lets her baby cry,  
 While she chats him : the kitchen malkin pins  
 Her richest lockram about her reechy neck,  
 Clambering the walls to eye him. Stalls, bulks, windows,  
 Are smothered up, leads filled, and ridges horsed,  
 With variable complexions—all agreeing  
 In earnestness to see him : seld-shown flamens  
 Do press among the popular throngs, and puff  
 To win a vulgar station : our veiled dames  
 Commit the war of white and damask in  
 Their nicely-gauded cheeks, to the wanton spoil

Of Phoebus' burning kisses : such a pother,  
 As if that whatsoever god who leads him  
 Were slyly crept into his human powers,  
 And gave him graceful posture.

—*Coriolanus.*

## RUMOUR.

I FROM the orient to the drooping west,  
 Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold  
 The acts commenced on this ball of earth ;  
 Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,  
 The which in every language I pronounce ;  
 Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.  
 I speak of peace, while covert enmity,  
 Under the smile of safety, wounds the world :  
 And who but Rumour, who but only I,  
 Make fearful musters, and prepared defence ;  
 Whilst the big year, swollen with some other grief,  
 Is thought with child by the stern tyrant War,  
 And no such matter ? Rumour is a pipe,  
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures ;  
 And of so easy and so plain a stop,  
 That the blunt monster, with uncounted heads—  
 The still discordant wavering multitude—  
 Can play upon it.

—*Henry IV. Part II.*

## SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

OH God ! methinks it were a happy life  
 To be no better than a homely swain ;  
 To sit upon a hill, as I do now ;  
 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,  
 Thereby to see the minutes how they run :  
 How many make the hour full complete,  
 How many hours bring about the day,  
 How many days will finish up the year,  
 How many years a mortal man may live.  
 When this is known, then to divide the time :  
 So many hours must I tend my flock,  
 So many hours must I take my rest,  
 So many hours must I contemplate,  
 So many hours must I sport myself,  
 So many days my ewes have been with young,  
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeau,  
 So many months ere I shall shear the fleece ;  
 So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,  
 Passed over to the end they were created,

Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.  
 Ah, what a life were this! How sweet—how lovely!  
 Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade  
 To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,  
 Than doth a rich-embroidered canopy  
 To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?  
 Oh yes, it doth; a thousandfold it doth.  
 And to conclude—the shepherd's homely curds,  
 His cold thin drink out of his leathern bottle,  
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,  
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,  
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,  
 His body couched in a curious bed,  
 When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

—*Henry VI. Part III.*

#### PERSEVERANCE.

TIME hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
 A great-sized monster of ingratitude's:  
 Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devoured  
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
 As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,  
 Keeps honour bright; to have done, is to hang  
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail,  
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant way,  
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow,  
 Where one but goes abreast. Keep then the path;  
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,  
 That one by one pursue; if you give way,  
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,  
 Like to an entered tide, they all rush by,  
 And leave you hindmost.  
 Or, like a gallant horse, fallen in first rank,  
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,  
 O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in present,  
 Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;  
 For time is like a fashionable host,  
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,  
 And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,  
 Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,  
 And farewell goes out sighing. Oh, let not virtue seek  
 Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty, wit,  
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,  
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
 To envious and calumniating time.

—*Troilus and Cressida.*

## OPPORTUNITY.

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.  
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

—*Julius Cæsar.*

## O R D E R.

THE heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,  
Observe degree, priority, and place,  
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,  
Office and custom, in all line of order :  
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol,  
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered  
Amidst the other ; whose medicinable eye  
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,  
And posts, like the commandment of a king,  
Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets  
In evil mixture to disorder wander,  
What plagues, and what portents ! what mutiny !  
What raging of the sea ! shaking of earth !  
Commotion in the winds ! frights, changes, horrors,  
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate  
The unity and married calm of states  
Quite from their fixture ! Oh, when degree is shaken,  
Which is the ladder of all high designs,  
The enterprise is sick ! How could communities,  
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,  
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,  
The primogeniture and due of birth,  
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,  
But by degree, stand in authentic place ?  
Take but degree away—untune that string,  
And hark what discord follows ! Each thing meets  
In mere oppugnancy : the bounded waters  
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,  
And make a sop of all this solid globe :  
Strength should be lord of imbecility,  
And the rude son should strike his father dead :  
Force should be right, or rather right and wrong  
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)  
Should lose their names, and so should justice too :  
Then everything includes itself in power,  
Power into will, will into appetite ;

And appetite an universal wolf,  
 So doubly seconded with will and power,  
 Must make perforce an universal prey,  
 And last eat up himself.

—*Troilus and Cressida.*

## ADVICE.

BE thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father  
 In manners as in shape ; thy blood and virtue  
 Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness  
 Share with thy birthright ! Love all, trust a few,  
 Do wrong to none : be able for thine enemy  
 Rather in power than use ; and keep thy friend  
 Under thy own life's key : be checked for silence,  
 But never taxed for speech.

—*All's Well that Ends Well.*

## CONSCIENCE.

WHAT stronger breastplate than a heart untainted ?  
 Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just ;  
 And he but naked, though locked up in steel,  
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

—*Henry VI. Part II.*

Give me another horse ! bind up my wounds !  
 Have mercy, Jesu ! Soft : I did but dream.  
 O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me !  
 The light burns blue—Is it not dead midnight ?  
 Cold, fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.  
 What do I fear ! Myself—there's none else by.  
 Richard loves Richard ; that is, I am I.  
 Is there a murderer here ? No. Yes, I am.  
 Then fly. What ! from myself ? Great reason—Why ?  
 Lest I revenge—What ? Myself on myself ?  
 I love myself. Wherefore ? For any good  
 That I myself have done unto myself ?  
 Oh no. Alas ! I rather hate myself  
 For hateful deeds committed by myself.  
 I am a villain. Yet I lie ; I am not.  
 Fool, of thyself speak well. Fool, do not flatter.  
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,  
 And every tongue brings in a several tale ;  
 And every tale condemns me for a villain !  
 Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree—  
 Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree—  
 All several sins—all used in each degree—  
 Throng to the bar, crying all, Guilty ! guilty !  
 I shall despair. There is no creature loves me ;



And if I die, no soul shall pity me.  
 Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself  
 Find in myself no pity to myself.

—*King Richard III.*

## INGRATITUDE.

BLOW, blow thou winter wind,  
 Thou art not so unkind  
     As man's ingratitude;  
 Thy tooth is not so keen,  
 Because thou art not seen,  
     Although thy breath be rude.  
 Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,  
 That dost not bite so nigh  
     As benefits forgot:  
 Though thou the waters warp,  
 Thy sting is not so sharp  
     As friend remembered not.

—*As You Like It.*

Yet you that hear me,  
 This from a dying man receive as certain:  
 Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,  
 Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,  
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive  
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
 Like water from you, never found again  
 But where they mean to sink ye.

—*Henry VIII.*

Heavens! have I said the bounty of this lord!  
 How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants  
 This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?  
 What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?  
 Great Timon's—noble, worthy, royal Timon's?  
 Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,  
 The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:  
 Feast won—fast lost; one cloud of winter showers,  
 These flies are couched.

—*Timon of Athens.*

Like madness is the glory of this life,  
 As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.  
 We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;  
 And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,  
 Upon whose age we void it up again,  
 With poisonous spite and envy. Who lives that's not  
 Depraved or depraves? Who dies that bears

Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift?  
 I should fear, those that dance before me now  
 Would one day stamp upon me. It has been done;  
 Men shut their doors against the setting sun.

—*Ibid.*

## PICTURE OF A FOP.

BUT I remember, when the fight was done,  
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,  
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed;  
 Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new-reaped,  
 Showed like a stubble land at harvest-home:  
 He was perfumed like a milliner;  
 And, 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held  
 A pouncet-box, which, ever and anon,  
 He gave his nose (and took't away again;  
 Who therewith angry, when it next came there,  
 Took it in snuff). And still he smiled and talked:  
 And as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,  
 He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse  
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
 With many holiday and lady terms  
 He questioned me; amongst the rest, demanded  
 My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.  
 I then, all smarting with my wounds, being cold,  
 To be so pestered with a popinjay,  
 Out of my grief and my impatience,  
 Answered neglectingly, I know not what;  
 He should, or should not: for he made me mad  
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman  
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the mark!)  
 And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth  
 Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;  
 And that it was great pity, so it was,  
 This villanous saltpetre should be digged  
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed  
 So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,  
 He would himself have been a soldier.

—*Henry IV. Part I.*

## KINGLY RESERVE.

HAD I so lavish of my presence been,  
 So common-hackneyed in the eyes of men,

So stale and cheap to vulgar company,  
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
 Had still kept loyal to possession,  
 And left me in reputeless banishment,  
 A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.  
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir,  
 But, like a comet, I was wondered at;  
 That men would tell their children, "This is he;"  
 Others would say, "Where? Which is Bolingbroke?"  
 And then I stole all courtesy from Heaven,  
 And dressed myself in such humility,  
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,  
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,  
 Even in the presence of the crowned king.  
 Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;  
 My presence, like a robe pontifical,  
 Ne'er seen, but wondered at; and so my state,  
 Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast,  
 And won, by rareness, such solemnity.  
 The skipping king, he ambled up and down  
 With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,  
 Soon kindled, and soon burned; carded his state;  
 Mingled his royalty with capering fools;  
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns;  
 And gave his countenance, against his name,  
 To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push  
 Of every beardless vain comparative;  
 Grew a companion to the common streets;  
 Enfeoffed himself to popularity;  
 That, being daily swallowed by men's eyes,  
 They surfeited with honey, and began  
 To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little  
 More than a little is by much too much.  
 So, when he had occasion to be seen,  
 He was but as the cuckoo is in June—  
 Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,  
 As, sick and blunted with community,  
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,  
 Such as is bent on sun-like majesty,  
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;  
 But rather drowsed, and hung their eyelids down,  
 Slept in his face, and rendered such aspect  
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries;  
 Being with his presence glutted, gorged, and full.  
 And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou;  
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege  
 With vile participation; not an eye  
 But is aweary of thy common sight.

## BLESSING OF SLEEP.

SLEEP, gentle sleep,  
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,  
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
 And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,  
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,  
 Under the canopies of costly state,  
 And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?  
 Oh, thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile  
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,  
 A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?  
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge;  
 And in the visitation of the winds,  
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
 With deafening clamours in the slippery clouds,  
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?  
 Canst thou, oh, partial sleep! give thy repose  
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;  
 And in the calmest and most stillest night,  
 With all appliances and means to boot,  
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!  
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

—*King Henry IV. Part II.*

## A PART FOR EVERY ONE.

TRUE: therefore doth Heaven divide  
 The state of man in divers functions,  
 Setting endeavour in continual motion;  
 To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,  
 Obedience: for so work the honey bees;  
 Creatures that, by rule in nature, teach  
 The act of order to a peopled kingdom.  
 They have a king, and officers of sorts;  
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;  
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;  
 Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,  
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;  
 Which pillage they, with merry march, bring home

To the tent-royal of their emperor,  
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys  
 The singing masons building roofs of gold;  
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey;  
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in  
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;  
 The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,  
 Delivering o'er to executors pale  
 The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,  
 That many things having full reference  
 To one concent, may work contrariously;  
 As many arrows, loosed several ways,  
 Fly to one mark;  
 As many several ways meet in one town;  
 As many fresh streams run in one self sea;  
 As many lines close in the dial's centre;  
 So many a thousand actions, once afoot,  
 End in one purpose, and be all well borne  
 Without defeat.

—*King Henry V.*

## CEREMONY.

AND what have kings that privates have not too,  
 Save ceremony, save general ceremony?  
 And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?  
 What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more  
 Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?  
 What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?  
 Oh, ceremony, show me but thy worth!  
 What is the soul of adoration?  
 Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,  
 Creating awe and fear in other men?  
 Wherein thou art less happy being feared  
 Than they in fearing.  
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,  
 But poisoned flattery? Oh, be sick, great greatness,  
 And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!  
 Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out  
 With titles blown from adulation?  
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending?  
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,  
 Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,  
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;  
 I am a king that find thee; and I know  
 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,  
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,  
 The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,  
 The farced title running 'fore the king,

The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp  
 That beats upon the high shore of this world;  
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,  
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,  
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;  
 Who, with a body filled, and vacant mind,  
 Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread;  
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;  
 But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,  
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night  
 Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,  
 Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;  
 And follows so the ever-running year,  
 With profitable labour, to his grave:  
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,  
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,  
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

—*King Henry V.*

#### VANITY OF HUMAN POWER.

*Wolsey.* FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my greatness!  
 This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth  
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,  
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:  
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;  
 And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
 His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,  
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
 This many summers in a sea of glory;  
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride  
 At length broke under me, and now has left me,  
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;  
 I feel my heart new opened. Oh, how wretched  
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!  
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have;  
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
 Never to hope again.

—*King Henry VIII.*

Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;  
 And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention

Of me more must be heard of—say I taught thee;  
 Say Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,  
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour—  
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;  
 A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.  
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me!  
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition.  
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,  
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?  
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee:  
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.  
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
 Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, oh, Cromwell,  
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;  
 And—prithee, lead me in:  
 There take an inventory of all I have,  
 To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,  
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all  
 I dare now call mine own. Oh, Cromwell, Cromwell,  
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
 I served my king, he would not in mine age  
 Have left me naked to mine enemies!

—*Ibid.*

## EVILS OF WAR.

SINCE then my office hath so far prevailed,  
 That, face to face, and royal eye to eye,  
 You have congreeted; let it not disgrace me,  
 If I demand, before this royal view,  
 What rub, or what impediment there is,  
 Why that the naked, poor, and mangled PEACE,  
 Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,  
 Should not, in this best garden of the world,  
 Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?  
 Alas! she hath from France too long been chased;  
 And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,  
 Corrupting in its own fertility.  
 Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,  
 Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleached,  
 Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,  
 Put forth disordered twigs: her fallow leas  
 The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,  
 Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts,  
 That should deracinate such savagery:  
 The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth

The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,  
 Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,  
 Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems  
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,  
 Losing both beauty and utility.  
 And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,  
 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,  
 Even so our houses, and ourselves and children,  
 Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,  
 The sciences that should become our country;  
 But grow, like savages—as soldiers will  
 That nothing do but meditate on blood—  
 To swearing, and stern looks, diffused attire,  
 And everything that seems unnatural.

—*King Henry V.*

## SECRET OF POPULARITY.

ONE touch of nature makes the whole world kin—  
 That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,  
 Though they are made and moulded of things past;  
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt,  
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.  
 The present eye praises the present object:  
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,  
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;  
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye  
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,  
 And still it might; and yet it may again,  
 If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,  
 And case thy reputation in thy tent;  
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,  
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,  
 And drave great Mars to faction.

—*Troilus and Cressida.*

## QUEEN MAB.

SHE comes,  
 In shape no bigger than an agate stone  
 On the forefinger of an alderman,  
 Drawn with a team of little atomies  
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:  
 Her wagon-spokes made of long-spinners' legs;  
 The cover of the wings of grasshoppers;  
 The traces of the smallest spider's web;  
 The collars of the moonshine's watery beams;



Her whip of cricket's bone ; the lash of film ;  
 Her waggoner a small gray-coated gnat,  
 Not half so big as a round little worm  
 Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid ;  
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,  
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,  
 Time out of mind the fairies' coachmakers.  
 And in this state she gallops, night by night,  
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love ;  
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight ;  
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees ;  
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;  
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,  
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.  
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit ;  
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,  
 Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,  
 Then dreams he of another benefice ;  
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
 Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon  
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and wakes ;  
 And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,  
 And sleeps again.

—*Romeo and Juliet.*

#### S U I C I D E.

To be, or not to be, that is the question :  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
 And, by opposing, end them ? To die—to sleep—  
 No more ; and, by a sleep, to say we end  
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
 That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wished. To die—to sleep ;  
 To sleep !—perchance to dream !—ay, there's the rub ;  
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
 Must give us pause : there's the respect  
 That makes calamity of so long life :  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurns

That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus make  
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,  
 To groan and sweat under a weary life,  
 But that the dread of something after death  
 (That undiscovered country, from whose bourn  
 No traveller returns) puzzles the will,  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
 Than fly to others that we know not of?  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
 And lose the name of action.

—*Hamlet.*

### RESOLUTION.

WHEREFORE do you droop? why look you sad?  
 Be great in act, as you have been in thought:  
 Let not the world see fear and sad distrust  
 Govern the motion of a kingly eye:  
 Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;  
 Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow  
 Of bragging horror. So shall inferior eyes,  
 That borrow their behaviours from the great,  
 Grow great by your example, and put on  
 The dauntless spirit of resolution.  
 Away, and glister like the god of war  
 When he intendeth to become the field:  
 Show boldness and aspiring confidence.

—*King John.*

### POWER OF KINDNESS.

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

*Orlando.* FORBEAR, and eat no more.

*Duke S.* What would you have? Your gentleness shall force  
 More than your force move us to gentleness.

*Orl.* I almost die for food, and let me have it.

*Duke S.* Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

*Orl.* Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you.  
 I thought that all things had been savage here;  
 And therefore put I on the countenance  
 Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,  
 That in this desert inaccessible,

Under the shade of melancholy boughs,  
 Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time ;  
 If ever you have looked on better days ;  
 If ever been where bells have knolled to church ;  
 If ever sat at any good man's feast ;  
 If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,  
 And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied ;  
 Let gentleness my strong enforcement be :  
 In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

—*As You Like It.*

## SONG — MORNING.

HARK—hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,  
 His steeds to water at those springs  
 On chaliced flowers that lies ;  
 And winking Mary-buds begin  
 To ope their golden eyes ;  
 With everything that pretty bin :  
 My lady sweet, arise ;  
 Arise, arise !

—*Cymbeline.*

## FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

Is all the counsel that we two have shared,  
 The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,  
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time  
 For parting us : oh ! and is all forgot ?  
 All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence ?  
 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,  
 Created with our needles both one flower,  
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion ;  
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;  
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,  
 Had been incorporate. So we grew together,  
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
 But yet a union in partition ;  
 Two lovely berries, moulded on one stem ;  
 So with two seeming bodies, but one heart :  
 Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,  
 Due but to one, and crownéd with one crest.  
 And will you rend our ancient love asunder,  
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend ?  
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly :  
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,  
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

I was too young that time to value her;  
 But now I know her. If she be a traitor,  
 Why, so am I: we still have slept together,  
 Rose at an instant, learned, played, ate together;  
 And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,  
 Still we went coupled and inseparable.

—*As You Like It.*

## PREDICTION.

THERE is a history in all men's lives  
 Figuring the nature of the times deceased:  
 The which observed, a man may prophesy,  
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things  
 As yet not come to life; which in their seeds,  
 And weak beginnings, lie intresured.

—*King Henry IV. Part II.*

## A MASQUE.

Enter IRIS.

*Iris.* CERES, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas  
 Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;  
 Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,  
 And flat meads thatched with stover, them to keep;  
 Thy banks with peonied and liliated brims,  
 Which spongy April at thy best betrimms,  
 To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,  
 Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,  
 Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;  
 And thy sea-marge, sterile, and rocky-hard,  
 Where thou thyself dost air: the queen o' the sky,  
 Whose watery arch and messenger am I,  
 Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,  
 Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,  
 To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain;  
 Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

*Ceres.* Hail! many-coloured messenger, that ne'er  
 Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;  
 Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers.  
 Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;  
 And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown  
 My bosky acres, and my unshrubbed down,  
 Rich scarf to my proud earth. Why hath thy queen  
 Summoned me hither, to this short-grassed green?

*Iris.* A contract of true love to celebrate ;  
And some donation freely to estate  
On the blessed lovers.

*Cer.* Highest queen of state,  
Great Juno comes : I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

*Juno.* How does my bounteous sister ? Go with me,  
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,  
And honoured in their issue.

*Song.*

*Juno.* Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,  
Long continuance, and increasing,  
Hourly joys be still upon you !  
Juno sings her blessings on you.

*Cer.* Earth's increase, and foison plenty,  
Barns and garner never empty ;  
Vines, with clustering bunches growing ;  
Plants, with goodly burden bowing ;  
Spring come to you, at the farthest,  
In the very end of harvest !  
Scarcity and want shall shun you ;  
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

*Ferdinand.* This is a most majestic vision, and  
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold  
To think these spirits ?

*Prospero.* Spirits, which by mine art  
I have from their confines called to enact  
My present fancies.

*Fer.* Let me live here ever ;  
So rare a wondered father, and a wife,  
Make this place paradise. [*Juno and Ceres whisper, and  
send Iris on employment.*]

*Pro.* Sweet now, silence ;  
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously ;  
There's something else to do : hush, and be mute,  
Or else our spell is marred.

*Iris.* You nymphs, called Naiads, of the wandering brooks,  
With your sedged crowns, and ever harmless looks,  
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land  
Answer your summons : Juno does command :  
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate  
A contract of true love ; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burned sicklemen, of August weary,  
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry ;

Make holiday : your rye-straw hats put on,  
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one  
In country footing.

[*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited ; they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance ; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks ; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*]

*Pro.* [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy  
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,  
Against my life ; the minute of their plot  
Is almost come. [*To the Spirits.*] Well done—avoid—no  
more.

*Fer.* This is most strange : your father's in some passion  
That works him strongly.

*Miranda.* Never till this day  
Saw I him touched with anger so distempered.

*Pro.* You do look, my son, in a moved sort,  
As if you were dismayed. Be cheerful, sir :  
Our revels now are ended : these our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air :  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

—*Tempest.*





